Special Spring Food and Wine Issue

Stephen Birmingham on the Good Life in Harlem

Jewish Women Novelists and How They Kvetch

E DOLLAR

MAY 23, 1977

NEW YORK

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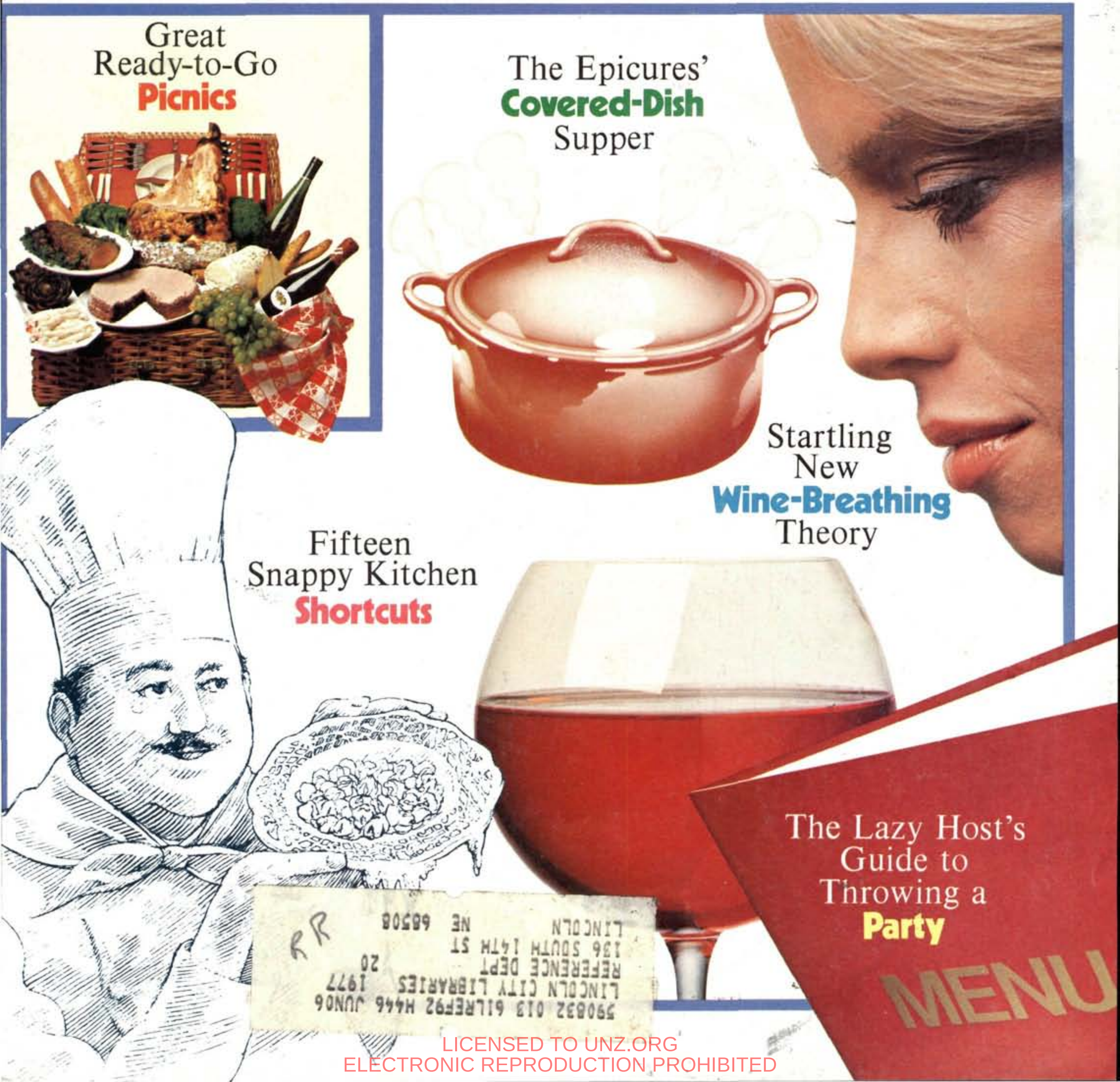
Elegant Dining Without Really Trying



Great Ready-to-Go **Picnics**

The Epicures' **Covered-Dish** Supper

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The Lazy Host's Guide to Throwing a **Party**

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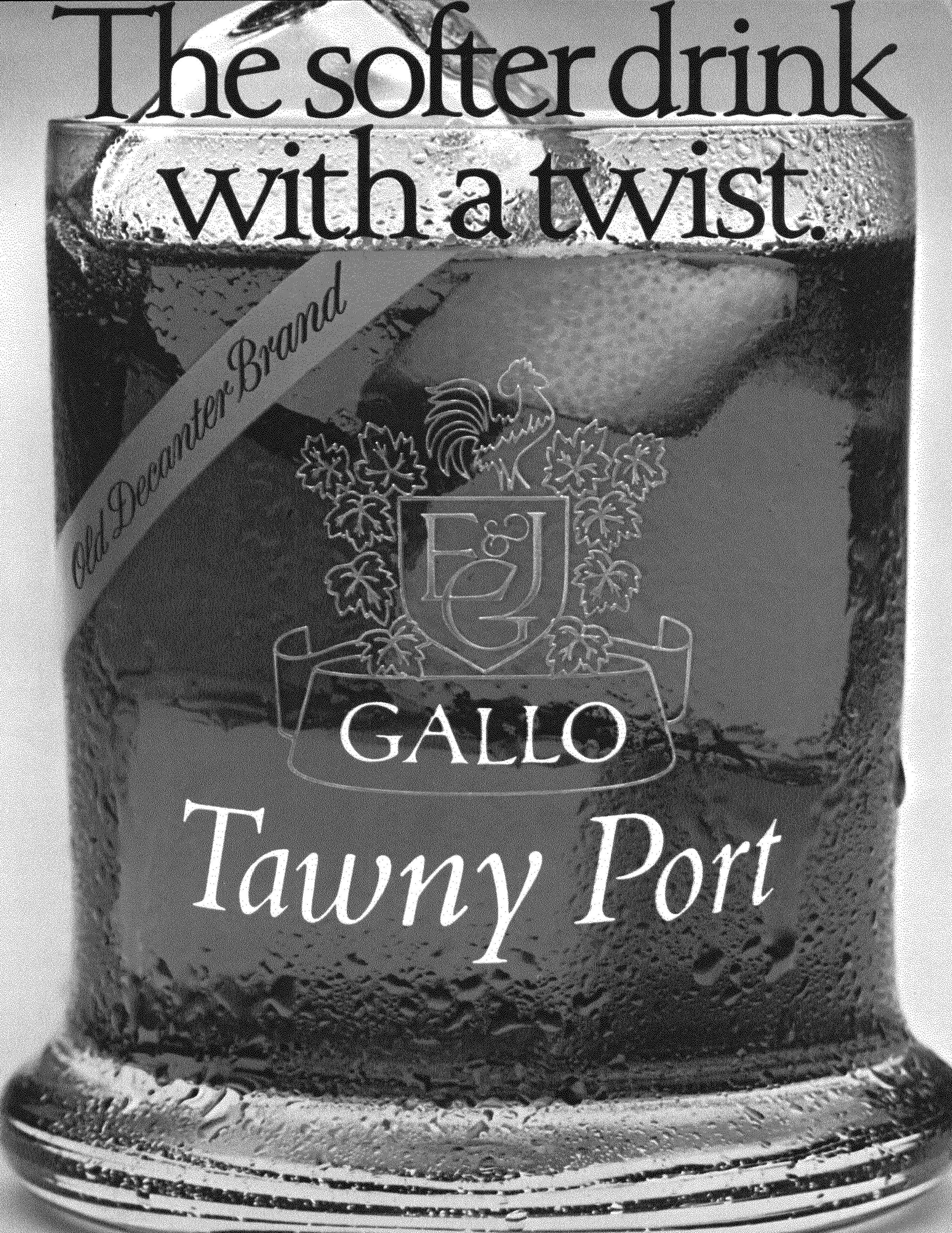
The softer drink with a twist.



The newest thing on the rocks is something soft: Gallo Old Decanter Tawny Port. You'll enjoy its deep, rich taste. Add a twist of lemon for a fantastic cocktail. Have it before dinner, after dinner, anytime you're in the mood for something new. The softer drink with a twist, Gallo's American Tawny Port.

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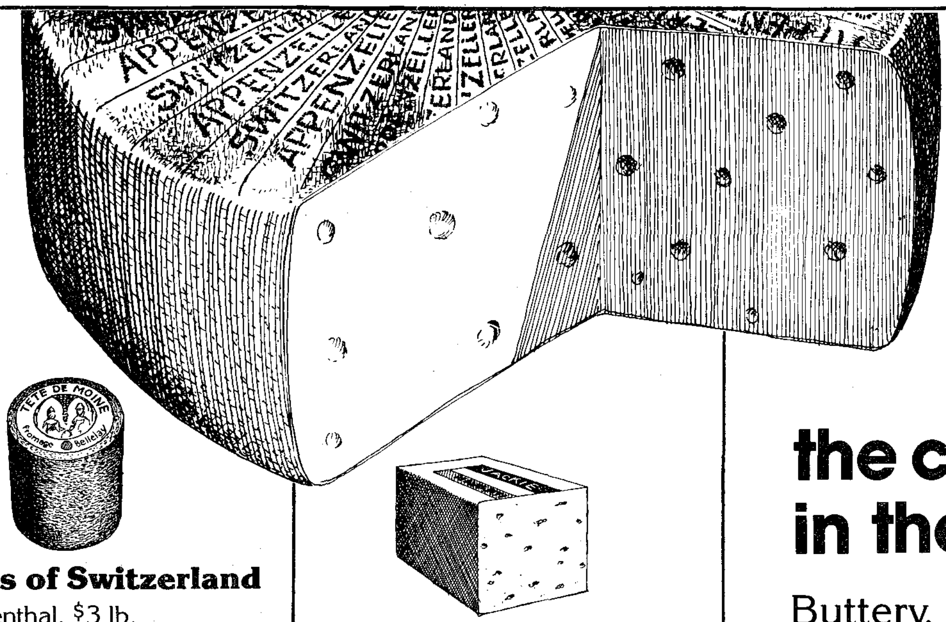
We've got news in store for you ★

macy's

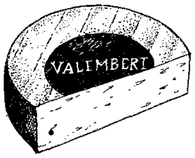


You should check the cheeses in the Cellar

Buttery, mild, sharp and spiced. Hard, firm, semi-soft and creamy soft. Round, loaf, crusted, wrapped and veined. Sheep's milk, goat's milk or cow's milk. And that's only skimming the surface of the selection you'll find now in Macy's Marketplace. The prices are as good as the selection. This handy checklist is just for starters. (We'd need three more pages to list them all!) So, take the complete tour and explore. It's much, more than merely American.

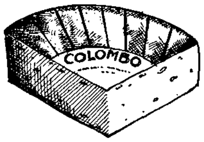
Cheeses of Switzerland

☐ Emmenthal, $3 lb.
☐ Gruyere, $3 lb.
☐ Appenzeller, 3.79 lb.
☐ Tilsit, 3.50 lb.
☐ Saanen, $7 lb.
☐ Tete de Moine, $5 lb.
☐ Raclette, $4 lb.
☐ Mutschli, $4 lb.



French Cheese

☐ Doux de Montagne, 4.50 lb.
☐ Valembert, 3.50 lb.
☐ Baraka, $3 ea., 8 oz.
☐ Roquefort, 4.75 lb.
☐ Chaource, $4 ea., 12 oz.
☐ Pont L'Eveque, 3.45., 10 oz.
☐ Tonnelait, $4 lb.
☐ Cambree, 3.50 lb.
☐ Beaumont, 4.50 lb.
☐ Mimolette, 3.50 lb.
☐ Reybino, 3.75 lb.
☐ Gaperon, $3 ea., approx. 16 oz.
☐ Bucherone, 5.50 lb.

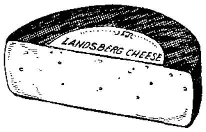


Cheeses of Italy

☐ Bel Paese, $6 lb.
☐ Fontina, $3 lb.
☐ Gorgonzola, 4.80 lb.

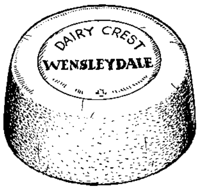
Danish Cheeses

☐ Cream Havarti, 3.20 lb.
☐ Blue (Danablu), 3.50 lb.
☐ Cayenne, 3.50 lb.



A German Cheese, too!

☐ Landsberg, 3.80 lb.



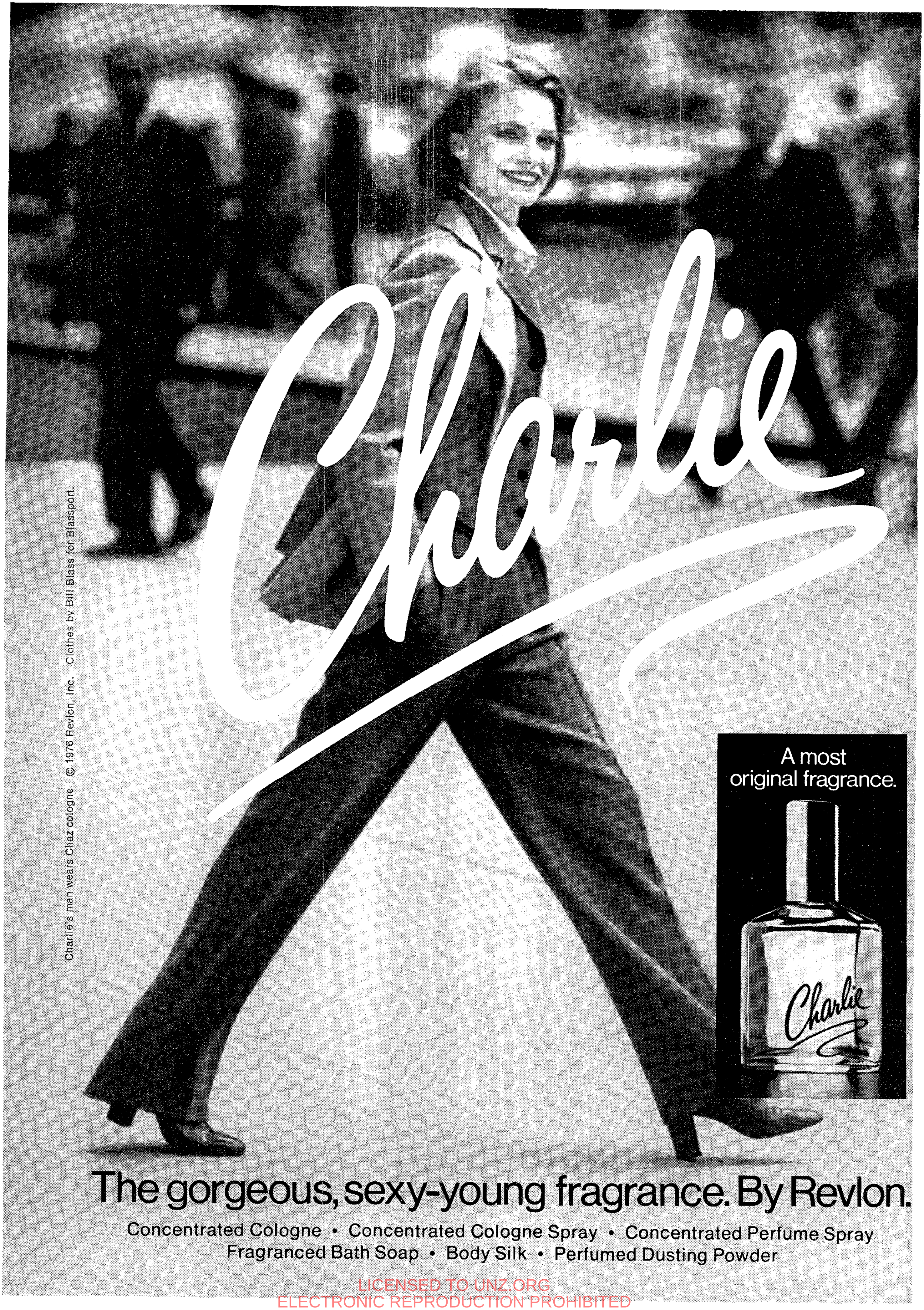
English Cheeses

☐ Cheddar, 4.75 lb.
☐ Caerphilly, 3.29 lb.
☐ Cheshire, 3.29 lb.
☐ Double Gloucester, 3.39 lb.
☐ Stilton, 4.19 lb.
☐ White Wensleydale, $3 lb.

Cheeses of Holland

☐ Edam, $12 ea. (3¾ lb.).
☐ Gouda, $6 ea. (1⅞ lb.).
☐ Room Kaas, $4 lb.
☐ Leyden, 3.50 lb.

The Marketplace (D. 033).
The Cellar, Herald Sq.
and a selection at
Roosevelt Field and
White Plains. We regret,
no mail or phone.
No COD's.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Charlie
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Fragranced Bath Soap • Body Silk • Perfumed Dusting Powder
Charlie's man wears Chaz cologne © 1976 Revlon, Inc. Clothes by Bill Blass for Blassport.

VOL. 10 NO. 21

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By Stephen Birmingham
On West 138th and West 139th streets, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, stands a series of elegant four-story row houses inhabited by one of New York's most exclusive groups: the black upper crust. Stephen Birmingham's new book, *Certain People,* is the *"Our Crowd"* of American blacks; here he presents Strivers' Row and Sugar Hill.

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This party glitters. *These* covered dishes are voluptuous eggplant, spectacular red snapper, fragrant roast lamb, marvelous strawberry mousse. It's the old church-supper idea, but what a stylish update!

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By Elin Schoen
The Jewish American Women's Novel (JAWN) was born in 1967, when Sue Kaufman's *Diary of a Mad Housewife* hit the bookstores. Since then, novelists like Anne Roiphe, Erica Jong, and Lois Gould have written JAWN's of their own—exploring the masochistic angst of the middle-class woman.

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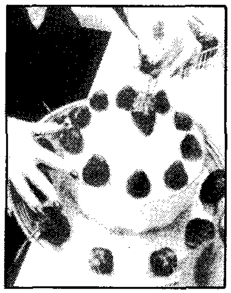
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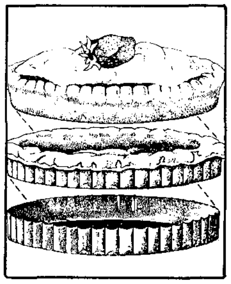
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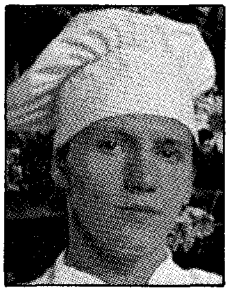
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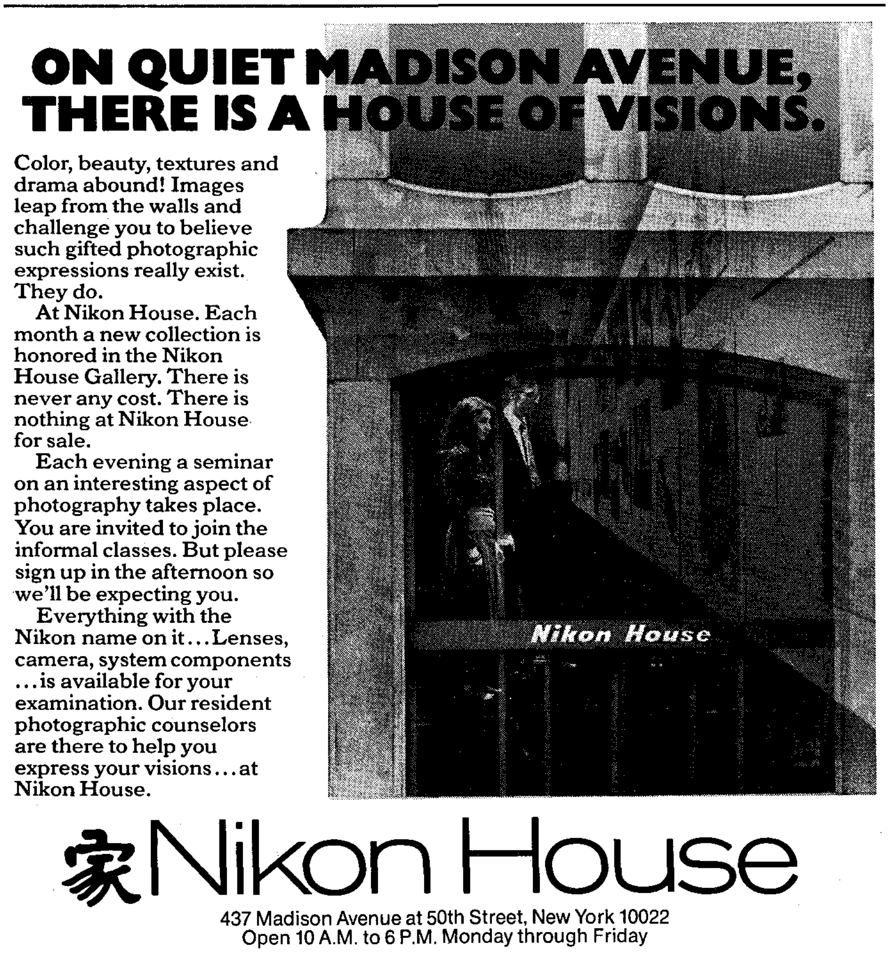
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1. Who's America's best woman jock?

hotographs by:
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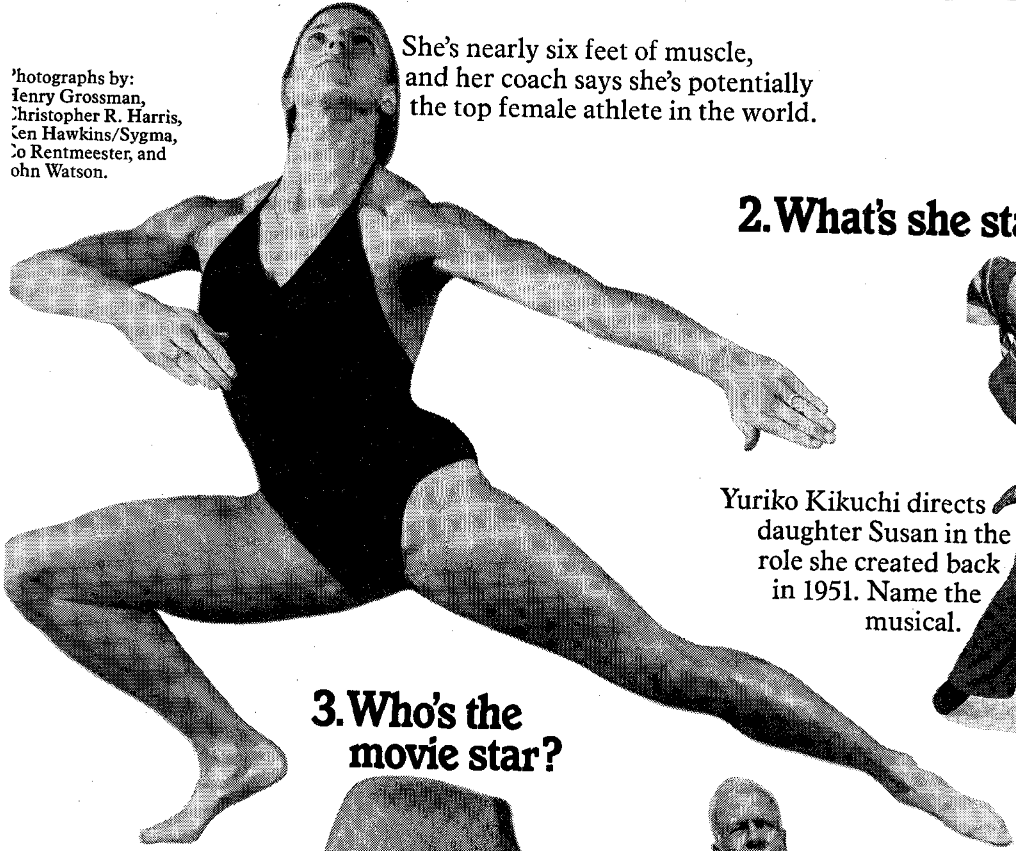
hristopher R. Harris,
en Hawkins/Sygma,
o Rentmeester, and
ohn Watson.

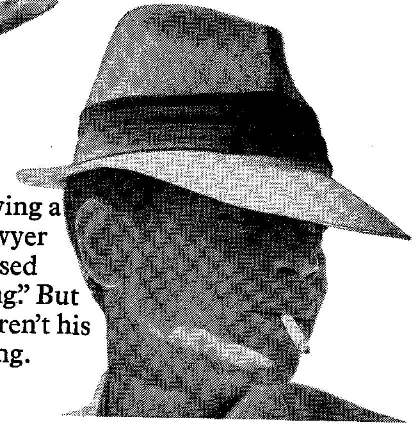


She's nearly six feet of muscle, and her coach says she's potentially the top female athlete in the world.

2. What's she staging?

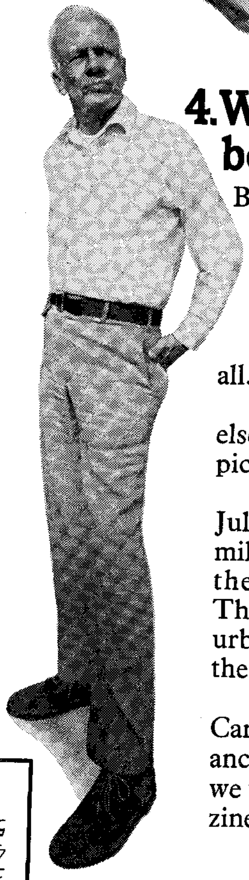
Yuriko Kikuchi directs daughter Susan in the role she created back in 1951. Name the musical.

3. Who's the movie star?



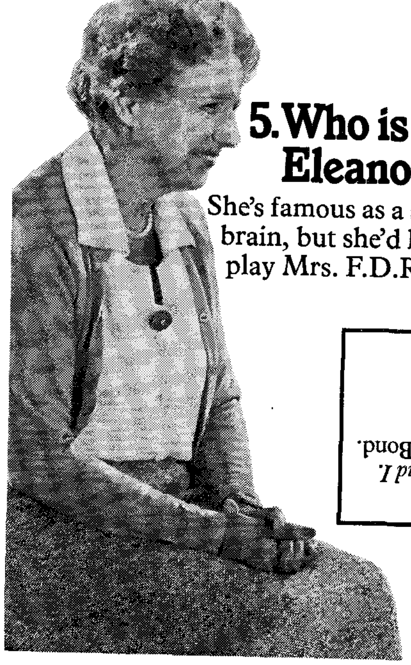
He's playing a 1950s lawyer in "Greased Lightning." But movies aren't his main thing.

4. What's Walker Percy besides a writer?



Before he published his first book at 45, he was something else. His latest novel is *Lancelot.*

5. Who is this Eleanor Roosevelt?



She's famous as a scatter-brain, but she'd like to play Mrs. F.D.R. on TV.

ANSWERS:

1. Jane Frederick.
2. The revival of *The King and I.*
3. Civil rights activist Julian Bond.
4. He's a doctor.
5. Jean Stapleton.

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LETTERS

The Beholder's Eye

If one were to accept John Simon's bizarre review of *Annie Hall* ["Belated Juvenilia," May 2] at face value, then the enthusiastic crowds flocking to Woody Allen's latest film have a passion for "shapeless, sprawling, repetitious, and aimless" films. The truth is that audiences laughed so heartily almost throughout what Simon calls this "unfunny comedy" that I sat through it twice (in part) to catch much of the dialogue that I initially missed. And when they were not laughing, the audiences seemed genuinely moved. For instance, when Diane Keaton sang "Seems Like Old Times," the theater was attentively hushed—a moment within Miss Keaton's performance that Simon characterized as even less endurable than her acting.

Simon claims that "we cannot care" about the "love affair of a shlemiel and a meshuggeneh." Maybe he cannot. But when I hear two separate audiences break into spontaneous applause at the conclusion of a film, I must presume that they not only care, they care a lot. And so did I.

It is, of course, Simon's privilege to not care about or for *Annie Hall.* One might expect, however, that he does care about accurate reporting. Woody (Alvy Singer) does *not* say to Diane (Annie) in bed (or anywhere else) that "you are using the Conspiracy Theory as an excuse for not having sex with me!" The accusation is made by the first wife, played by Carol Kane, to Alvy in an entirely different context. This is just slovenly reporting.

Simon claims that Annie Hall seems "to beg for oblivion." Overflow crowds and close to unanimous praise from others hardly promise oblivion.

Bud Morgan
New Rochelle, N.Y.

I spent the last two days looking for Woody Allen. I walked up and down Madison Avenue (Nineties to Seventies), ate lunch in Nodeldini's and the Russian Tea Room, went jogging near the 59th Street Bridge (these are all places I have seen young Alvy in the past). I wanted to tell him *Annie Hall* is not just his. It is my story too, and closely related to every half-analyzed, marginally analyzed Jewish pseudointellectual, Brooklyn to Long Island, and even belongs to some of the really rebellious Jewish pretenders who emigrated to Westchester or, God forbid, that marble-mouthed land of Connecticut. It was "old times" for all of us.

I also wanted to tell him I have a great girl for him—my sister—and believe me, that's proof of a good analysis (interminable but good). She's as nice and nuts as Annie, so, Alvy or Woody, if you notice someone following you, or staring across the room in Michael's, or bumping into you on line at the Russian Tea Room, don't get mad. I've got something to tell you.

Mrs. Joanne Kass
Manhattan

No Dice

Anthony Haden-Guest in his piece on gambling ["Beekman Place to Brooklyn (and Back): A Gambler's Odyssey," April 25] creates an impression that is contrary to the stated policy of the New York Archdiocese when he writes, "Happily, though, the Catholic church has by and large thrown itself enthusiastically into the action. . . ."

In a letter dated January 24, 1977, and circulated to every priest of the New York Archdiocese, the chancellor of the archdiocese stated quite clearly and directly that "the archdiocese strongly discourages pastors from sponsoring Las Vegas Nites in their parishes."

While we can certainly use the money, the church is more concerned about those for whom hard-core gambling is an addiction. The welfare of these people dictates only one policy, the one the archdiocese has chosen to follow.

Fr. John A. Vigilanti
Associate pastor
St. Bartholomew's Church
Yonkers, N.Y.

An Equal Opportunity Employer

I was extremely interested in Tad Szulc's "The New Life of Henry Kissinger" [May 2] and was absolutely thrilled to learn that Mr. Kissinger's female personal assistant is young and blond. Will the magazine which is so proud of its connection with *Ms.* and *Savvy* please be so kind as to further enlighten its readers by informing them of the age and hair color of Mr. Kissinger's male executive assistant and his male senior research assistant?

Amy W. Orum
Austin, Tex.

Editor's note: Both Mr. Kissinger's executive assistant and his senior r
search assistant are young and bo
have brown hair.

"A Wise and Sincere Man"

I have read "Squaring Off: Chri
tie's vs. Parke Bernet," by Leon Harri
appearing in the May 9 issue of yo
magazine. The malicious allegatio
against Ralph Colin are simply untru
First, far from being "presently t
hired gun of the Art Dealers Associ
tion of America," he was one of t
founders of the association in 1962, a
continuously since then has been i
administrative vice-president and cou
sel. During this time, he has express
himself on behalf of the association o
all and every issue on which the ass
ciation chose to take a stand, with fu
approval of the board of directo
His participation in the present deba
over the policies of Christie's is n
an occasional job, as implied, but t
assertion of a permanent and legi
mate office.

Second, the deprecatory allusion
Ralph Colin's "considerable fees"
almost comically typical of the cla
of journalism sponsored by *New Yor*
Mr. Harris has no knowledge of whet
er the fees are large or small, y
nevertheless decides they are large,
the hope that such an assumption m
enhance the vividness of his artic
As it happens, Ralph Colin has
ways served the Art Dealers Associ
tion without fee. His firm is reimburs
partially for the expenses generated
the association, but no compensati
whatsoever goes to him personal
This has been so since the incepti
of the association.

Mr. Harris will have to find anoth
motivation for Ralph Colin's activi
on behalf of the association, and
recommend that he elect the tr
motive: unselfish dedication to t
common good and eagerness to expre
his belief in a public cause as a w
and sincere man.

Alexandre Rosenbe
Manhatt

Correction: Any number of reade
have gently chided us for having iden
fied a Bentley as a Rolls-Royce in Ga
Greene's May 16 review of the B
Tree Inn. Ms. Greene, who did n
write the offending caption, has flo
off to France in high dudgeon. T
editor, crestfallen, is pondering an a
propriate penance.

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Protective Moisture Creme, 8.50.
Replenishing Night Creme, 17.50.
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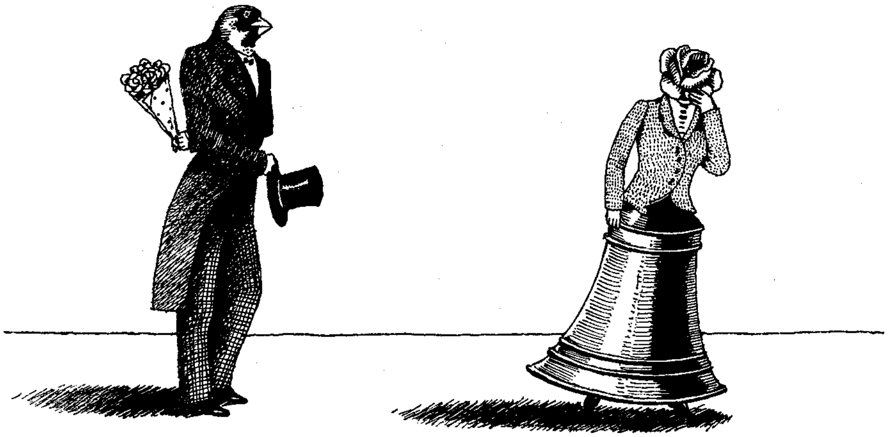
The City Politic / Steven Marcus

CUOMO AND THE LIBERAL PARTY: A DOUBLE CRAP SHOOT



For the past several weeks, David Burke, secretary to Governor Carey and one of the governor's closest political advisers, has been telephoning Liberal-party officials. Burke's end of the conversation, according to one Liberal who received a call from him goes like this: "If the Democratic-Liberal coalition in Albany is to continue, then we have to agree on broad problems such as the mayoralty."

The message is unmistakably clear to any professional politician. The governor is threatening to cut off the Liberals' patronage unless their party endorses Mario M. Cuomo, New York's secretary of state and the man Carey wants elected as the 105th mayor of New York.

Carey's pressure on the Liberals is nearly certain to secure the party's mayoralty endorsement for Cuomo later this month. But the question is whether Carey and Cuomo will have to pay a heavy price for this victory.

The governor's heavy-handed tactics have caused confusion and resentment among the Liberals, who still have not recovered from the death last December of Alex Rose, a cofounder of the party and its chief political strategist for more than 30 years. Reports that the governor recently asserted in private that he will support Cuomo as the Liberal candidate even if Cuomo loses the Democratic primary have shocked Democratic leaders, who are concerned that this will cause a split and will lead to a Republican victory in November.

Even more important, Carey has created a major problem for the fledgling candidate he had to push into the mayoral race. How does Cuomo now demonstrate that he is an independent, tough leader beholden to no one?

"What the governor did was just awful," one Cuomo adviser confided. "He's provided Mayor Beame and Bella Abzug with what will be their major campaign issue."

Neither the mayor nor the former congresswoman has formally entered the race, but both have sharply criticized Carey's actions. Ms. Abzug's outrage is ironic, since at one point during her bitter and unsuccessful campaign last year for the Democratic senatorial nomination she said she would not support her opponent, Daniel P. Moynihan, if he won. Her stance was thought by some to be a major factor in her defeat.

One way Cuomo will attempt to prove that he is not the governor's man is to enlist the support and advice of former Carey opponents, like Howard Samuels, who ran against Carey in the Democratic gubernatorial primary in 1974. Cuomo was the lieutenant-governor candidate on the Samuels slate.

"Mario was a reluctant mayoral candidate, but he won't be a reluctant mayor, and that's an important distinction," Samuels says.

Why is the governor so concerned about the Liberal party, which has fewer than 105,000 registered voters in the state, compared to 3.7 million Democrats and 2.7 million Republicans? The reason is that despite its tiny enrollment, the party has been able to attract more than half a million votes on state and city ballots. Rose used this drawing power to form coalitions with major-party candidates and provide them with a margin of victory.

For example, when the Democratic county leaders wanted to oust Robert F. Wagner Sr. as mayor in 1961, Rose gave him the Liberal endorsement, helped coin the "beat the bosses" campaign slogan, and Wagner won handily. The Liberal endorsement was also instrumental in electing John V. Lindsay to his two terms as mayor—in 1965, when he was the Republican nominee and again in 1969, when he lost the GOP primary and ran as a Liberal and an independent in a three-way race in the general election.

The Liberal party is an outgrowth of the American Labor Party, which was founded in New York State in 1936 by trade unionists Rose, David Dubinsky, and Sidney Hillman to prevent a split in organized labor from hampering President Franklin Roosevelt's first reelection bid. In 1944, when the left wing of the Labor party gained control, Rose and Dubinsky left and founded the Liberal party.

Carey became concerned when the Liberals were on the verge last March of giving their mayoral endorsement to Roy M. Goodman, a Republican state senator from Manhattan's East Side. Fearful that a Republican in City Hall might jeopardize his own chance for reelection in 1978, Carey moved to postpone the primary election until September to give him enough time to persuade Cuomo to run.

"Carey is paranoid about the Liberals," one influential Democrat says. "He seems willing to do anything to keep the Liberal line away from Goodman."

Steven Marcus covers City Hall for the New York Post.

Illustrated by Steven Guarnacci

The governor's threat to cut patronage is one of his more potent weapons against the Liberals, who endorsed the governor in his 1974 campaign and were rewarded with around twenty high-paying jobs in his administration.

Among the jobholders are the two party leaders now fighting to succeed Rose as the party's kingmaker—Edward A. Morrison and Raymond B. Harding. Morrison, who heads the Goodman faction in the party, is the $39,650-a-year chairman of the state Crime Victims Compensation Board. Harding, who is backing Cuomo, is a special assistant to the governor at $37,500 a year. Harding's wife, Elizabeth, is the $18,000-a-year personnel director of the Urban Development Corporation.

Harding reportedly favored Goodman's candidacy at the outset but then changed his mind in the face of Carey's pressure. "The governor has taken a man who has a job with the state and whose wife has a job and put him in a nutcracker grip, thoroughly demoralizing and confusing this individual," Goodman said recently in an obvious reference to Harding.

Goodman, of course, who has announced as both a Republican and independent candidate, is hardly a disinterested observer. But despite his obvious bias and his penchant for hyperbole, many Liberals and Democrats believe his description is accurate.

"That notion is preposterous," Harding responds. "The situation is being distorted by Goodman supporters." But when asked whether Carey's views would influence the party, he conceded that "the governor's support of any candidate is a factor."

Morrison also dismisses the notion that Carey is pressuring him. Other party officials, however, are upset that Carey did not consult them before announcing his decision to back Cuomo. "This is not the way a coalition works," the party's chairman and official spokesman, the Reverend Donald Harrington, reportedly told Carey after reading about the decision in the newspapers.

Goodman, for his part, has been warning the Liberals that they cannot afford at this critical point in their history to take a chance on endorsing a Democratic candidate who might lose the Democratic primary. They would be left with only a token campaign on the Liberal line in November. The senator points to Albert Blumenthal, Liberal candidate for mayor in 1973, who did not even make the runoff of the Democratic primary. Blumenthal, with only the Liberal endorsement, finished a distant third in the general election.

By contrast, Goodman is virtually assured of the Republican nomination. And since he is independently wealthy—his family founded the Ex-Lax company—he will have no trouble financing his campaign and filling the Liberal party's meager coffers as well.

The stakes are high for all the participants in the fight over the Liberal endorsement. High for Cuomo, who—if he loses the endorsement—becomes just another candidate in a crowded field and may never get his candidacy off the ground. High for Goodman, who has almost no chance to win in November in an overwhelmingly Democratic city without Liberal support. High for the governor, whose political prestige will suffer if his candidate falters. And high for the Liberal party itself, which faces its first major decision without Rose's guidance. "What would Alex have done?" has become the plaintive leitmotiv of the Liberals these days.

Because of the risks involved, some of the participants are now hedging their bets. Goodman has said he will run for mayor even without the Liberal endorsement in the hope there will be a four-way election in November, which a Republican could win with a minority of the vote.

Such a race might materialize if Cuomo loses the Democratic primary but wins the Liberal endorsement and the Conservative party endorses a separate candidate of its own. Cuomo, left with only Liberal support, would find it difficult to tap traditional Democratic resources for money and campaign help. "I think it is possible to win on just the Liberal line," says one of Cuomo's closest confidants and earliest backers. "But it's not probable."

Even Morrison, who might have used Goodman's candidacy to further his own ambitions in the Liberal party, is conceding that there is a definite trend toward Cuomo among Liberals. What about the possibility that Cuomo might not be able to win the Democratic primary too? The governor, despite his earlier unwavering endorsement of Mario, sounds a different note now. "I certainly will not ignore the will of the people," says Hugh Carey.

What about the Liberals—will they continue to influence general elections? Will they even survive as a party? David Dubinsky, the retired president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, may have coined an appropriate epitaph for the Liberals shortly after Rose's death.

"The Liberal party without Alex Rose is like rice pudding without rice," he said. ■

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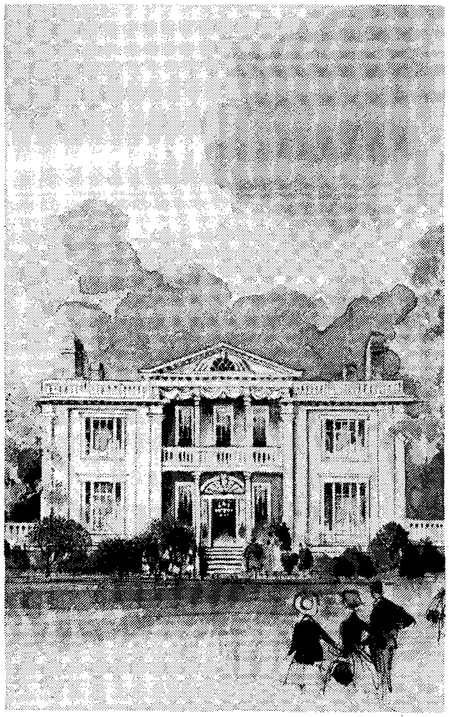

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The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

THE $65-MILLION PANIC ON WALL STREET

A Baer Market

While 41-year-old Fernand "Tony" Baer was actively playing the market last week in the trading room of Allen & Company, the wheeler-dealer investment-banking firm, he suddenly spotted a prankster's blackboard drawing of a tombstone with the names of three over-the-counter securities inscribed on it: University Patents, Energy Conversion Devices, and Telecredit. "I felt like crying," Baer told me, "but I laughed . . . because there was really nothing else I could do."

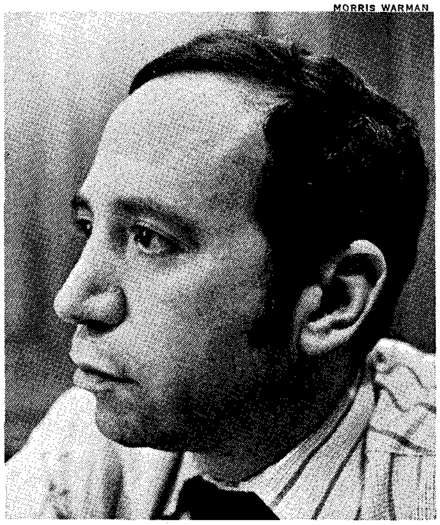
His anguish is easy to understand. Baer, who recently left the brokerage firm of Unterberg, Towbin (following its merger with L. F. Rothschild) to join Allen & Company as a vice-president, has built an impressive following as one of the brightest players in those treacherous and highly speculative over-the-counter technology stocks. But smart-guy reputations come acropper daily (sometimes hourly) on Wall Street. And that's what happened to Baer last week in what turned out to be the over-the-counter market's biggest investment debacle thus far in 1977.

Three of Baer's favorite stocks (in which he personally has fair-size positions)—University Patents, Energy Conversion Devices, and Telecredit—took a drubbing in the marketplace. From their highs to their lows in the last week and a half—with the biggest declines taking place last Monday—University Patents plummeted from 32 to 15; Energy Conversion skidded 10 points to 14; and Telecredit was pounded for a 9-point loss to 13.

These declines wreaked havoc. Unlucky stockholders in the three companies were stripped—in one fell swoop—of about $65 million of their market value. And poor Tony Baer suffered practically overnight a paper loss of $365,000. Baer owns 10,000 University Patents shares, with options on another 20,000. He holds 8,000 shares of Energy Conversion Devices and owns another 5,000 shares of Telecredit.

"Obviously, I don't enjoy it," said Baer, nervously fidgeting with his pen and forcing himself to smile occasionally. "But what am I supposed to do—jump out the window? If you can't take the heat in this speculative game, you shouldn't be here."

MORRIS WARMAN



Baer: *"I was a fool, but I'm not an idiot."*

If you're thinking of passing around the collection plate for Baer—don't. Rumors to the contrary, he's far from broke. Baer is still ahead on all three stocks, having bought University Patents at prices ranging from 4 to 9, Energy Conversion at an average price of 4, and Telecredit at an average cost of 8. In addition, Baer has a net worth of about $1 million (which includes stocks, paintings, antiques, and interests in private companies).

The mystifying question, of course, is the reason for the sudden decline of all three stocks at the same time. Obviously, it didn't happen by accident. A bitter Baer suggests lack of buyers in a weak market, plus surging margin calls (requiring additional cash from investors) that were accelerated by "malicious rumors." Baer says he heard that a former stockholder at Merkin & Company, Norman List, a longtime bull on University Patents, had sold his shares and was bad-mouthing the company to some of Baer's clients.

I picked up the same rumors about List. Further, I heard he recently sold 10,000 shares of University Patents' stock (in the mid-20s) through Merkin. There's also talk that List—after he sold his stock—proceeded to short a sizable amount of the company's shares and then cover for a fast $70,000 profit.

It seems clear, judging from the facts I could gather, that List's sale of University Patents' shares and his negative comments about the company certainly accelerated the heavy selling in Baer's stocks. Adding to the selling were widespread rumors of SEC investigations into Baer and University Patents. Add to this the fact that many owners of University Patents, Energy Conversion, and Telecredit had bought their shares on margin, and a selling blitz is not hard to understand.

"It was panic pure and simple," one over-the-counter trader told me. "People thought Baer was going to dump all of his stocks because they were on margin [as it turns out, Baer has only a small amount of the three stocks on margin] . . . and so everybody rushed for the same selling gates."

I heard talk that a bear raid had been planned by some short-sellers. But I could in no way verify it. Nor could I confirm reports that some brokerage-house traders made a killing by shorting University Patents on the way down, thereby adding to the stock's weakness.

I located List (whom the SEC is also looking for), but he declined to say whether he bought, sold, or went short any University Patents shares. All he would say was "I'm about even on the stock. It's been nine months of aggravation [in University Patents]. The real scoop," said an emotional List, "is to check out Miles [L. W. Miles, University Patents president], to see if what he's saying is real . . . because it could be a great hype."

The company has the exclusive rights to the technologies of a number of universities and Wall Street has been particularly enthusiastic about its new—and yet to be proven—energy process in the nuclear field.

Why did you suddenly sell? I asked List. He told me he recently spoke to an atomic physicist about the energy process and that the physicist yawned. "Doesn't that tell you something? Just cross-check Miles," List hollered again and again. "That's the real story." The former broker strongly implied that Miles's personal comments to analysts and the company's statements were excessively touty. (He's not the only one who thinks so.)

With Baer's three favorite stocks down sharply from their highs, one might well expect Baer to encourage new buying in the shares. "Not until the panic ends," said Baer. "I was a fool, but I'm not an idiot. Who knows how low is low?"

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News Not Fit to Print?

Chalk it up, I guess, to one of those unfortunate omissions. In a story last April 10, the New York *Times* zeroed in on a group of companies that had transported their corporate executives and guests to the Masters Golf Tournament in Augusta, Georgia. Among the corporate biggies were Coca-Cola, General Motors, Gulf Oil, CBS, United Technologies, and Allis-Chalmers. Alas, the *Times* omitted the name of another prominent company that had flown personnel to the tournament in its corporate jet—the New York Times.

William Davis, head of the Times's magazine division, and publisher of *Us,* explained there were just two people in the Times's jet besides himself and all were involved in the activities of the company's *Golf Digest* magazine. "We conducted lots of business," he insisted. I had picked up reports from inside the *Times* that Punch Sulzberger personally eliminated the mention of the Times's jet in the story. But James Goodale, a Times vice-president, chuckled and said it wasn't so. The IRS may have the last laugh, however: It's investigating the use of corporate jets for the tournament.

A Bit of Cheer

Here's some good news, for a change, about New York City. Commercial real estate—particularly prime space—is picking up considerably. I hear that from Edward S. Gordon, a leading broker-manager, whose multimillion-dollar real-estate firm, bearing his name, has just completed a survey of the rental trends in 100 prime office buildings (from 40th to 59th Street). The survey, embracing 67.2 million square feet of office space, found that 65.2 million feet (96 percent) were rented as of about a week ago. This compares with a rental of 63.4 million feet (94 percent) last November and 57.6 million feet (86 percent) in February of 1974. For the survey's purposes, buildings that were 7 percent, or less, vacated were considered fully rented. On this basis 84 buildings are fully rented, versus 78 last November, and 44 in February of 1974. The fast-talking Gordon credits the demand largely to the influx of foreign firms, mainly banks, and lack of commercial construction in recen years in a period of normal business growth. But it's not all good news. Gordon figures just about all of lowe Manhattan, including the Wall Stree area, will remain severely depressed fo quite a while. "No one," he says "seems to want the s--- on 33rd Street." ■

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

May 17 thru 24

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Thursday, May 19

SMOKEY (NOT THE BEAR)

Jackie Gleason heads for trouble as he takes chase after trucker Burt Reynolds (the Bandit) in Hal Needham's new film, *Smokey and the Bandit,* about a trucker-hero who sets out for Texas to pick up 400 cases of beer, returning within 28 hours to Atlanta. With Sally Field and Jerry Reed. Radio City Music Hall.

Friday, May 20

The Greatest–A screen biography in which Muhammad Ali portrays himself, and Ernest Borgnine plays the champion's long-time trainer and ring mentor. Loews Cine; Loews Triplex.

THE MOVIES

Airport '77–A disaster movie that suffers from arrested development. It concerns a privately-owned Boeing 747 that has been converted into a flying clubhouse and is now conveying guests to Florida by its millionaire owner. If you expect a spectacular crash, forget it. The plane luckily turns out to be as airtight as the movie's plot is far from being; yet it is not quite watertight, a condition resembling that of the filmmaker's head. Forum.

Andy Warhol's Bad–There is no one or nothing in this film that isn't freaky or bred in a vacuum, cruel out of motives that have very little to do with recognizable human motivations. There are few valid points to make and very little wit with which to make them. Quad; RKO Cinerama II; RKO 86th II; Eastside.

Ankur–Shyam Benegal wrote and directed this Indian film set in a village background in Hyderabad, and Shabana Azmi is the star. Bombay Cinema.

Annie Hall–Woody Allen's latest is painful in three ways: as unfunny comedy, poor moviemaking, and embarrassing self-revelation. The jokes are tired and can often be seen dragging their feet toward us a mile off. Diane Keaton's scandalous performance consists of a dithering, blithering, neurotic coming apart at the seams, in this on-again, off-again love affair of a schlemiel and a meshugenah. Baronet; Little Carnegie; 34th St E.; from 5/25, Loews Triplex.

Badlands–This writing-directing debut of Terence Malick not only launches the most impressive new filmmaker in America, it also gives us the most important American film of the mid-seventies. Based loosely on the Starkwether-Fugate murders, it fastens on a criminal amorality that is one part boredom, one part stupidity, and one part psychosis, and turns the bloody young lovers into symbols of human restlessness and limitation. Superb dialogue, photography, music and direction, perfect performances by Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek. 5/20-25, Cinema Studio.

The Beast–It is hard to name the worst filmmaker to have achieved international stature, but if one had to, Walerian Borowczyk would come first to mind. This film finally achieves what his previous ones have all been aspiring to: the perfect blend of ineptitude and pretension. A banal but utterly confused story serves as feeble excuse for prurient views of copulation between horses, later beween a woman and a mythical beast, and masturbation with everything from the headboard of a bed to the flower end of a rose. (The stem might have made a little more sense.) E. 59th St Theater.

Between the Lines–Joan Micklin Silver's film, about the takeover of a Boston underground weekly by an establishment newspaper tycoon, is meant to be a tale of deradicalization; how a group of idealistic, journalistic kids decline into indifference. But, like *Hester Street* (her first film), it lacks a point of view. We feel neither a sense of loss for nor do we laugh at these kids: only the casting (John Heard and Jill Eikenberry) is excellent. Sutton.

Black and White in Color–This first feature film by Jean-Jacques Annaud is a witty, strong, ingeniously constructed and remarkably mature piece of work. It is set in the French and German colonies during World War I, and traces the development of one brave, intelligent, and honorable person into the most efficient, deadly military martinet. Black or white, French or German, courageous or cowardly, human beings are to blame for war; this funny and fast-moving satire—in the best tradition of that genre—dispassionately exposes the ravages—not of war, but of human nature. Superb camera work, performances, music—even decent subtitles. Paris.

Black Sunday–John Frankenheimer's latest is a sound commercial film, the basic stuff of cinema, and an oasis in the current American movie output. As the Israeli mastermind of an assassination attempt, the lately often irresponsible Robert Shaw gives a genuinely affecting performance, and there is very solid work from other actors as well, notably the craggily dependable Fritz Weaver, the pervasively slimy Michael V. Gazzo, and the ominously controlled Walter Gotell. Loews State I; Loews Tower East; from 5/25, Loews Triplex.

Buffalo Bill and the Indians or Sitting Bull's History Lesson–Despite a poor script and plot incoherence, there is substantial talent on display here. There is expert handling of the camera and actors, very able shooting of action and crowd scenes, avoiding the usual cliches, and intermittent but hearty comic sustenance for eye and ear. The editing is lively, the set and costume design consummate. The acting is a mixed bag. Paul Newman cannot help scoring, and there is good work from supporting players Joel Grey, Kevin McCarthy, and Harvey Keitel. 5/18,19, Cinema Village.

The Car–A driver-less car, heralded by a strange wind, terrorizes the inhabitants of a sleepy Southwestern town, as it plows into men, women and children. Directed by Elliot Silverstein, with James Brolin, Kathleen Lloyd, John Marley. National; 86th St East; Murray Hill.

Cousin Angelica–Carlos Saura's film, made from the point of view of those who lost the Spanish Civil War, about a middle-aged man who returns to the Castillian town where he grew up. There he relives his past, the outbreak of the Civil War, and his childhood flirtation with his beautiful young cousin. D.W. Griffith.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchefla that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. 68th St Plyhse.

Cross of Iron–Sam Peckinpah's encounter with World War II is, as could have been expected, an unusually violent one. His usual theme, mistrust and hatred for one's superiors, is carried to an absurd extreme in this film which emerges as a commerical for war, since the very best guys seem somehow to survive. Waverly; thru 5/19, Loews Triplex; thru 5/24, Loews Orpheum and State II.

Death in Venice–Luchino Visconti at his most rotten-ripe. To make a movie from Mann's novella was a bad enough idea; to make *this* movie, unforgivable. Sumptuous decor and costumes, middling photography of Venice (still something to look at), uninspired performance by Dirk Bogarde, and a lot of pretentious nothing besides. Even Mahler gets badly played on the sound track. 5/21, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Eagle Has Landed–The most ludicrous film to come along in many a spring. Plot concerns a German attempt, in WW II, to kidnap Churchill in order to negotiate a more favorable peace. As befits this preposterous idea, film starts out with a few whopping absurdities, that, to its ghastly credit be it said, never let up for a moment. 5/18-25, Playboy.

Face to Face–Ingmar Bergman's latest is doubly disturbing. First, because it may be the most harrowing portrayal ever of a nervous breakdown, and, secondly, because it shows a supreme filmmaker in total control of his medium merely marking time. The one incontrovertible splendor of the film is Liv Ullmann's performance. It is not just sublime acting; it is a piece of great, invaluable daring. 5/17, Cinema Village.

Family Plot–Alfred Hitchcock, still chipper at 76, is back with his fifty-somethingth picture—even the experts seem to have lost count. This one, about kidnappings and ransoms and chases, is hardly worth counting in any case. Much goes wrong, starting with the overlong initial expository scenes. And what the film does not provide is interesting clues. Thru 5/17, Olympia.

Harlan County, U.S.A.–Barbara Kopple's well-intentioned piece of work about a coal miner's strike in Kentucky that lasted thirteen months and led to, after the brutal shooting of a miner, the mine owners' acceding to the miners' demands, which were nothing more than the right to unionize. Thru 5/17, Thalia.

Islands in the Stream–Can best be defined as senescent adolescent fantasy, about Hemingway's great sculptor on the far side of middle age whose marriages have failed, but what the hell—he has three sons, an island in the sun, a good, blowsy whore. George C. Scott's solid craftsmanship has enough gusto to keep the movie at least half alive, in plodding Book-of-the-Month style. Franklin J. Schaffner directs. From 5/18, 72nd St E; St Marks Cinema.

Jabberwocky–A film by and with some of the Monty Python crew. If you can laugh at this, you can laugh at anything and might as well stay home working up great guffaws over the spots in your kitchen sink. Cinema I.

Jacob The Liar–An earnest, well-meaning East German film about a former Jewish cafe owner in a wartime Polish ghetto whose lies make him into a hero he doesn't want to be. Much of this is played for comedy, which could be interesting, except that the comedy is as earnest and flatfooted as the rest. The acting is good, but not good enough to offset a generally uninspired and drawn-out script and direction. Plaza.

Jail Bait–Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film about a 14-*year-old girl who has an affair with a* 19-year-old worker employed as a chicken slaughterer. With Eva Mattes and Harry Baer. New Yorker.

The Late Show–If you like latter-day variations on the private-eye movie—variations that consist chiefly of tongue-in-cheek deflations of the genre—you may find this film just your thing. Though its plotting is rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, it has oodles of atmosphere and a likeable way of not taking itself too seriously. Lily Tomlin is totally winning. Quad.

Looking Up–Linda Yellen's movie tells the story of three generations of a New York family as they try to cope with the financial and emotional problems common to most American families today. Fine Arts.

Man on the Roof–A civilized, understated thriller, of a kind that is all too rare these days. Bo Widerberg's film is made with a wary intelligence all the way, showing that however spectacular police work can get, it is seldom if ever romantic. This is no bogus epic, nor is it a lurid ominous *film noir.* If anything, it is a *film gris.* The scene is set in Stockholm, and the cinematography by Odd Geir Saether is just right. Cinema III.

The Marquise of O...–Eric Rohmer's film version of Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 novella is as intelligent and successful as such an undertaking can get. The liberties the director has taken are minimal, and generally inventive as well as dramatically justifiable. 5/24, Cinema Village.

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser–Werner Herzog's choppy, capricious, ponderous, and attitudinizing film is an utter betrayal of its magnificent historical subject—a 15-year-old boy who shows up out of nowhere in the main square of Nuremberg in 1828, inarticulate and clutching a letter that obscures rather than clarifies his provenance. Thru 5/17, Cinema Studio.

Nasty Habits–A nasty little piece of goods over which it would be kindest to pass in silence, if only it deserved kindness. What we have here is a "satire" on Watergate told in terms of a nunnery with monastic equivalents for most of the principals in that fiasco. The language is rowdy throughout, the goings-on licentious or sacrilegious, and convent life is turned into an ugly, unfunny travesty. Cinema II.

Network–Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. Thru 5/17, Playboy; St Marks Cinema.

Next Stop, Greenwich Village–Paul Mazursky continues his career as a slick, sentimental, self-serving filmmaker, here waxing nostalgic over his youth in the Village of the 50s where he came from Brooklyn to become an actor. Larry (Paul) is a nice Jewish boy surrounded by crazy Village characters, a kooky acting coach, a loveable luncheon-counter owner for whom he works part-time, a decent but breathless girl friend who becomes pregnant, a fierce mother who descends on him with food and lamentations and many more soggy platitudes. Lenny Baker, and especially Ellen Greene, are fine. Shelley Winters is horrendous. Mazursky's direction is obvious, and the cinematography poor. Thru 5/17, Playboy.

Providence–Alain Resnais's first English-language film is his first unmitigated disaster. John Gielgud, the partially hidden narrator of the film, an old dying man, imagines a convoluted scenario involving a love triangle made up of his legitimate son, his illegitimate son, and the former's wife (Dirk Bogarde, David Warner, and Ellen Burstyn). Thru 5/17, Art; Embassy 72nd St; from 5/18, Quad.

Raggedy Ann and Andy–With their friends, King Koo Koo, The Greedy, The Camel with the Wrinkled Knees, Pirate Captain Contagious, Queasy, the Loonies—all in an adventure cartoon. Guild.

Rebellion in Patagonia–Hector Olivera's film about Argentine city and rural workers who organize against their miserable conditions during the 1920s. Their strikes threaten foreign and national business interests, and a bloody military repression results. Jean Renoir Cinema.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Embassy 46th; Columbia II; Trans-Lux 85th; Greenwich; thru 5/24, Loews Triplex.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze and cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. Thru 5/17, Olympia; 72nd St E.

Silver Streak–An expensive attempt, directed by Arthur Hiller, at crossbreeding *The Lady Vanishes* and *Twentieth Century.* It is not so much a cross-fertilization as a cross-sterilization. Jill Clayburgh, once again unworthily cast, once again keeps her head above ditchwater. Gene Wilder is miscast in a young-Jimmy Stewart role, and Patrick McGoohan is loathsome above the line of duty. Thru 5/17, Gramercy.

Slap Shot–An amusing movie as long as you don't look at it very closely, and forget it as fast as you can. George Roy Hill's film about the ice-hockey scene has no point of view or even consistency of style. It fluctuates between realism and absurdism, cynical casualness and manic exaggeration, moral indignation and total indifference. Beekman; Victoria; thru 5/24, Loews Triplex.

Three Women–This is Robert Altman's third dream film, and, like *Images* and *Brewster McCloud,* alternates uneasily between not very real reality and not particularly imaginative fantasy. A very superficial girl and an almost blank young woman keep exchanging personalities, and finally absorb a third, even more nebulous older woman, into a peculiar menage. The minor characters are even more shadowy, and the plot lacks credibility as a human document, and resonance as a dream. Excellent performances by Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; competent cinematography by Chuck Rosher, absurd paintings and music by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby, respectively. Coronet.

Welcome to L.A.–About a lot of people in Los Angeles fornicating, which, even if it were well done would be dull, but in this case it is not well done. Banal writing, terrible tunes with worse lyrics. Direction by Alan Rudolph is as minimal as his script; offensively arty photography; submerged performances; some of them not enough. 5/18-25, Embassy 72nd; Art.

Wizards–Ralph Bakshi's latest animated feature differs in theme from his previous ones, but not, regrettably, in quality. This story of the future where wizards, fairies, elves, and robots reenact the Second World War partly in cartoon and partly in live action (from *Triumph of the Will,* Nazi newsreels, and, of all things, *Alexander Nevsky)* is well drawn but pretentious, simplistic, lacking in finesse, and unpleasantly misguided in its wedding of feeble inventions with terrible historical realities. Trans-Lux East; Paramount.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 5/17, *Providence.* From 5/18, *Welcome to L.A.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Annie Hall.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *Slap Shot.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 5/17, *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp; Our Hospitality & Keaton Shorts.* 5/18, *Platinum Blonde; The Lady from Shanghai.* 5/19, *It Happened One Night; Platinum Blonde.* 5/20, *Twentieth Century; It Happened One Night.* 5/21, *His Girl Friday; Twentieth Century.* 5/22, *Craig's Wife; His Girl Friday.* 5/23, *Lawrence of Arabia.* 5/24, *George Landow; Sherlock Jr.; Keaton Shorts.*

Bombay, 57th nr Bdway (581-4740). *Ankur.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 5/17, *The Slap; Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full.* 5/18, *Charulata; Shakespeare Wallah.* 5/19, *The Cat and the Canary; Vampyr.* 5/20, *Les Enfants Terrible; The Testament of Orpheus.* 5/21, *Death in Venice; Suddenly, Last Summer.* 5/22, *Madame Butterfly; La Traviata.* 5/23, *The Falcon Takes Over; Murder, My Sweet; Farewell My Lovely.* 5/24, *Mademoiselle; The Bride Wore Black.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Jabberwocky.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Nasty Habits.*

Cinema III, 2 W 59 (752-5959). *Man on the Roof.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). Thru 5/19, *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser; Walkabout.* 5/20-25, *Badlands; Fat City.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 5/17, *Face to Face; Hour of the Wolf.* 5/18,19, *Buffalo Bill and the Indians; Badlands.* 5/20,21, *The Godfather Part II.* 5/22,23, *The Music Lovers; The Boy Friend.* 5/24, *The Marquise of O; Claire's Knee.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Woodstock.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Rocky.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *3 Women.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Cousin Angelica.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Andy Warhol's Bad.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Thru 5/17, *Modern Times; The Great Dictator.* From 5/18, to be announced.

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *The Car.*

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). *Rocky.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 5/17, *Providence.* 5/18-25, *Welcome to L.A.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Beast.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Looking Up.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *Airport '77.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 5/17, *Silver Streak.* From 5/18, to be announced.

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Rocky.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Raggedy Ann & Andy.*

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave at 10th (873-8702). Thru 5/18, *Rebellion in Patagonia; Union Maids.* From 5/19, *Tenderness of the Wolves* (Fassbinder).

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Annie Hall.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). Temporarily closed. Opening 5/25, *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 5/19, *The Godfather; Godfather Part II.* From 5/20, *The Greatest.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). Thru 5/24, *Cross of Iron.* From 5/25, *Star Wars.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Black Sunday.* II. Thru 5/24, *Cross of Iron.* From 5/25, *Day of the Animals.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Black Sunday.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. Thru 5/24, *Slap Shot.* From 5/25, *Annie Hall.* II. Thru 5/19, *Cross of Iron.* From 5/20, *The Greatest.* III. Thru 5/24, *Rocky.* From 5/25, *Black Sunday.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *The Car.*

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *The Car.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). From 5/15, *Jailbait.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 5/17, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution; Family Plot.* From 5/18, *Through the Looking Glass; S.O.S.* Every Fri & Sat at midnight, *The Harder They Come.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Wizards.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Black and White in Color.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 5/17, *Network; Next Stop Greenwich Village.* From 5/18, *The Eagle Has Landed; The Odessa File.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Jacob the Liar.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *The Late Show.* II. Thru 5/17, *Woodstock.* From 5/18, *Providence.* III. *Andy Warhol's Bad.* IV. Thru 5/19, *Love.* From 5/20, *The Stewardesses.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St & 6th Ave (246-4600). Thru 5/18, *The Sting.* From 5/19, *Smokey and the Bandit.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 5/17, 18, *Ikiru (To Live).* 5/19-21, *Harakiri; Samurai Spy.* 5/22,23, *Red Beard.* 5/24,25, *Hidden Fortress; Samurai Saga.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. 5/20-26, *The Stewardesses.* II. *Andy Warhol's Bad.*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. To be announced. II. *Andy Warhol's Bad.*

St. Marks Cinema–2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 5/17, *Network; Lenny.* From 5/18, *Islands in the Stream.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 5/17, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* From 5/18, *Islands in the Stream.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Between the Lines.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 5/17, *The Hellstrom Chronicles; Harlan County, U.S.A.* From 5/18, *Anatahan; Crime and Punishment.*

Theater 80 St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 5/17,18, *For Me and My Gal; The Clock.* 5/19, *Diabolique;* Panique. 5/20-22, *Breakfast at Tiffany's; Roman Holiday.* 5/23,24, *Lost Horizon; The Bitter Tea of General Yen.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Annie Hall.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Wizards.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Rocky.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *Woodstock.*

Victoria, 45th & Bdway (354-5636). *Slap Shot.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Cross of Iron.* (Every Fri & Sat at midnight, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*)

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, May 17

Agamemnon–Aeschylus's play, directed by Andrei Serban; with John Cazale, Priscilla Smith, and a chorus of 27; music by Elizabeth Swados. Thru 6/19. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th St (EN 2-7616).

CURRENT

American Buffalo–The first substantial American play of the season and worth the wait. David Mamet's brilliant black comedy about worthless wordsmanship and man's inactivity toward man. Gorgeous acting by Robert Duvall, Ken McMillan, and John Savage, directed with hairspring timing by Ulu Grosbard, complete the triumphant picture. Belasco, 111 W 44th (354-4490).

Anna Christie–Eugene O'Neill's seedy whore of a play, redeemed by the skill of a director (Jose Quintero) and a star (Liv Ullmann) who never make the mistake of taking it seriously. Ullmann's Anna is a stupendous creation, in which passion flows through every pore of a body that is, of itself, one of God's masterpieces. To 7/2. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Against what could have been, however, the show must be reckoned a slick, sloppy cheat. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel–The first in David Rabe's "trilogy" about GIs in Vietnam, this 1971 play lacks the tautness of the later *Sticks and Bones* and *Streamers*, but the power at its core remains intact. That power is harrowingly realized in Al Pacino's searing portrayal of the name role, and in David Wheeler's excellent direction. Thru 6/5, Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long and Josephine Premice. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite–Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes and Marge Redmond look as foolish as they are made to sound. Mon thru Sat at 8; Sat, Sun, Wed mat at 2. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

Chicago–A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. *(J.S.)* Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Dirty Linen & **New-Found-Land**–Tom Stoppard's interlinked playlets, both set in a Parliamentary committee room, elevate the fine old art of farce-writing to a high intellectual level. The joke-spinning is murderously, achingly funny, no less so for the intricacy and the dazzling literacy of Stoppard's word-gaming. If you feel certain pains on leaving the theater, that's your laughing muscles being reactivated after a long, dismal season of rest. Ed Berman directs, and the cast is fully the equal of its London counterpart. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed mat at 2. Golden Theater, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes beserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Tony Perkins and Ralph Seymour. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Fiddler on the Roof–Nothing has aged so much that this 1964 Bock-Harnick-Stein musical has lost any appreciable glow. Even so, as Zero Mostel has had to slow down his timing in the lead role, and as some key members of the new cast fail to erase memories of their predecessors, it becomes increasingly clear that the real "Fiddler" is Jerome Robbins, whose staging transmutes common clay into something like gold. Since Mr. Robbins returned to restage this revival, it has become, once again, an imperative. Mon thru Sat at 8, Wed mat at 2. Thru 5/21. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdway (245-4878).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid, and so is the cast. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having *been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the* Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5:30 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. *(J.S.)* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Happy End–The saving grace is the stupendous score that Kurt Weill fashioned for Bert Brecht's 1929 satire about guys and dolls in gangland Chicago. But Michael Feingold's decent translation (well performed at Yale a few seasons back) has been gussied up with dumb new gags pasted on by director-adaptor Robert Kalfin, who, furthermore, stages the whole thing as a Keystone-Kop burlesque. The error of this revival is epitomized as Meryl Streep chirps her way through "Surabaya Jonny," possibly the most haunting song ever composed for theater. Martin Beck, 302 W 45 (246-6363).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, with words (Michael Stewart) from old sit-com discards, music (Cy Coleman) that is mostly plasticized ricky-tick, and acting (Lenny Baker, et al) that would make Bugs Bunny cringe. A show, in other words, that achieves the impossible: to make life in New Jersey even worse than it is. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Fuzzy, slovenly revival of a show that isn't as good as it used to be, and probably never was. Yul Brynner is the star, but he has aged since 1951 and it shows; surrounding him is a cast of nobody in particular, including Constance Towers, as a dull Anna and some children who merely make faces. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

Lily Tomlin in Appearing Nitely–A one-woman show with a cast of thousands, all of them crazy, and all beautifully observed. To dub Ms. Tomlin a "comic" is only to reveal the paucity of language; her impersonations are wildly comic, but also harrowingly real and often agonizingly poignant. An actress capable of such insight knows no horizons. Mon thru Thurs at 8; Fri & Sat at 7 & 10. Thru 6/10, Biltmore, 261 W 47th (582-5340).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Wed at 2 & 8. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is, at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. As the hero, a man on his way to becoming a robot, Tom Courtenay may be a little *too* charming, but his way with the language is indeed elegant. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. *(J.S.)* Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Minskoff, 45th W of Bdway (869-0550).

Romeo and Juliet–Imperative, but only because the radiant, enthralling Juliet of Pamela Payton-Wright outweighs a multitude of flaws. This Juliet is a complete person: vulnerable, ravished in ways she cannot bring herself to comprehend, drawing delight from the sheer beauty of Shakespeare's music and the events it underscores. Paul Rudd, the Romeo, is, as always, interesting, but his bumptiousness undermines credibility and his elocution is more Iowa than Italy. Ted Mann's direction lets the play sprawl shapelessly over the Circle's impossible playing area, and the supporting cast seldom rises

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above mediocrity. Thru 5/22. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

Same Time, Next Year–Sandy Dennis and Don Murray in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti*, and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle*, it is genuinely funny, often moving and perspicacious. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. *(J.S.)* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play is set among terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving play, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb nine-member cast approaches perfection; a superior evening all told. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tearjerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Mark Hellinger, 237 W 51st (757-7064).

Side by Side by Sondheim–With skill and charm measurable in googols, three stupendously gifted Britishers (Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, and David Kernan) have come all the way from London to remind us of the words-and-music genius of Stephen Sondheim. Their reminder is nothing more than a long, generous song recital, but it all turns into an inspired, implied drama of sheer delight. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone.* Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'.* Robert Preston is the Fox himself, without benefit of trombones. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (Cl 6-6699).

Vieux Carre–Sylvia Sidney, Diane Kagan, Tom Aldredge, and Richard Alfiere star in a new play by Tennessee Williams about a writer and the inhabitants of a rooming house in the Old French Quarter of New Orleans, during the 30's. Directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. St James, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. *J.S.)* Thru 5/21, Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730). From 5/25, Broadway, 1681 Broadway (Cl7-7992).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Tues thru Sun at 8; mat Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Arms and the Man–Shaw's play, directed by Kirt Alexander. Thurs thru Sat at 8. Thru 6/25. $2.50. NYC Rep Co, 437 W 46th (JU6-3700).

Ashes–David Rudkin's play begins as a witty, low-key piece about a couple struggling to have a baby; gradually, and inexorably, the scope widens to embrace a wide range of brilliant disturbing thoughts about life itself. The play (by a Britisher hitherto unknown here) is something close to wonderful, as is the performance by a four-member cast directed by Lynne Meadow. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Bell, Book, and Candle–Revival of John Van Druten's play, directed by Robert Petito. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 5/22. $3.50. Theater-Off-Park, 28 E 35th (686-9395).

A Better Place–Robert Hogan's play concerning the time-culture lag in today's world. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 5/29. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

Carol in Winter Sunlight–Arthur Sainer's play, directed by Crystal Field, with a score by George Prideaux. Thru 6/5. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $2.50. Theater for the New City, 113 Jane St (691-2220).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Cross Country–Susan Miller's play, directed by Elinor Renfield. Thru 5/27 at 8. $2.50. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (246-6569).

Dear Liar–A comedy based on the tempestuous romance of George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Written and directed by Jerome Kilty. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed, Sat, Sun mat at 2. Thru 6/12. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23 St (924-7160).

Double Bill–Joseph Waddington's *Tuscarora,* and Cocteau's *Opium—Diary of a Cure.* Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 5/21. $2.50. Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Dr (864-2929).

Double Bill–Gogol's *The Gamblers* and O'Casey's *Pound on Demand,* Wed & Thurs at 7:30, 5/18-6/30. $3. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Double Bill–Shaw's *How He Lied to Her Husband* and *Overruled,* directed by Howard Green. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3; Mon at 7. Thru 5/23. $2.50. Counterpoint Theater Co, 333 Sixth Ave at W 4th (799-6954).

Endgame–Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Gene Feist. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. mat, Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 5/21. Roundabout Stage, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Exiles–James Joyce's only play, focusing on the risk of unleashing sexual passion from the bonds of conventional morality. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun mat at 3. Thru 6/5. Circle Repertory Theater, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Fantasticks–In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Fefu and her Friends–Maria Irene Fornes's play for eight woman exploring their relationship to the world and to each other. Directed by the author. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 5/22. $2.50. Relativity Media Lab, 648 Bdway, betw Bleecker & Bond (242-3900).

Fish Joy–Doloris Holmes's play, an experience in primal memory, directed by Donald Kvares. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 5/29. White Mask Theater, 22 W 30th (683-9332).

Fortune and Men's Eyes–Revival of John Herbert's prison drama. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3; thru 5/29. $2.50. Meat & Potatoes Theater, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

Greenwich Village Follies–Revue, with music, lyrics, and vignettes by Ronnie Britton. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sat also at 10:30. Sun, 5 & 7:30. Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave (533-8010).

The Great MacDaddy–Folk musical of no great consequence, but revived with great love and incandescent energy by the Negro Ensemble Company. You won't find better ensemble work at any theater, large or small, in town. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 2:30 & 8:30; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Gulp!–Musical farce about six youths at the beach, directed by John Glines. Thurs thru Sun at 9 p.m. Thru 5/29. $4. The Glines, 260 W Bdway (925-2619).

Hamlet–Directed by Michael Alexander. Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2. Thru 6/26. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Heavenz–A fantasy about life, death and liberation, by Pat Kaufman. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 5/21. $2.50. Soho Theater, 465 West Bdway (473-2954).

I am a Camera–John van Druten's play, directed by Dorothy Stuart. Wed thru Sat at 7:30. 5/18-21. $2.50. Quaigh Theater, 108 W 43rd (221-9088, 787-0862).

The Second Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World–Dick Shawn in a one-man show described as a spaced-out evening with a hip Mark Twain. Promenade Theater, 76th & Bdway.

The Last War–David Scanlan's work-in-progress. 5/21-29 at 8 p.m. (3 p.m. curtain on Sun). Townhouse of the Adams School, 124 W 60th (243-2226).

La Mama E.T.C.–Tisa Chang directs *The Legend of Wu Chow,* a Chinese fantasy. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 5/19-6/5. $4. La Mama, 74A E 4th (475-7710).

Macbeth–The Orson Welles Federal Theater's all-black version, set in the West Indies, directed by Edmund Cambridge. Tues thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 5/29. $2.50. Harry Dejur Henry St Plyhse, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

The Maids–Jean Genet's funeral rite, directed by Donald M. Colucci. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. thru 5/29. Billymunk Theater, 45th at 2nd (683-7584).

Mamet's Plays–*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations,* two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazauckas deftly underscores. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Manhattan Theater Club–Jane Bowles's *In the Summer House.* Wed thru Sun at 7:30; Sun at 2:30. Thru 5/29. $4. *The Last Street Play,* Richard Wesley's play about former teenage street gang members now in their 30s. Thurs thru Sat at 8. Sun at 2:30.) Thru 5/29. $2.50. In the Cabaret: Songs by Richard Peaslee, thru 5/22. $2.50 MTC, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Murder, My Sweet Matilda–Janet Green's play, directed by Edmund W. Trust. Fri & Sat at 10:30; Sun at 7:30. Thru 5/22. $2.50. 18th St Playhouse, 145 W 18th, betw 6th & 7th (924-8400).

Nat Horne Theater–Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw,* directed by David McKenna. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 5/29. $3. NHT, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

Nero–Richard Vetere's play about the daydreams of an eccentric. Wed thru Sun at 7:45; Sat at 7:30 & 10. Thru 5/29. Courtyard, 39 Grove St (359-7902).

New York City Street Show–Peter Copani's musical drama about growing up in Greenwich Village. Mon, Wed, Thurs at 8. Fri & Sat 7:30 & 10:30. Sun at 3:30. Actors Plyhse, 100 7th Ave So (242-9657).

On the Lock-In–David Langston Smyrl did book, lyrics, and music, and plays a leading role, but his psychological fantasy about prison life is so cliche-ridden and undisciplined that its well-meant earnestness never quite comes through. Public Theater/LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Peg o' My Heart–Unless you've seen a lot of theater this season, you may be immune to the simple, fresh delights in J. Hartley Manners's 1912 heartwarmer (written for Mrs. Manners, a.k.a. Laurette Taylor). Under Gene Nye's unerringly clear-eyed direction, the play has returned to us full of love, and even a touch of wisdom, and a spendid company (led by the winsome, adorable Peg of Sofia Landon) plays as if caught up in a masterpiece. Tues-Fri at 7:30; Sat at 5:30 & 9; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Theater Four, 424 W 55th (246-8545).

The Rimers of Eldritch–The Boston Theater Ensemble's production of Lanford Wilson's play about the thwarted lives of a provincial midwest community; directed by George Hatza jr. From 5/25 thru 6/5, at 8 p.m. except Sun. Sun mat at 3 p.m. $2.50. Changing Space, 120 W 28th (691-7950).

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet–Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company boils Wagner's *Ring* down to 3½ hours. There are clever touches here and there, but more that's merely raucous, lurid, and self-indulgent; both Wagner's 20-hour original, and Anna Russell's 20-minute condensation, are more on target — and, incidentally, funnier. Tues thru Sat. Truck & Warehouse, 79 E 4th St (228-8558).

Rose Lynch Repertory–Chekhov's *The Boor* and *A Marriage Proposal.* Sundays at 7:30; $2. Jean Paul Sartre's *No Exit.* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Rosmersholm–Ibsen's play, directed by Cyril Simon. Fri, Sat & Mon at 8; Sun at 7. Thru 5/23. $2.50. Caras Nuevas, 110 W 14th (242-3900).

Round the Naked Round–A comedy-drama by A. R. Bell. Wednesdays through Saturdays thru 5/28. $5. Dramatis Personae, 114 W 14th (675-9922).

Shayna–A play by Mordecai Siegal, directed by Richard Karp about a young woman propelled toward identity and independence. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sat & Sun at 4 p.m. Thru 5/22. $2.50. Open Space, 64 Wooster St (966-3729).

Silk Stockings–Revival of the Cole Porter/George S. Kaufman/Leueen MacGrath/Abe Burrows musical, directed by Susan Schulman. Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m.; Sat & Sun at 2:30. Thru 5/22. Equity Theater, 103rd & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

Soho Repertory–Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya,* 5/20, 8:30; 5/21, 10:30; 5/22, 7:30. Somerset Maugham's *Rain,* 5/21, 7:30; 5/22, 4:30. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

The Sound of Music–Revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical, directed by Joe Sutherin. Tues-Sat, Thru 5/21. Evenings at 8; Sat mat at 2:30. St Bart's Plyhse, Park & 50th (PL 1-1616).

Starting Here, Starting Now–A retrospective revue of songs mostly unknown, by David Shire and Richard Maltby Jr., and an exceptionally attractive show it is. Three performers — Loni Ackerman, Margery Cohen, and Richard Lee Andrews — seem enraptured with the material, as well they might, since most of it is both witty and wise. Tues thru Sun at 8:30, Fri & Sat at 11:30. Barbarann Theater, 349 W 46th (581-3866).

Streamers–David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Strindberg Bill–John Heard, Geraldine Page, and Rip Torn, in *The Creditors* Geraldine Page and Amy Wright in *The Stronger,* both directed by Rip Torn. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350).

Theatre Genesis–Bob Cassat's *Evening of Plays,* 5/19-22. Stuart Silver's *Cell Block #162,* 5/26-29 at 8 p.m. $2.50. St. Mark's Church, 10th St & 2nd Ave (533-4650).

A Thousand Nights and a Night–A new version of the Arabian Nights, directed by Gerry Bamman, with music and dance. Tues thru Sun at 8; Thru 5/22. $3.50 & $5. Manhattan Project, 316 E 88th St (534-6909).

Triple Bill–*A Strange Beast, Silver Bee,* and *Blue Heaven,* directed by Raymond Barry. Thurs thru Sun at 8. $3. Drama Ensemble Space, 108 Wooster St (925-9016).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

The Wager–Mark Medoff's play, directed by Norman Rene. Wed thru Sat at 8. 5/18-21. $2.50. The Nighthouse, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

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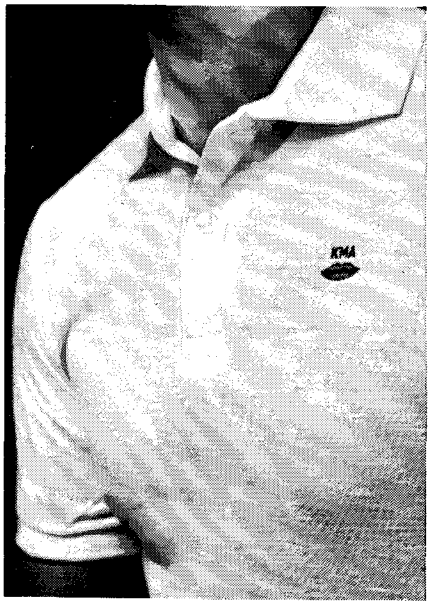

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Waiting for Godot–Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Steven Brant. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. $3. Thru 5/21. Cithaeron, 55 Mercer St. (966-6183).

Ways of Loving–Adaptation by Drew Denbaum of stories by Brendan Gill. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m., Fri & Sat at 10:30 p.m. West-Park Theater, 165 W 86th (877-1671).

What the Babe Said–Martin Halpern's behind-the-scenes look at baseball where nice guys finish last. . .sometimes. Directed by Amy Schecter. 5/17-20, 24-27, 29-6/3 at 11 p.m. (5/29's at 7 p.m.) $2. Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave So. on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

The Wolves and the Lambs–A play by Frieda Lipp which takes place in a small mid-western town during the 1970s. Fri thru Mon, at 8 p.m. Thru 5/23. $2.50. NY Stage Works, 15 W 18th (924-7056).

The Working Theater–Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Fizzles.* Tues thru Thurs at 7:30. Thru 6/2. *Coo-me-doo,* directed by Leo Shapiro. Fri thru Sun at 7:30. 5/13-29. Free. TWT, 349 12th St (924-8403).

You're Gonna Be Alright, Jamie Boy–David Freeman's play about a family that gets together to watch TV and ends up talking. Thurs thru Sun at 8. Thru 5/22. Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with the Milito Trio in evenings of non-stop popular Brazilian music, from 10 to 3 a.m. (688-8501).

Chateau Madrid–48th & Lexington. Lissette Alvarez, singer of Hispanic songs, with dance team Angie and Margo. In the Flamenco Room, at 9:45, dancer Carmen Acevedo. Closed Mondays (PL 2-8080).

Cleo's–Bdway & 63rd St. (opposite Lincoln Center). Mabel Mercer sings at 10 and 12, Tues thru Sat, accompanied by her long-time aide de melody, pianist Jimmy Lyon (724-6301).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. Thru 5/31, singer Marc Allen Trujillo. Dancing Fri & Sat. Closed Mondays (PL 5-6010).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. From 5/16, comedian London Lee and singers Deanna and Frank Anthony, at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. nightly (593-1650).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet play for dancing Sun & Mon, Tenor-saxist Scott Hamilton & his Quartet Mon thru Sat at 10, Midnight & 2 a.m. thru 5/21 (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with singer Terry Hammond at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. In the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11, on Fridays & Saturdays, they feature a whole slew of comediennes (683-0044).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Cabaret: Magician Chan Canasta, Fri thru Sun, thru 6/5. For keyholders only (752-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Comfortable dining, dancing, Picasso tapestries, a world-famous view. And for your entertainment—5/16-6/18, An Evening with Jule Styne, with Bobby Van & Elaine Joyce, 9:15 & 11:30. (PL7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world (almost) from its 65th floor windows. Sy Oliver has something of a monopoly on tasteful, restrained but bouyant, two-beat dance arrangements. The orchestra has the precision and intimacy of a smaller unit and Buddy Smith sings (PL 7-9090).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Shows at 9 & midnight; 5/17-21 & 24-28, soul singer Cissy Houston. Sat nights at 2 a.m. Holly Woodlawn (691-0900).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave at 56th St. Grant Smith, who sings & dances with the greatest of ease, at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m. nightly except Sunday (HA 1-0900).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Dancing to the music of the Phillips Bros, Mon thru Fri, from 8 p.m. to 1.

Carlyle, Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe:** Thru 6/26, singer-pianist Bobby Short. **Bemelmans Bar:** The effervescent Marion McPartland, another English transplant, tenderly interprets ballads, and offers strong-minded, rhythmically adept improvisation—a first-rate jazz pianist. Thru 5/21, jazz pianist Dick Wellstood, Mon thru Sat from 9 p.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **King Cole Grill:** Pianist-composer Ray Hartley

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Le Beau Pere–13 Eighth Ave, at 12th St. Rumanian-French restaurant, with entertainment by autoharpist-singer Kendall McKee, appearing Tues thru Sun from 7 p.m. to midnight (242-9241).

Bradley's–70 University Pl at 11th. 5/16-21, the enigmatic melodist Jimmy Rowles & a bassist. 5/23-28, guitarist Jimmy Raney & a bassist. On Sundays, the impeccable, Barry Harris, lyrical in touch, manner, and mien (228-6440).

Christy's Skylight Gardens–64 W 11th. Lovely glass-enclosed dining garden, with a fireplace when there's a chill. (673-5720).

Cookery–University Pl & 8th. The Polish virtuoso pianist Adam Makowics, highly regarded at home, is embarking on his first American engagement. On Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m., boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant with entertainment by pianist Sammy Price and Friends. Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11:30 (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell, pianist Jim Andrews, and drummer Connie Kay. 5/17, Helen Humes, a songbird for all seasons. 5/22, Scott Hamilton Quintet (265-8277).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Karen Springer there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

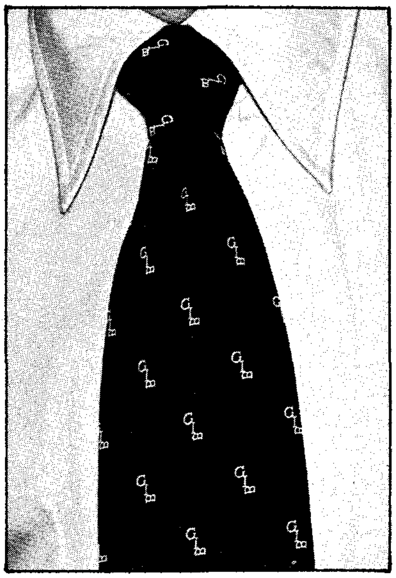
Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Large room with dining. From 5/16, at 9 & midnight, Louis St. Louis. No shows on Sundays (595-4206).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Four combos: Pianist Hod O'Brian takes over for Brooks Kerr, temporarily, from Wednesdays thru Saturdays; Russell Procope and the ageless Sonny Greer are still present. They are joined by singer Alicia Sherman. Mon. and Tue., two bop masters, Al Haig and Chuck Wayne, are joined by bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon. thru Sat, 6 to 9:30, the Gene Roland Trio. Sundays from 5:30 to 9:30, the Warren Chiasson trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave. Kenny Burrell, one of the most tasteful guitarists in jazz, here thru 5/21 (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Jimmy McPartland, who recently celebrated his 70th birthday, is subbing for Roy Eldridge, and he sounds pretty terrific. On Mondays, another crackling veteran, Max Kaminsky holds forth (CO 5-9505).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Ellis Larkins is a pianist who specializes in the understated: his swing is subliminal, his touch feather light, his ideas tart but fleeting. He's accompanied by bass and drums (744-2540). (744-2540).



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After glorious days in Vienna I followed the Danube to Carnuntum with its museum of Roman Art and splendid ruins, then to Hainburg where Joseph Haydn spent his boyhood.

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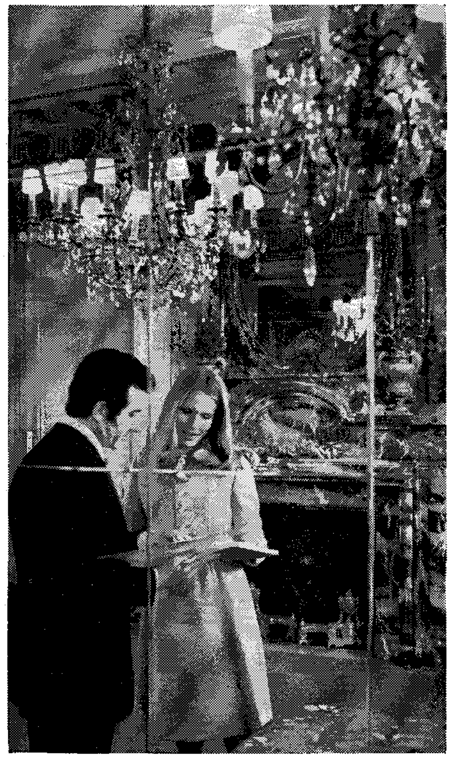

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Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. 5/17-6/11, Saxophonist Benny Carter, one of the giants of American music, and not to be missed, with Ray Bryant on piano, Bobby Rosengarden on drums, and Milt Hinton on bass, Tues thru Sat, with music from approximately 9:15. Woody Allen continues to hold forth with jam sessions on Monday evenings (PL 8-2272).

Onde–2nd Ave at 50th, until 5/20th; then at its new spot at 160 E 48th St, from 5/23, where it has a split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell here from 7 p.m. on (752-9631 at the old place; 752-0200 at the new one).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. The joint is jumping just about every night. On Mondays, it's Dave Matthews' big band; on Tuesdays, Richard Sudhalter leads the lively, witty, archival New California Ramblers; Lee Konitz is at the helm of a captivating nonet on Wednesdays and Thursdays; (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 Seventh Ave So. 5/17-22, the quietly adventurous guitarist Jim Hall, with Mike Moore & Bill Goodwin. 5/23, Jack Wilkins Quintet (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Elly Stone sings on Sun & Mon, thru 6/20, at 9 & 11 (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. 5/20,21, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who is altogether unique, leads a sextet, Friday, 9:30 & 11:30. Saturday, 9:30, 11:30, and 1:30 a.m. (GR5-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Monday nights, The Thad Jones & Mel Lewis Big Band. 5/17-22, The redoubtable Art Blakey and his always reliable Jazz Messengers. 5/24-29, Pharoah Sanders (AL5-4037).

West End Cafe–2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays, Tuesdays, the Frank Williams Four; Wednesdays, Jo Jones, the premiere drummer, raconteur, conjurer, leads a quartet of friends—they change—and the evening meshes historic ruminations with the classiest rhythms imaginable; Thursdays & Fridays, the Tiny Grimes Trio Saturdays & Sundays, the Countsmen (666-8750).

Television

Wednesday, May 18

Great Performances: *Hard Times.* The second of four episodes in an adaptation of Dickens's novel about the impact of the industrial revolution on the human spirit. Here, a mysterious stranger arrives in Coketown to run for political office—and immediately begins a seduction of Louisa, newly married to wealthy industrialist Josiah Bounderby. Edward Fox plays Harthouse, and Patrick Allen, Timothy West, and Alan Dobie head the large cast. (Channel 13, 9 to 10 p.m.)

Thursday, May 19

The Nixon/Frost Interviews: *War at Home and Abroad.* This third interview will explore Nixon's domestic policy in an attempt to offer an understanding of the man and his place in history. Frost will question Nixon on the policy and political aspects of his domestic record, his attempt to reshape the Supreme Court, his relationship with Hoover and the FBI, the rise and fall of Vice President Spiro Agnew, and his oft-quoted "new silent majority," consisting of the un-poor, the unblack and the un-elitist. (Channel 5, 8:30 to 10)

Friday, May 20

People Power: *Neighborhoods at Work.* Instead of waiting for government assistance that may never arrive, and rather than give up and flee to exurbia, many city dwellers are taking the initiative, banding together and rebuilding, planting, cleaning up—in short, making improvements from the grass-roots level to try and stem the tide of decay. Live studio discussions, interspersed with film reports, commenting on what other neighborhood groups and block associations can do for themselves. (Channel 13, 9 to midnight)

Children

Acting by Children, West Side Y, 5 W 63rd St. (255-4968). *Get It Together,* 5/21-22 at 2.
Penny Bridge Players, St. Ann and the Holy Trinity Church, 157 Montague St., Bklyn (855-6346). *Snow White and Rose Red,* 5/18-20 at 10:30 & 1:30, 5/21 at 11 & 2, 5/22 at 2:30.
Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.
Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (765-9540). *Cinderella,* Sat & Sun at 1:30; *Jack and the Beanstalk,* Sat & Sun at 3.
Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave. (533-8010). *Twanger,* Sat & Sun at 1.
Floating Hospital Puppet Playhouse, South St. Seaport at Pier 15 (744-8636). *The Shy Fox* and *Roots,* 5/22 at 1:30 & 3.
Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th St. (760-9847). *The Feather Duster,* 5/21-22 at 2.
Hudson Valley Marionette Co., 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Rumpelstiltskin,* Sat & Sun at noon.
Magic Theater, Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (961-1111), Sat & Sun at 1.
Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 1, 2:30 & 4.
Roger Riddle, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 5/22 at 1 & 3.
Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 2:30; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED
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Concerts

Extended Runs

Bob Newhart/Anthony Newley, Westbury Music Fair, 5/17-20 at 8:30; 5/21 at 7 & 10:30, 5/22 at 3 & 7:30.
Lily Tomlin, Biltmore Theater, 261 W 47th St. (582-5340). Thru 6/11. Performances are Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, and Sun at 3 & 7:30.
Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, Madison Square Garden. Thru 6/5. For performance times call (564-4400).
Broadway in Concert: *The Golden Apple,* Town Hall; 5/17-20 at 8, 5/21 at 2 & 8, 5/22 at 3 & 8, 5/24 at 8.

Tuesday, May 17

Roy Clark, Don Williams, Hank Thompson, Buck Treat, Fred Fender, The Bragos Bully Boys, Carnegie Hall, at 7:30.
Cosmopolitan Symphony Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
University of Brasilia String Quartet, 92nd St. Y, 8.
John Stenson, tenor/**Alison Deane,** piano, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3493), at 8.
American String Quartet, Mannes College of Music, at 8.
Steve Reich & Musicians, The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), at 9.
Raymond Shigeoka, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Wednesday, May 18

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall, at 2:30.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Guarneri String Quartet, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Thomas Hintz, trumpet, Mannes College of Music, 8.
Lainie Kazan, Town Hall, at 5:45.
Original Traditional Jazz Band, Tin Palace, Bowery at 2nd St. (787-2288), at 9.
Steve Reich & Musicians, The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), at 9.
Witold Malcuzynski, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Contemporary Music Ensemble, The Brook, 40 W 17th St. (929-9554), at 8.
Jay Rothman & Ramon Ybarra, classical guitars, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Michael Dadap, guitar, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Sweet Sounds in Union Square, Union Square Park (226-1414), at 12:30.
New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall; with Anna Moffo, soprano. Works of

Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glinka, Martucci, Puccini, and Respighi; at 8:30.

Thursday, May 19

INTERNATIONALLY ACCLAIMED

Pianist **Rebecca Penneys,** an award-winner at the International Chopin Competition in Warsaw, will perform this Thursday, May 19 at 8 in the Kaufmann Concert Hall of the 92nd Street YMHA (at Lexington Avenue). Her recital will consist of works by Chopin, Liszt, Schubert, Scarlatti, and Soler (427-6000).

Apple Hill Chamber Players, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Parnassus, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Steve Reich & Musicians, The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), at 9.
Leslie Shank, violin, Mannes College of Music, at 5:30.
Hebrew Arts Chamber Orchestra & Chamber Ensemble, Hebrew Arts School, 15 W 65th St. (787-0650), at 8.
New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 5/18, at 8:30.

Friday, May 20

Chicago, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.
Gail Swain Beldock, soprano, Mannes College of Music, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall; with Ruggiero Ricci, violin, and Carmen Carrozza, accordion. Works of Smetana, Schuman, Bruch, Hovhaness, and Tchaikovsky; at 8:30.
Music From Montreux, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Tom Gizze, Damrosch Park, at 2.
Classical Indian Music, Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E 4th St. (473-6072), at 8.
Western Wind Vocal Ensemble, Cooper Union, 7 E 7th St. (675-1309), at 8.
Brass Construction, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Anita Sheer & the Robber Bridegroom Band, The New School, 66 W 12th St. (741-5687), at 8.
Metropolitan Brass Quartet, Hunter College Playhouse, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. (850-7375), at 8.
Dessoff Choirs, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., at 8.
Concert Social, Hotel Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (749-5464), at 8:30.

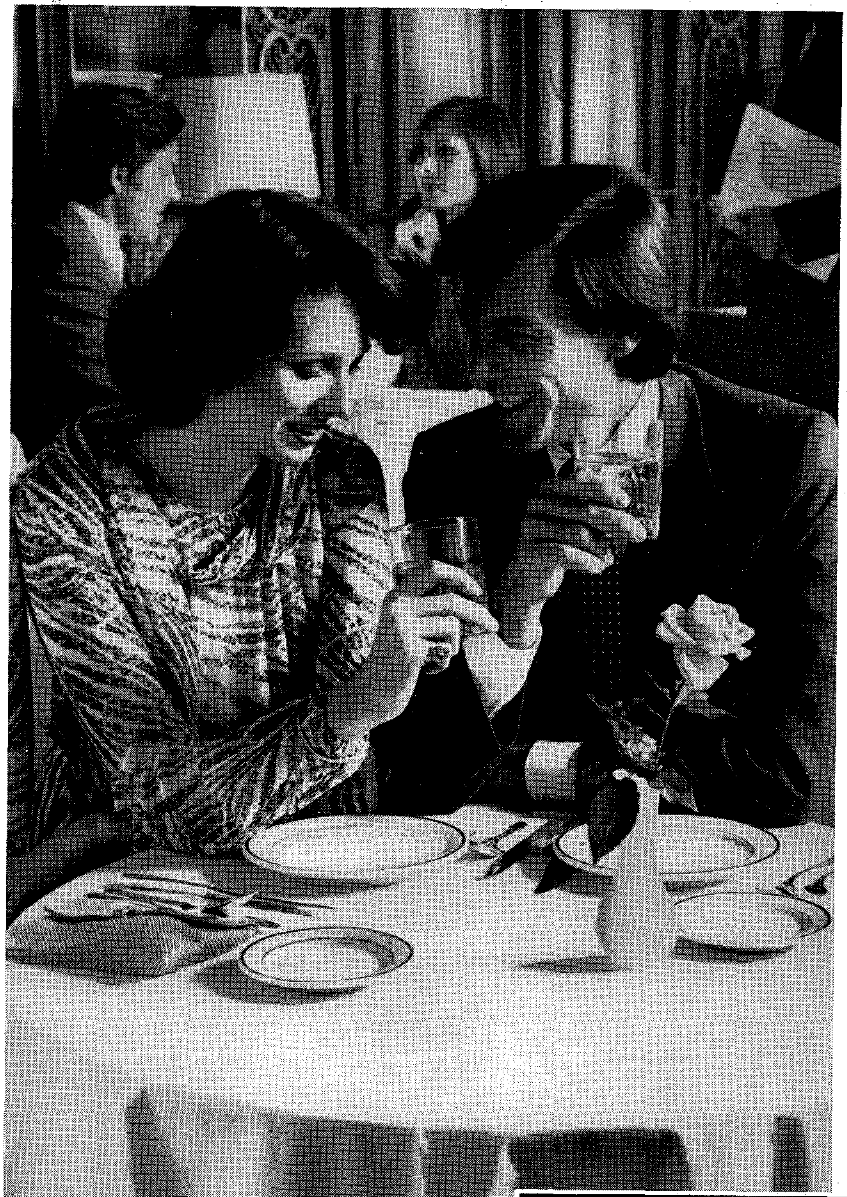
Saturday, May 21

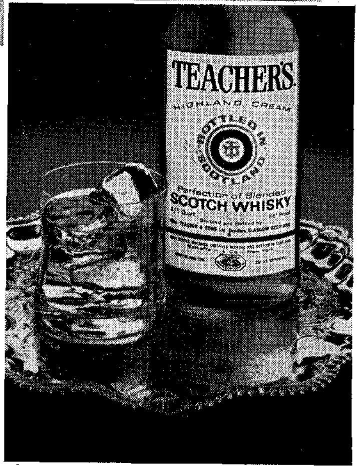
Charles Aznavour, Carnegie Hall, at 7 & 10:30.
New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 5/20, at 8:30.
Alice Tully Hall Staff Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 2.
The O'Jays, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.
Judith Raskin, soprano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Richard Sussman Quartet, Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th St. (765-2150), at 2.
Dale Littman, piano, Barbizon, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (873-5173), at 8:30.
Power Memorial Academy Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Alfred Lichtenstein, flute, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-4451), at 2.
Anima Trio, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Our Bach Concert, *Alice Tully Hall, at midnight.*
Queensborough Community Chorus, Queensborough Community College, 56th Ave. at Springfield Blvd. (631-6410), at 8:30.
Musical Friends, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday, May 22

American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Sergiu Comissiona conducts, with the New York Choral Society. Works of Stravinsky, Ravel, Walton, at 3.
Charles Aznavour, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Lawrence O'Neill, tenor, Alice Tully Hall, at 2:30.
Alfred Lichtenstein, flute, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 2.

The English drink so much Teacher's, you might say it's their cup of tea.





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Hot Jazz Trio, Beefsteak Charlie's, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. (787-2288), at 9.

New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra, St. Stephen's Church, 120 W 69th St. (472-3096), at 4:30.

Owens, Ownes & Zafrana, classical music, Ward-Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St. (448-6283), at 2.

Michael Habermann, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.

Slide Hampton Trombone Choir, Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th St. (765-2150), at 2.

Long Island Percussion Ensemble, Queensborough Community College, 56th Ave. at Springfield Blvd. (631-6410), at 7.

Piano Students of Robert Harris, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Monday, May 23

David Woolsey, oboe, Mannes College of Music, 8.

Music With Jens Nygaard, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Gospel Concert, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Sri Chinmoy, Town Hall, at 7:30.

Awilda Villarini, piano, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3493), at 8.

Pentaphonic Winds, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Tuesday, May 24

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 5/20, at 8:30.

Takashi Saito, flute, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

Dale Littman, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Times Square Basstet, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 5.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Music Recital, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3493), at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).

CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). American Ballet Theater (799-3100). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).

Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 W 46th (832-9166).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th (737-0700).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).

Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (889-6366). *Sweethearts,* 5/21 at 7:30, 5/22 at 3.

Congregational Players, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390). *Emmanuel,* 5/21 at 2 & 7.

Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th St. (575-1558). *The Tender Land:* Thurs-Sat at 8:30, Sun at 7; thru 6/5.

Judson Poets' Theater, 55 Washington Sq. So. (777-0033). *A Manoir,* 5/20-23 at 8.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *Utopia, Limited,* 5/18 at 2 & 8:30, 5/19-20 at 8:30, 5/21 at 4 & 8:30, 5/22 at 4.

New Opera Theater, BAM Lepercq Space. *The Emperor of Atlantis* and *A Water Bird,* 5/19-21 at 8, 5/22 at 2.

Stuyvesant Opera, Church of the Covenant, 310 E 42nd St. *Aida,* 5/20-21 at 7:30.

Young Artists Opera, Martin Luther King Auditorium, 122 Amsterdam Ave. (724-1918). *The Marriage of Figaro,* 5/20 at 7:30.

Dance

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 5/17 at 8: *The River;* Pas de Deux; *Voluntaries; Push Comes to Shove.* Wed, 5/18-Fri, 5/20 at 8: *The Nutcracker.* Sat, 5/21 at 2 & 8: *The Nutcracker.* Mon, 5/23 & Tues, 5/24 at 8: *The Nutcracker.*

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 5/17 at 8: *The Goldberg Variations; Cortege Hongrois.* Wed, 5/18 at 8: *Swan Lake; Bournonville* divertissements; *The Concert.* Thurs, 5/19 at 8: *Coppelia.* Fri, 5/20 at 8: *Le Tombeau de Couperin; Dances at a Gathering; Chaconne.* Sat, 5/21 at 2: *Harlequinade; Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.* Sat, 5/21 at 8: *Firebird; The Cage; Tzigane; Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.* Sun, 5/22 at 1: *La Source; Union Jack.* Sun, 5/22 at 7: *Serenade; Square Dance; Concerto Barocco; Cortege Hongrois.* Tues, 5/24 at 8: *Donizetti Variations; In the Night; Le Tombeau de Couperin; La Valse.*

ALVIN AILEY
CITY CENTER

Tues, 5/17 at 8: *Three Black Kings; The Wait; Blood Memories.* Wed, 5/18 at 8: *The Lark Ascending; After Eden; The Road of the Phoebe Snow; Journey; Night Creature.* Thurs, 5/19 at 8: *Ancestral Voices; Rainbow Round My Shoulder; Revelations.* Fri, 5/20 at 8: Same program as 5/18. Sat, 5/21 at 2: *Ancestral Voices; Gazelle; Coverage II; Crossword.* Sat, 5/21 at 8: *Three Black Kings; Love Songs; Ancestral Voices; Caravan.* Sun, 5/22 at 2: *Blues Suite; Countdown; According to Eve; Caravan.* Sun, 5/22 at 7:30: *Crossword; Rainbow Round My Shoulder; Revelations.*

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY
LUNT-FONTANNE THEATER

Tues, 5/17 at 8: *Canticle for Innocent Comedians; Primitive Mysteries; Appalachian Spring.* Wed, 5/18 at 8: Gala. Thurs, 5/19 at 8: *Seraphic Dialogue;* New work; *El Penitente; Appalachian Spring.* Fri, 5/20 at 8: *Canticle for Innocent Comedians;* New work; *El Penitente; Diversion of Angels.* Sat, 5/21 at 2: *Adorations; El Penitente; Primitive Mysteries; Appalachian Spring.* Sat, 5/21 at 8: *Diversion of Angels; Primitive Mysteries; El Penitente; Plain of Prayer.* Mon, 5/23 at 8: *Adorations; Plain of Prayer; Deaths and Entrances.* Tues, 5/24 at 8: *Seraphic Dialogue; Deaths and Entrances; Appalachian Spring.*

OTHER

Air Lines, P.S. 1, 46th Rd. at 21st St., Queens (233-1096), 5/20-21 at 8.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Riverside Dance Festival, Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Drive at 120th St. (864-2929). Sophie Maslow Dance Co.: 5/18-21 at 8, 5/22 at 2 & 7:30.

Sounds in Motion, BAM, 5/20 at 7:30, 5/21 at 8, 5/22 at 2.

Twyla Tharp, BAM, 5/19-21 at 8, 5/22 at 2.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Jean Paul Agosti–Pale watercolors of common objects in and out of real contexts, thru 6/17. Jackson, 521 W 57th (757-2890).

***Robert Arneson**–Hilarious ceramic heroic-scale portraits and self-portraits by California's Funk-Della Robbia; thru 5/31. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5:30.

***Ernest Briggs**–Strong, impacted abstract shapes with symbolic overtones by a veteran of the 1950s Abstract-Expressionist combats; thru 5/24. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630).

***Chuck Close**–New portraits by the best and the brightest of the Photo-Realists, including some hallucinatory giant images; thru 6/4. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Toni Dove/Carl Nicholas Titolo–Refracted nature in watercolors/Distorted life absurdities in miniature, thru 5/27. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Jack Earl–Ceramic sculpture, thru 5/28. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

Chuck Forsman–Realist oil on masonite views of rugged terrain, thru 6/2. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Bernard Gantner–French landscapes, thru 5/31. Findley, 17 E 57th (421-5390). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30.

James Hayward/John Miller–Monochrome canvases of built up paint layers/Black and white minimal abstractions, thru 6/3. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

David Hockney–Portraits in prints, thru 6/25. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

***Edward Hopper**(1882-1967)–Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and etchings by this psychological investigator of primordial American experience; thru 6/8. Kennedy, 40 W 57th (541-9600).

Shozo Nagano–Shaped canvases, thru 5/26. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

***Louise Nevelson**–Collage drawings relating to the structure of trees, thru 6/11. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

James Rizzi–A fantasy world in colored etchings, thru 6/4. Sumers, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***James Rosati**–Monumental proposals in odd shapes of steel, plus some brilliant, new, gleaming low reliefs; thru 5/21. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).

Boris Valentinovich Scherbakov–Russian landscapes, thru 6/4. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

Marcelle Toor–Paintings, 5/21-6/9. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Kermit Adler**–Over-life-size food and flowers in watercolors, thru 5/28. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Carol Anthony–People in sculpture and drawings, thru 6/4. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

***Romare Bearden**–New collages entitled "Odysseus," thru 5/28. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Ro Berg/Richard Estes/Robert Quiqley–Box constructions/Photo-Realist cityscapes/New drawings, thru 5/31. Stone, 48 E 86th (YU8-6870).

***Giorgio Cavallon**–Recent abstractions in lyric colors modulated by beautiful whites, thru 5/30. Gruenebaum, 25 E 77th (249-5668).

Dominic L. Di Mare–Small paper, fiber and wood sculpture, thru 6/22. Duhl, 31 E 54th (582-4163). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Gerald Exline–Drawings and lithos, 5/21-6/30. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

Cecile Fine–Paperworks & oils using words & black or white mixed media surfaces, thru 5/28. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad Ave (628-4920). Tues-Sat 12-5.

***Balcomb Greene**–A retrospective including 50 canvases, thru 5/28. ACA, 25 E 73rd (628-2440).

Chaim Gross–Small sculpture, 5/21-6/10. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Roy Gussow–Recent sculpture, thru 5/26. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

***Heizer**–Seven sculptures in granite, steel, and wood, thru 6/11. Fourcade, 36 E 75th (535-3980).

***Budd Hopkins**–Recent assembled paintings, thru 5/26. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

***Fereydoun Hoveda**–Works, thru 5/28, Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (249-2155).

***Kobayashi Kiyochika**(1847-1915)–Landscapes of Meiji Japan, thru 5/31. Ronin, 46 E 70th (535-2221). Mon-Fri 10-5,Tues until 8,Sat 10-2.

***Vitaly Komar/Alexander Melamid**–Works done together dealing with a farewell to Russia, a factory plan on canvas, other; thru 6/24. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

***Kate Millett**–Line drawings of women, thru 6/18. Wauters, 1014 Mad at 78th (628-1200).

Audrey Newell–Still lifes and scenes by the sea, thru 5/31. Bartholet, 55 E 76th (BU8-4642).

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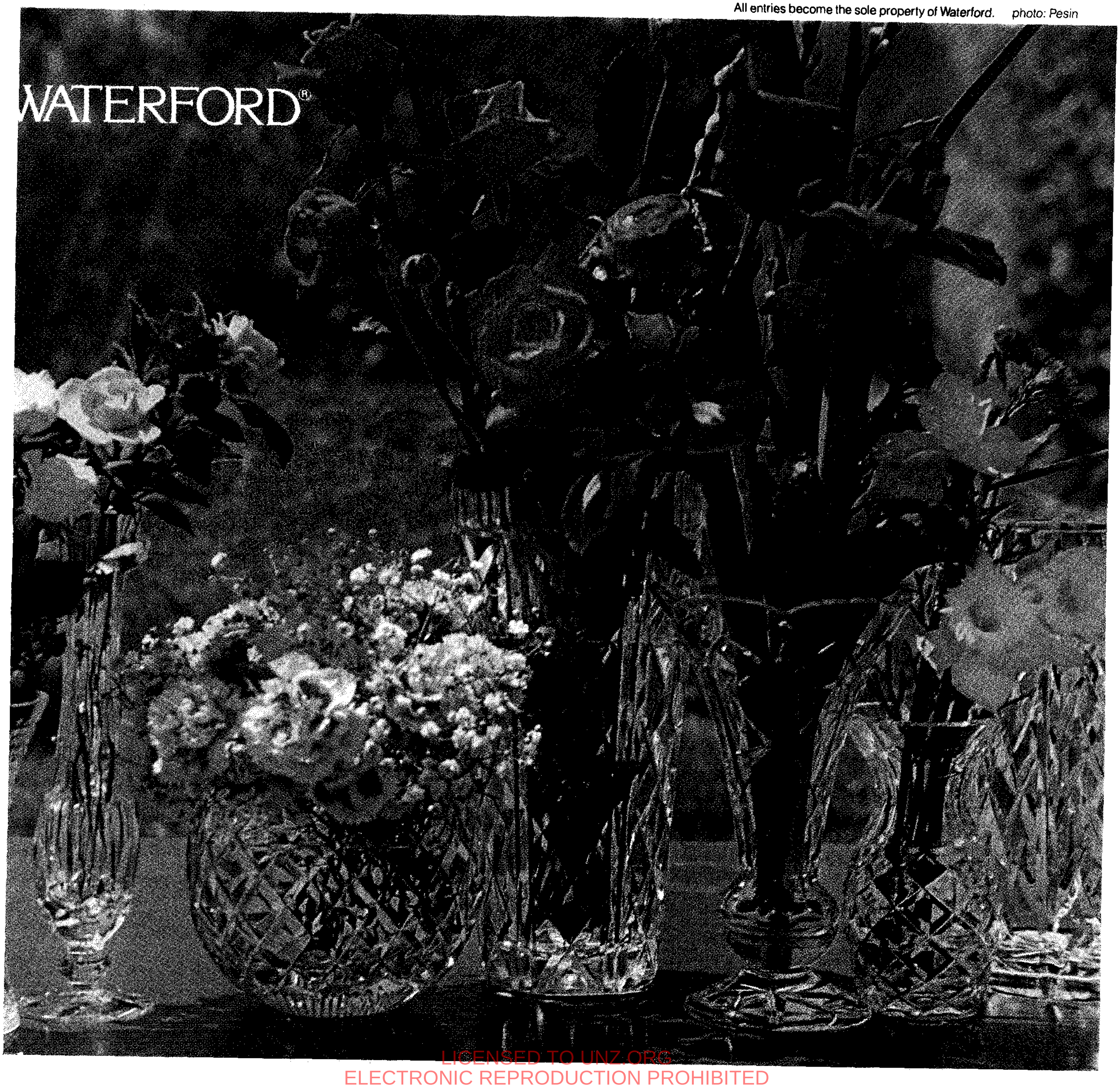

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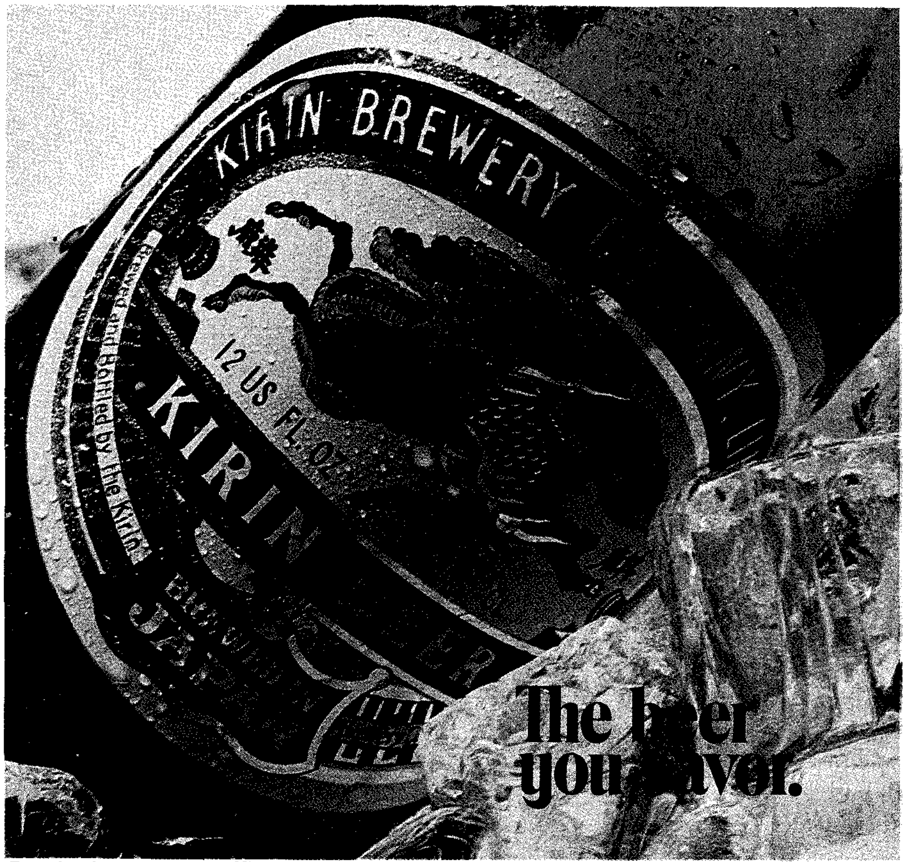

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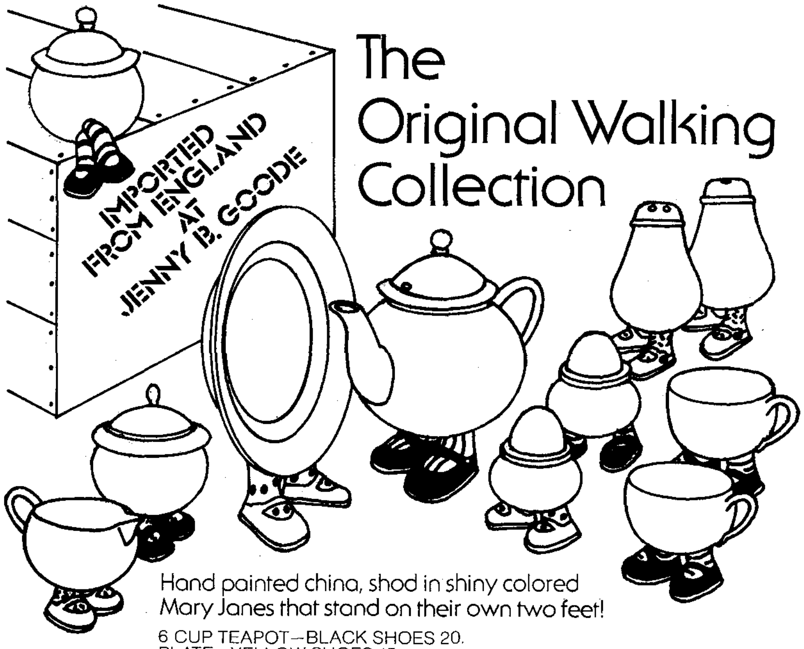
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***Minoru Niizuma/Herbert Schneider**–Split pyramids in white, green, or black marble/Paintings and collages, thru 5/28. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

***Maurice Prendergast**(1859-1924)–Retrospective by this well-known American Neo-Impressionist; thru 5/28. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

***Robert Rauschenberg**–Hoarfrost Series, thru 5/30. Blum-Helman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).

***David Roth**–New string and grid color sequences, thru 5/26. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (535-3940).

Emilio Sanchez–Recent paintings and watercolors, thru 6/8. Griffin, 850 Mad Ave (737-6116).

David Shapiro–Abstractions, thru 5/28. Poindexter, 24 E. 84th (628-2844).

SoHo

Jesse Allen–Fantasy landscapes by this East African, thru 6/30. Vorpal, 465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Tues-Sat 10-6, Wed til 9, Sun 1-6.

***Carl Andre**–New sculpture, thru 5/28. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

***Robert Benson/Kim MacConnel**–Paintings on shaped plywood of the artist's living space and the Bodie Islands/Found pieces made into home furnishings, thru 6/4. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

***Donna Byars**–Gentle constructions of lost and found objects, thru 5/25. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

James Carroll–New work, thru 5/26. 112 Workshop, 112 Greene (226-8971).

George Chemeche–A composite work with 60 landscapes, thru 6/4. Meisel, 141 Prince (522-0164).

Cora Cohen/Susan Fortgang–Paintings by both, thru 5/28. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5.

Dave Cundy/Jan Van Raay–Objets d'Art dealing with post mortem/Xerographic fishworks, thru 6/3. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

***Louise Fishman**–Layers of oils and beeswax on paper, thru 6/2. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

***Antonio Gaudi**(1852-1926)–Almost all the known drawings by this famous Catalan architect, thru 5/24. Drawing Center, 137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed til 9.

***Will Insley**–Architectural drawings, thru 6/4. Protetch, 157 Spring (925-4009)

Bill McNamara–Paintings and drawings, thru 5/28. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Rosemary Maegele–Recent paintings, thru 6/2. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

Peter Martinez–Works, thru 6/1. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

Libby Medrich–Polished and cast aluminum sculpture, thru 6/3. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (475-9125).

José Presman–Mixed-media conceptual works, thru 5/26. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342). Tues-Sat 12-6.

***Milton Resnick**–Thick, lyrical imposto abstractions by this veteran of the 1950s; thru 5/28. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Phillip Rivlin**–Oil and wax on canvas over board, 5/18-6/22. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

Eileen Spikol–Resin casts taken from extinct and recent animal skeletons, thru 5/25. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Elinore Tunick–The ocean's reflective surface in paint on paper and muslin, thru 5/29. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

***Richard Van Buren**–Recent work, thru 6/8. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

***Brian Wall**–Painted steel sculpture by this Englishman, thru 5/28. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

OTHER

Faith Bromberg/Victor Elmaleh–Automobiles and animals in oil, pastel, and enamel on canvas/ Small abstract landscapes, thru 5/28. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

Edgar Chahine(1874-1947)–Drypoints of turn-of-the-century Paris and Venice and their fashionable societies, thru 5/26. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

***George Grosz**(1893-1959)–Oils, watercolors, drawings, and lithos by this Dada-minded Expressionist, thru 5/29. Alper-Goldberg, 493 Chestnut, Cedarhurst (516)(569-3854). Wed-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 12-5.

Phyllis Herfield–Drawings and colored etchings, thru 5/27. Orion, 1168 Lex at 80th (861-6634). Tues-Sat 12-6.

June Klensch–Acrylic-wash abstractions, thru 6/1. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6.

Spencer Lawrence–The Black protest of the 60s in 28 works, thru 6/2. Gallery 1199, 310 W 43rd (JU2-1890). Mon-Thurs 12-4,6-8,Fri 12-4.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Hamilton**–20 W 57th (765-5915). Constructivistic sculpture by Caro, di Suvero, Snelson, Witkin, others, thru 6/1.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PL8-1900). New talent, thru 6/4.

***Wiener**–41 E 57th (593-1270). Stone and bronze sculptures, miniature paintings of the 2nd through 18th centuries from India, Tibet, Nepal, Cambodia, Thailand and Indonesia, thru 6/4.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***African Tribal Arts II**–37 W 53rd (582-5056). 25 sculptures by Julio Miraglia, thru 6/30.

***Asia House**–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5,Sun 1-5,Thurs until 8:30. Chinese ceramics from Japanese Collections, thru 6/26.

Castelli–4 E 77th (288-3202). Drawings by gallery artists, thru 5/28.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5,Sat 11-5,Sun 2-5. Early Chinese miniatures used for the tomb as ming ch'i objects from the Shang through the Sung Dynasties (1523BC-1279AD), thru 5/29.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). Carter, Johnson, Simon, and Von Wiegand, thru 6/4.

***Hutton**–967 Mad Ave (249-9700). Paintings of the famed "Blue Rider" group, c. 1912, including Kandinsky, Klee, Marc, Munter, others, thru 6/11.

L'Ibis–667 Mad at 61st (935-0490). Dynastic art of Egypt, plus Coptic and Islamic pieces, thru 8/1.

Noyes, Van Cline–1018 Mad Ave (628-5402). Images of outer space by Agin, Scala, Sterbach, others, thru 5/28.

***Reinhold-Brown**–26 E 78th (427-4014). Transitional posters done between Art Nouveau and Art Deco, 1894-1921, thru 6/28.

Touchstone–118 E 64th (826-6111). Drawings by Crawford, Krieger, Phillips, others, thru 6/1.

Urdang–23 E 74th (BU8-7004). 19 artists including Berg's 6' white wood work, Efrat's translucent white rectangle paintings, thru 5/28.

***Wildenstein**–19 E 64th (TR9-0500). 14th to the 20th century European and American master works from the University of Rochester, including El Greco, Monet, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Cassatt, Luks, others, thru 5/28.

SoHo

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (GR3-8321). Paintings and etchings by de Beauvoir, sculpture by Medrich, and abstractions by Osterman and Taylor, thru 6/2.

OTHER

American-Korean Cultural Society–866 2nd Ave (838-1150). Mon-Sat 10-6. Brushwork by Dong Chun Lee and embroidery by Chung Hee Yu, thru 5/28.

Brooklyn Collector–131 Seventh Ave, Bklyn (857-5800). Daily 11-6. Drawings by Chadwick, Feininger, Grosz, Hofmann, others, thru 5/28.

Center for Inter-American Relations–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sat 12-6. 18th century Latin American decorative arts, thru 6/26.

Co-Op City Bronx–(671-7777). Outdoor sculpture in all media by Barrett, Castoro, FeBland, Reginato, many others, thru 8/30.

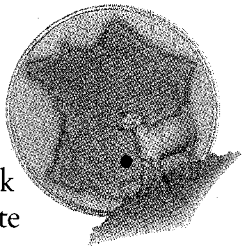
Glass–315 Central Park W (SU7-4704). Thurs-Sat 1-6. Women in drawings and graphics by Grosz, Kollwitz, Millet, Orozco, Renoir, others, thru 5/28.

***Institute for Art and Urban Resources**–P.S. 1, 21-01 46th Rd, Long Island City, Queens (233-1096). Thurs-Sun 1-6. Open studios including Pozzi's blue color 5th stage, Smith's large scale wall drawing, Jackson's 3 wall painting, others, plus paintings by 41, including Africano, Mangold, Steir; thru 5/29.

***Interart Center**–549 W 52nd (246-6570). Space/Matter sculpture by Bas-Cohain, Gillen, Lockpez, Nengudi, Strider, others, thru 5/26.

***Washington Irving**–126 E 16th (982-3950). Tues-Sun 1-6. Three centuries of stained glass, thru 5/30.

Not all sparkling wine is champagne.
Not all blue-veined cheese is Roquefort.



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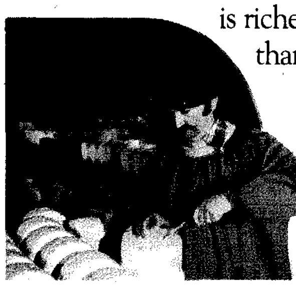

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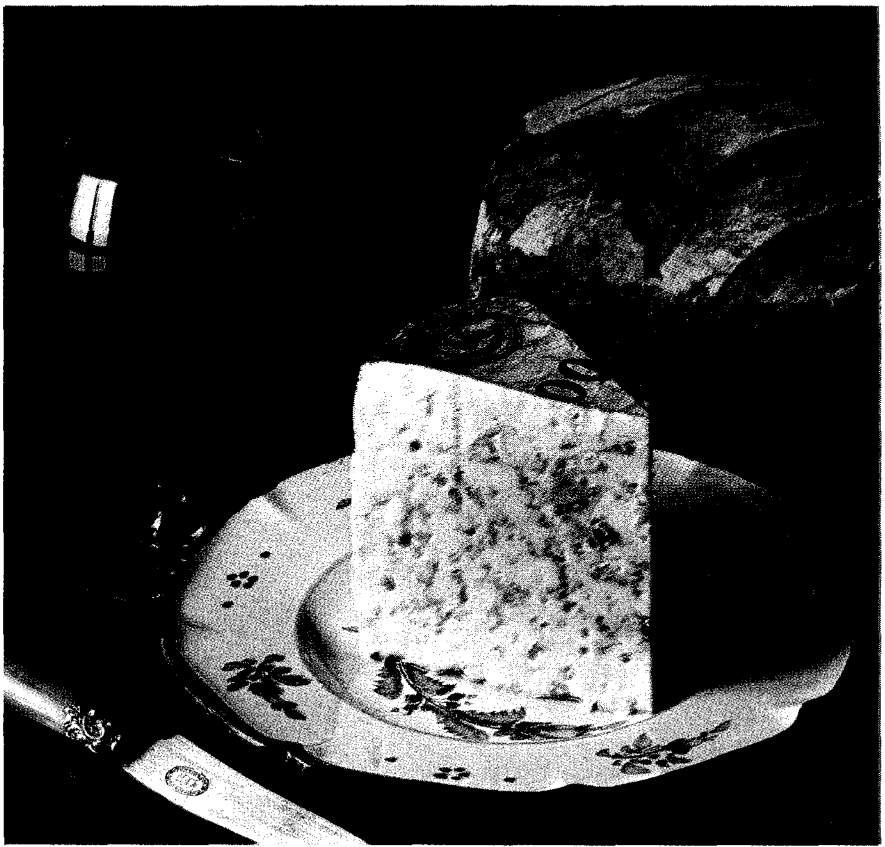

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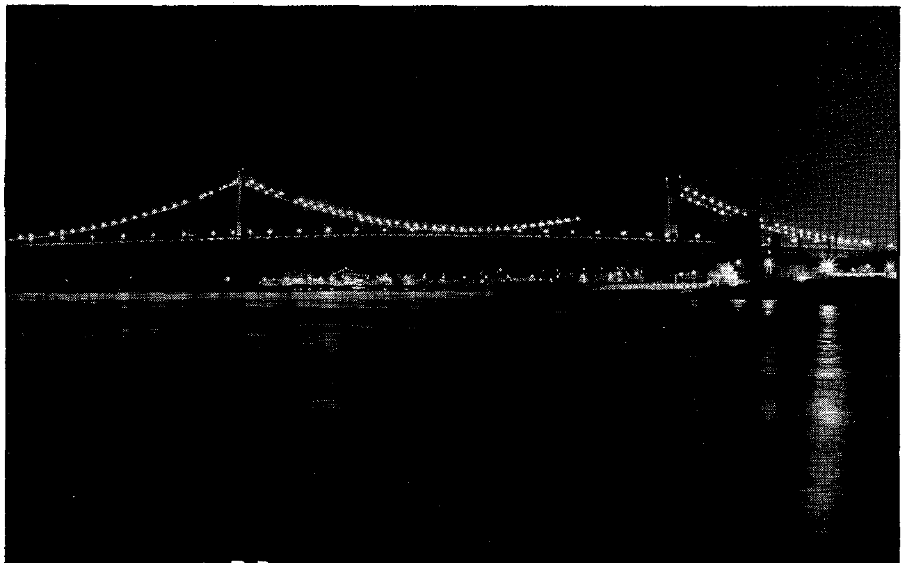

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National Academy–1083 5th at 89th (OR5-1616). Daily 1-5. Recent works in all media by women, thru 5/29.

Noho for the Arts–23 artists in 10 studios, including Civello, Sheirr at 48 W 22nd(5th fl); Horowitz, Relis(4th fl); Beauchamp at 47 Bond(5th fl); Creighton at 645 Bdwy(5th fl); others. 5/21-22 (473-9619). Sat, Sun 12-6.

World Trade Center–(466-4170). Six large-scale wood and steel sculptures including Finneran's Diagonal Wedge and Stoller's Ear, thru 5/26.

Photography

Judith Appleton–On the road in black-and-white, thru 5/31. Modernage, 321 E 44th (LE2-4050). Mon-Fri 9-5:30.

***Dean Brown/Ruth Orkin**–Nature series, portraits of opera singers, Berlin, and the Lower East Side/3 decades including portraits of Bernstein, Brando, essays of life in the city, MGM studios, other, thru 5/28. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Camera Club of NY–37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6. Members, 5/19-6/20.

***Esman**–29 W 57th (421-9490). *Studies by painters* and sculptors including Brancusi, Duchamp, Sheeler, Warhol, others, thru 6/4.

***Gyrogy Kepes**–Abstractions, thru 5/21. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Sean Kernan/Suzanne Seed–Photos by both, thru 5/28. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. "The American Cowboy in Fact & Fiction," thru 6/4.

Bette Lazar–Pre-arranged still lifes using the commonplace in an absurd way, thru 6/2. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

***Light**–724 5th Ave (582-6552). Grand Mudford, Alan Sonfist, and Josef Sudek, thru 5/28.

***Nadar/Steichen**–Famous people in 19th century Paris and 20th century NYC, thru 6/25. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

***New York Public Library**–5th at 42nd (790-6161). 19th century original sun pictures, thru 7/30.

***Pfeifer**–825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Pioneer photos of the American West, 5/21-6/30.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6,Tues 7-9. Mexican portfolio by Balinsky, Dog Show by Iams, Friends by Kraus, classicist studies by Giles, thru 5/31.

Debra Strick–Ambiguous landscapes and portraits, plus old friends, thru 5/31. 4th Street, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri, Sat 3-10.

***Michelle Vignes**–50 portraits of the Concierges of Paris, thru 5/28. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8,Fri 10-5, Sat 10-2.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun 11-5. Miniature dinosaur skeletons; thru 5/30. *Margaret Mead at 75:* A slide/photo essay which highlights some of her important anthropological moments; thru 5/30. New York City maps, past and present, map-making, and map-making instruments; thru August.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Wed till 7:30, Sun 12-5. *American Art Since 1945:* From the the Museum of Modern Art; thru 6/30.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. Chinoiserie and royal fantasies from the **Brighton Pavilion** in a distinguished loan exhibition that includes drawings, furniture, and a brilliant dragon; thru 5/22.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Kenneth Noland:* A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by one of the most famous of modern Color-Field painters; thru 6/19.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Julien Levy Collection:* 135 prints by Atget, Brassai, Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, and 30 other photographers of note; thru 5/29. *Josef Sudek Retrospective* (1896-1976); thru 7/3.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1860). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5. *Americana From the Jewish Museum Collection;* thru May.

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Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *William Caxton, England's First Printer:* An exhibition of books printed over 500 years ago by William Caxton; thru 7/31. *100 Masterpieces of Manuscript Illumination From the 6th to the 16th Century:* From the library's finest holdings; thru 7/30.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Closed Sun. Call for hours. *Teatro:* Hispanic theater in NYC from 1920 to 1976; thru 6/3.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5. The first American museum dedicated to the study and preservation of the more than 50-year history of radio and television.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Grass Show:* Functional and decorative objects made from natural grasses. *Warao Indian Baskets* and *Jewelry in Thread.* Thru 6/19.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (752-0220). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Harriet Casdin-Silver: Holography:* An exhibition of her work; thru 7/26.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. *Wall Hangings:* An exhibition which illustrates the recent development in weaving toward small-scale patterns and a refinement in materials; thru 6/7. *Projects—Allen Ruppersberg:* Three new works in which photographs and drawings are combined with words to tell a story; thru 7/4. *Courthouse:* About 60 photographs of courthouses across the country; thru 7/10. **Matisse's** *Swimming Pool,* a walk-thru cutout in diamond-bright blues and white; thru 8/15. *British Drawings:* Approximately 60 works, ranging from the turn of the century thru British Pop, from the Collection; thru 5/31.

New York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Remember the Ladies: Women in America, 1750-1815:* A view of American women from all classes and walks of life during the country's Revolutionary period; thru 6/15. *Women:* A kaleidoscope from the Sophia Smith collection which highlights 190 years of women's achievements in science, the arts, and the reform movement; thru 5/30.

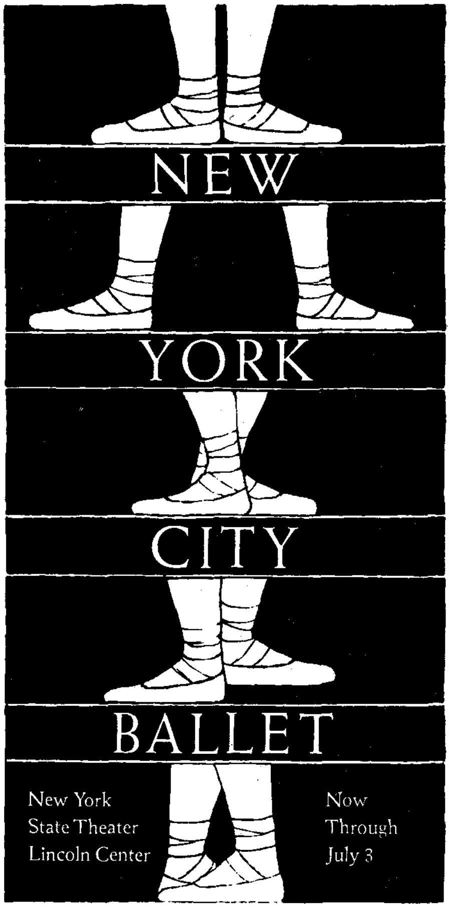
Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *The Youthful Eye:* An exhibition of photographs by high school students; thru 6/19.

South Street Seaport Museum–16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. *Living Space:* A multimedia exhibition which traces historical housing milestones of New York blacks; thru 6/12.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7. Also by appt. An exhibit of Ukranian Easter eggs and Easter breads; thru 5/31.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/23. *The Bloedel Bequest:* Includes paintings by Avery, O'Keeffe, Baziotes, Porter, Rivers, others; thru 6/19. *New York on Paper:* Some 50 works reflect NYC as subject and as center for art and the artists; thru 5/22. *Robert Irwin:* A retrospective by this Californian neo-mystic of light and space; thru 5/29. **Downtown Branch,** 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3.



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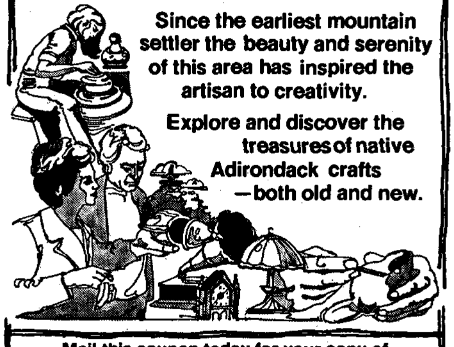

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New York

BILL ANDERSON

Strivers' Row: The Good Life in Harlem

By Stephen Birmingham

"...In its pride, Harlem's most affluent community has become extraordinarily exclusive, attractive, comfortable, snobbish..."

"The social life was gay and wonderful, with luncheons, bridge parties, and formal, white-tie dances. Everyone seemed to have everything—cars, boats, and summer homes. We lived without a care in the world." The speaker is not a wealthy dowager reminiscing about growing up in Southampton. It is an 82-year-old black woman, Mrs. Gerri Major of New York, and she is recalling what life was like for her as a girl in Harlem. Mrs. Major, who for years served as *Ebony*'s society editor, is not, of course, talking about *all* of Harlem—just that tiny pocket of citified pride and self-assurance in the heart of Harlem known as Strivers' Row, an area of Manhattan that most white New Yorkers do not know exists and that few have ever seen. Furthermore, while the rest of Harlem has changed drastically since Mrs. Major's girlhood, Strivers' Row has remained pretty much the same.

In the earliest days of New York, Harlem was a rural area of fields and farms, where old New York white families had properties. What is now Strivers' Row once belonged to such families as the Cadwalladers, Lynches, Pinckneys, and Delanceys. As the city grew, Harlem became a kind of middle-class suburb, where real-estate values were somewhat depressed, since Harlem was considered a difficult place to get to. In 1891, a builder named David H. King Jr. commissioned a number of leading New York architects—including McKim, Mead & White and its famous partner Stanford White—to design a series of elegant, four-story row houses on West 138th and 139th streets between Seventh and Eighth avenues, to be called the King Model Houses. The houses had handsome entrances and façades, casement windows and balconies, balustraded roofs. Behind the houses were courtyards, gardens, and fountains, connected by an interior alleyway that ran the length of both blocks. The houses were built of brick, terra-cotta, and Belleville brownstone, a special stone gathered from the banks of the Passaic River. The King Houses were to be, according to Mr. King's sale brochure, for "millionaires." At first, they were—white Christian millionaires, such as the first Randolph Hearst.

But in the late nineteenth century, as huge migrations of Russian and Polish Jews flooded into the city, fleeing the pogroms of Eastern Europe, Harlem became predominantly Jewish. By 1910, an overwhelming majority of the people who lived between 110th Street and 155th Street and between the East and Hudson rivers were either foreign-born or had foreign-born parents. Russian Jews dominated the 1910 census figures. Next came the Italians, then the Irish, then the Germans, then the English, Hungarians, Czechs, and others coming from the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In addition, there were 75,000 native whites and only 50,000 blacks.

Blacks did not arrive in New York in any large numbers until after World War I, and they followed the lead of foreign immigrants and moved to Harlem. Most were from the South, and most were poor. As blacks moved in, the Jews moved out—north into the Bronx or, if they could afford it, to the south shore of Long Island. They remained, however, in many cases as landlords.

In the early 1920s, one by one, the King Model Houses began to be sold to blacks who were, for the most part, professional people and therefore relatively affluent—doctors, lawyers, and educators. And the new black residents of these houses decided, at the outset, that their two streets would not be sucked into the burgeoning slum beyond. The trees were tended, the hedges clipped, the stone vases and window boxes were kept filled with flowering plants. Entrance railings and balustrades were painted, brass doorknobs and knockers were polished. Gardens and courtyards were maintained. Each neighbor tried so hard to compete with the others for the best-clipped shrubbery, the best-polished brasswork, the best-washed steps, and the prettiest garden that the two parallel blocks were humorously given the name "Strivers' Row."

"It could have been done in other

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Lively lady: *New York's leading black society woman may be Mollie Moon, chairperson of the National Urban League Guild and founder of the annual Beaux Arts Ball, where she once stepped from a champagne bottle. At other balls she is shown with (below) Josephine Baker and Schaefer-brewer Walter Hausman, and (at left) with Mrs. Dick Campbell and the Italian ambassador to the U.N., H. E. Piero Binci.*

parts of Harlem, too," says one longtime resident of the Row. "There used to be many lovely old streets up here. Even when a house is broken up into tiny apartments, the façade and the appearance of the neighborhood can be kept up. It doesn't take that much money or that much time just to give doorways and frames a regular coat of paint. Garbage doesn't have to be thrown in the streets or down air shafts. It's people who don't care who create slums, and then the slums create people who don't care. It becomes a vicious circle. Attractive surroundings help make attractive people."

Of course, what was intended as a shining example to other blacks of what could be done to create a pleasant neighborhood very quickly had the opposite effect. The more attractive and manicured Strivers' Row became, the more it found itself the object of mockery, jealousy, and bitter hostility among the other blacks of Harlem. A black playwright named Abram Hill, who died in 1939 and who wrote a play about the Row, used to recall how he had to pass through the neighborhood on his way to school and developed, with no real knowledge of the people who lived there, a terrible resentment of these blacks, who clearly lived better than he—just from passing the grilled entrances and looking up at the carefully curtained windows of the Row.

"It's as though the rest of Harlem wanted to force us into becoming a ghetto," says one Row resident. "They developed this blind hatred of us as society snobs. We weren't snobs. We just wanted to live in a nice neighborhood. There was no way to reach those people, but we resisted them. We've held on." In resisting, Strivers' Row became more insular, withdrawn into itself, more inbred, proud, and prejudiced against ghetto blacks.

When the first black families began moving to the Row, there was the usual flurry of panic selling, and three- and four-story townhouses would be picked up for bargain prices. James W. Banks, who is president of the 138th Street Block Association and an associate administrator of the Board of Elections—his father was one of New York's first black dentists—has lived on the Row nearly all of his 54 years and recalls, "We were the sixth black family to move in. My father bought our twelve-room house for $9,000." Today, Row houses sell in the $50,000 range. Another early Row resident was Dr. Louis T. Wright, the first black doctor at Harlem Hospital and later its chief of surgery, whose family lived on the Row for 32 years. Then there was Dr. Charles H. Roberts, another early New York black dentist,

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Farewell: *Mrs. Robert Braddicks (far left), the Row's senior resident, is about to move. Mrs. Gerri Major left for the Riverton.*

ARMEN KACHATURIAN

Houses for millionaires: *The row houses on West 138th and 139th streets were designed to be just that. But many show-biz celebrities have lived here too. Among them (clockwise from top left): music men Eubie Blake and W. C. Handy, movie actor Stepin Fetchit, and Sidney Bechet, shown here with his clarinet.*

"...Some see the Row as shirking responsibility toward the Harlem community..."

and Vertner W. Tandy, the first black architect to be licensed in New York State, and Samuel J. Battle, Manhattan's first black police lieutenant.

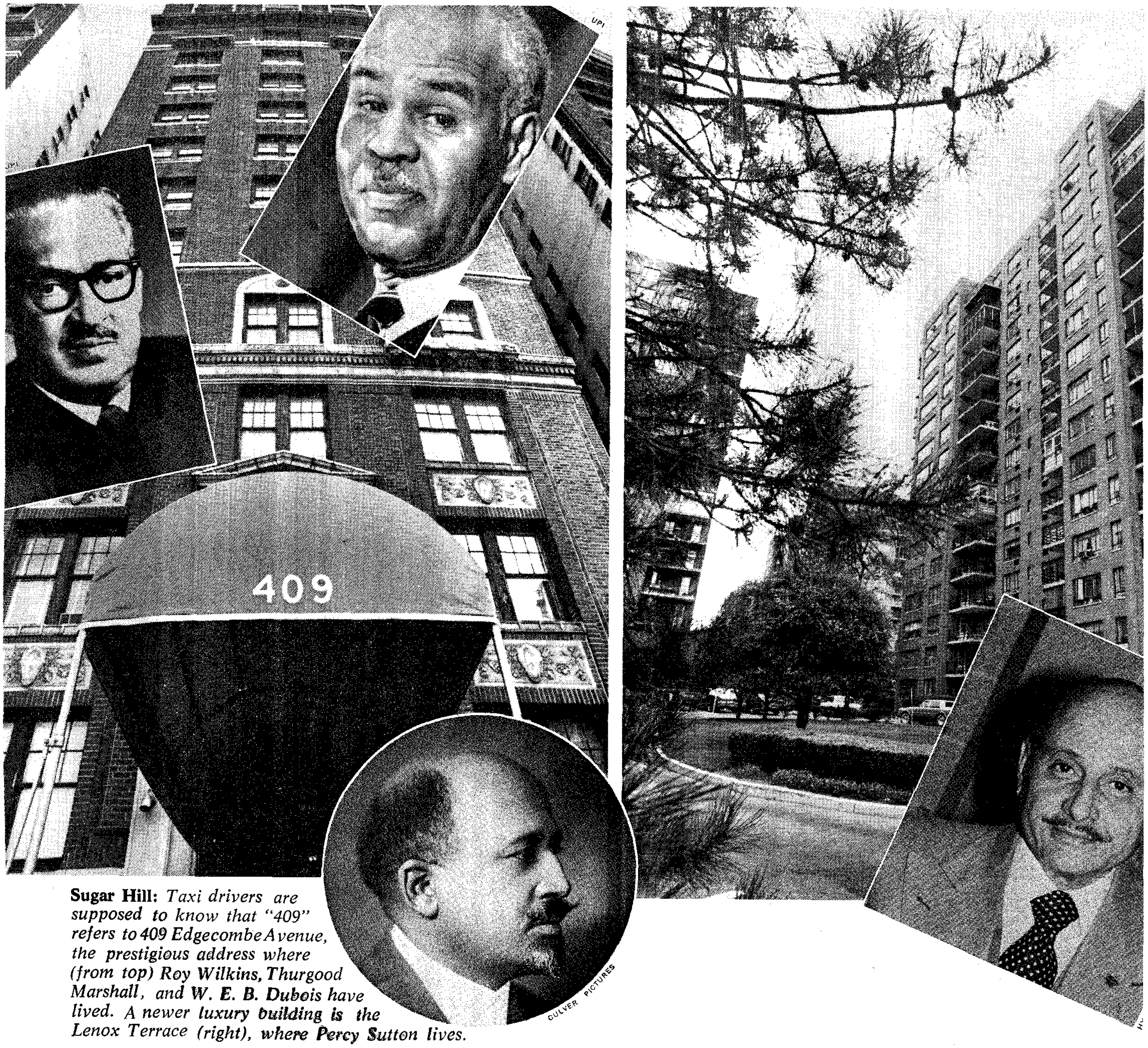
At this writing, the oldest resident of Strivers' Row is probably 88-year-old Mrs. Robert Braddicks, the widow of a banker and a real-estate broker. Mrs. Braddicks, who also maintains a summer-and-weekend home in New Jersey, had, during her 56-year residence, become a symbol of the enclave's stability. But this year, yielding to the wishes of her children and grandchildren, she will finally leave her fourteen-room house on West 138th Street to move to an apartment in Peter Cooper village. "I hate to do it," she says. "This has been my home so long, but it's just too much house for a woman alone."

At one point, Strivers' Row was a popular address for successful show-business personalities. Fletcher Henderson, W. C. Handy, Stepin Fetchit, Eubie Blake, Noble Sissle, Flannery Miller, and Sidney Bechet all had homes on the Row at one time or another. More recently, Strivers' Row has become popular with young executives, businessmen, and professional people who work in Harlem, such as Jean Wade, the advertising director of the *Amsterdam News*, Walter Legall, who is an officer with a computer firm, and educator Charles L. Sanders. Booker T. Washington III, an architect, has become a Row resident, as has New York Supreme Court Justice Oliver Sutton. Today, there is a long waiting list for houses on the Row.

If anything, Strivers' Row today is more attractive and house-proud than ever. In 1967, New York's Landmarks Preservation Commission declared the Strivers' Row houses a landmark, meaning that no exterior changes can be made to any of the houses without the permission of the commission. This distinction has added to Row residents' feelings of security and self-satisfaction. Still, Strivers' Row remains a tiny island of comfort and affluence in the middle of a seething sea of desperation, danger, and urban indifference. Step around the corner, and you are in Harlem's lowest depths. In this situation, the Row has become a prime target for Harlem's criminal element. Mrs. Braddicks's house has been burglarized twice. Still, with the help of two powerful neighborhood associations, Row residents have been able to secure extra police protection for their little Andorra (it hasn't hurt to have judges and retired police officers living on the Row). Elaborate burglar-alarm systems have been installed, along with powerful lights to illuminate the once-shadowy backyards at night. And a group of Row residents, consisting mostly of retirees, has been organized as a volunteer watch force "to keep an eye on things." Thus Strivers' Row hangs on. "This has been a nice place to live for over 50 years," says one resident. "It's going to remain that way for another 50."

Strivers' Row's two block associations have rigid rules which are rigidly enforced: no trash or litter is to be thrown in streets; hedges are to be kept uniformly clipped; brasswork is to be polished; children are not to play in the streets; no peddlers or solicitors are to be admitted through front entrances; all pickups and deliveries are to be made through back entrances, courts, and alleyways; residents should beautify gardens and window boxes and replace dead or ailing trees; and so on. In its pride, Strivers' Row has become extraordinarily exclusive. In a survey conducted by the Landmarks Preservation Commission, it was noted that 41 percent of the people living on Strivers' Row socialize only with their immediate neighbors on the Row. A mere 12 percent venture outside the area for any social activity. Nearly half do not socialize at all.

Recently there have been a few voices raised along the Row that have questioned its encapsulated, ostrich-like existence, that have suggested that Strivers' Row is painfully out of touch with the reality of modern times. Instead of an island, Strivers' Row might step out of its cocoon and become a responsible, involved leader of the total Harlem community. One such man is James Banks Jr., who has tried to move the little community outward into the affairs and terrible problems of the much larger one. But so far he is in the minority. Others, happy as they are, see Strivers' Row as a symbol of what black people could have done with Harlem if they had cared enough, been bright enough, worked hard enough. Why didn't blacks do it in other neighborhoods? "Shiftless, lazy," sniffs one Row woman. "They're no good, those people. No good at all." She turns immediately to the special amenities and luxuries that Strivers' Row provides. "Do you know that ours is the only neighborhood in all of Man-



Sugar Hill: *Taxi drivers are supposed to know that "409" refers to 409 Edgecombe Avenue, the prestigious address where (from top) Roy Wilkins, Thurgood Marshall, and W. E. B. Dubois have lived. A newer luxury building is the Lenox Terrace (right), where Percy Sutton lives.*

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hattan where you don't have to put your garbage out in the street in cans for collection?" she asks. "It's picked up, as it should be, from back alleys, the way it's done in Beverly Hills."

Though Strivers' Row is still considered "the best two blocks in Harlem," there are other choice addresses, constituting small pockets of black wealth and prestige, in northern Manhattan. For years, fashionable blacks have also favored the area nicknamed "Sugar Hill," which is more properly known as Harlem Heights, an amorphous neighborhood between Edgecombe and St. Nicholas avenues and West 143rd and 155th streets. There were the Dunbar Apartments, for example, at Seventh Avenue and 150th Street. Originally built as cooperative apartments for middle-income families, the Dunbar quickly became a stronghold of the emerging black bourgeoisie. W. E. B. DuBois and Walter White, among others, lived in the Dunbar for a while, and the buildings, which had large interior gardens, were exceptionally well staffed and protected. A drawback of the Dunbar was that the apartments, though many of them had fine views of the city from the bluffs, had rather small rooms and were walk-ups. An even more prestigious Sugar Hill address was 409 Edgecombe Avenue, a tall elevator building, which, from the 1930s on, was something of a Harlem showcase. It boasted not only an elegantly canopied entrance but also a full-time uniformed doorman. Bus tours of Manhattan used to point out 409 Edgecombe, where a number of black entertainers and athletes—including several New York Giants players—made their homes. It was said that if a black person got into a taxi in Manhattan, all he had to say was, "Take me to 409"; the driver would know he meant 409 Edgecombe. To live there was a symbol that a black had "arrived" in New York. W. E. B. DuBois also lived for a while at 409, as did Thurgood Marshall, and Roy Wilkins.

There are newer semiluxury apartment houses in other parts of Harlem that have tended to replace 409 Edgecombe in terms of desirability and fashionability. There is the Esplanade Gardens, between 145th and 148th streets on Seventh Avenue. There is also the Lenox Terrace, on 135th Street just west of Fifth Avenue, where Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton lives, and the Riverton, at 2235 Fifth Avenue, where Gerri Major now lives. Other well-to-do black families have moved into large apartments in fine old buildings on upper Fifth Avenue north of 96th Street, which has

"...'The main difference between upper-class Negroes and upper-class whites,' says Mollie Moon, 'is Negroes are better educated'..."

become peacefully integrated. Dr. George D. Cannon, for example, whose offices are on Strivers' Row, lives at 1200 Fifth Avenue, at 101st Street, with a view of Central Park. His was the first black family in the building. Now there are two others.

In recent years, of course, a number of affluent black families have moved out of Harlem—among them, the lady who is probably New York's leading black society woman, Mrs. Henry Lee Moon. Plump, fair-skinned, animated, with a flair for startling and exotic clothes and jewelry, Mollie Moon is certainly one of New York's more colorful ladies. In her pretty apartment in Queens—the Moons moved out of Sugar Hill several years ago in quest of more space and cleaner air—Mollie Moon arranges herself against a large bouquet of gladioli and sips champagne. A program from the Bolshoi Ballet sits on her coffee table, and it is not one of the free-handout variety but the kind you pay for. It is clear that Mollie Moon is a woman of taste and consequence, and that her status symbols are the same as any white woman's in her station.

Mollie Moon has been much photographed by the press and has a huge stack of eight-by-ten glossy prints to prove it. She has been photographed being bussed by former Mayor John V. Lindsay, chatting with the late Mrs. Robert Wagner, with Marietta Tree, Marian Anderson, Ralph Bunche, Lena Horne, Sammy Davis Jr., Jeanne Murray Vanderbilt, the late Winthrop Rockefeller, Robert David Lion Gardiner (sixteenth lord of the manor of Gardiners Island), and Pope Pius XII (with whom Mollie Moon, a Catholic, had a private audience)—all of whom she counts among her many friends. Mollie Moon adores champagne, and it matches her effervescent personality. She never used to drink wine. Once, on an ocean voyage to Europe, she said to a steward in the dining room, "No wine for me, thank you." A friend turned to her in amazement and said, "Mollie, are you turning down champagne?" She cried, "Was that champagne?" She tried some, liked it, and has been sipping it ever since.

Mollie Moon was born in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, but "escaped at the age of nine months—obviously not under my own steam." The person who engineered her escape was her mother, an energetic lady who brought her to Cleveland and who for years was active in Republican politics there—remaining a Republican long after most blacks transferred their allegiance to the Democrats under Roosevelt. Mollie Moon was educated at Rusk University and at McHarry Medical Schools, where she earned a degree as a registered pharmacist, a profession she has never practiced. She also studied at Columbia and took courses in German and biology at the University of Berlin. Mollie Moon, clearly a woman of the world, says, "If you ask me, the main difference between upper-class Negroes and upper-class whites is that the Negroes are better educated." On travels that took her into the segregated South, she was undaunted by discriminatory regulations. "I just put on a sari, painted a red dot on my forehead, and said I was an Indian."

Back in Cleveland, she met her husband, an erudite man who is a graduate of Ohio State School of Journalism and who wrote, briefly, for the New York *Times*—where old Mr. Sulzberger refused to give him a press card, saying that the *Times* was "not ready for that"—and later for the *Amsterdam News*. Henry Moon is now retired and is known, according to his wife, as "the best martini-maker on the East Coast." In New York, where the Moons have lived for the last 35 years, Mollie Moon threw herself into good works, and her name has decorated any number of boards and committees. At the moment, she is on the board of the Advisory Drug Committee, which reports to the commissioner of food and drugs in Washington. But her main philanthropic endeavor has been on behalf of the National Urban League, and for years she has been chairman of the Urban League Guild.

In New York, Mollie Moon is known as "the black Perle Mesta." She is also known as the "Queen of the Cocktails-Five-to-Nine Set." She loves parties, and there has been quite literally no one of importance in New York in the last three and a half decades who has not been to one of her entertainments. In her apartment, the telephone never stops ringing with party invitations. Her favorite party guest was Dr. Bunche, who also loved parties. "Oh, how that man loved parties!" she says. "Even when he was old and ill and losing his eyesight, he'd drop everything to go to a party. He'd come to my house for cocktails at five and stay until two in the morning."

Mollie Moon's most celebrated annual party is New York's Beaux Arts Ball, which she inaugurated in 1942 on behalf of the Urban League and which has been a New York society feature ever since. Mollie Moon is considered a genius at getting leading white socialites to dress up and sit down at a dinner with celebrities from the black world of society, sports, and entertainment. One might not think that Josephine Baker and Marian Anderson would both turn up as honored guests at the same party, but Mollie Moon did it. And when Josephine Baker met Marian Anderson, Mme. Baker performed a deep curtsy. The Beaux Arts Ball used to be held in the old Savoy Hotel in Harlem—"in the days when Harlem was safe and gay and fun to go to"—but in recent years it has been held in the Waldorf-Astoria, always in February, "to relieve the midwinter doldrums." Though 1975 and 1976, because of the recession, were not banner years for the Beaux Arts Ball, its profits usually yield the Urban League about $20,000 annually and, over the years, it has netted the league over a half million dollars.

The Beaux Arts Ball is famous for the dazzling spectacle of the costumes people turn up in and, at every ball, the most spectacularly dressed person of all is its chairman. She appears in glittering headpieces of towering tinsel, fur, feathers, jewels, and gowns bedizened with sequins and gold paillettes. At a recent ball, the glamorous chairman was presented to the audience stepping out of a huge mock-up of a champagne bottle, wearing a gown of silver lamé, a jeweled breastplate and a crown of white ostrich plumes.

Some black New Yorkers criticize Mollie Moon and call her a social butterfly. But she has her serious side. Not long ago, for example, she attended an Urban League conference in Atlanta, and a diversion offered to the conferees was a tour of the homes of the many wealthy blacks in the city. Mollie Moon demurred. "Why should I be interested in going to see the homes of wealthy blacks?" she says. "I said no. I told them I'd rather go to the museums or visit some of the local historical sights." She is aware that she has critics but pays them little heed. Poring through her huge collection of glossy photographs of herself and her famous friends, of her many public appearances in her extraordinary costumes, she says, "My only regret is that I'm not a size 12 anymore." ■

Elegant Dining Without Really Trying

Indolence, says Gael Greene unguiltily, is bliss.

And her favorite practice of the art is a sublime variation on the covered-dish supper. Alexis Bespaloff counsels us (*quel* shock!) that red wines seem to taste better if we don't bother to let them breathe. Pauline Trigère gives two parties with identical menus—that way she can knock off all the cooking at one time. And restaurants as elegant as the Four Seasons are eager to arrange a little private dinner party for any lazy host and up to 130 guests.

What's going on here? Has the citizenry of the most energetic city in the world fallen into sloth? Are we emulating those laid-back Californians?

Not exactly. We're simply celebrating . . . the decline of the overwork ethic. With no sense of self-reproach, we've decided to start passing the hours with our guests, not our blenders. In this special issue we present the tricks, the techniques, and the shortcuts of food people who have the passion and the patience to spend days on a dinner, but who also know—and share with us—how to do things the easy way.

Ceremony of Indolence:
The Haute Covered-Dish Supper

By Gael Greene

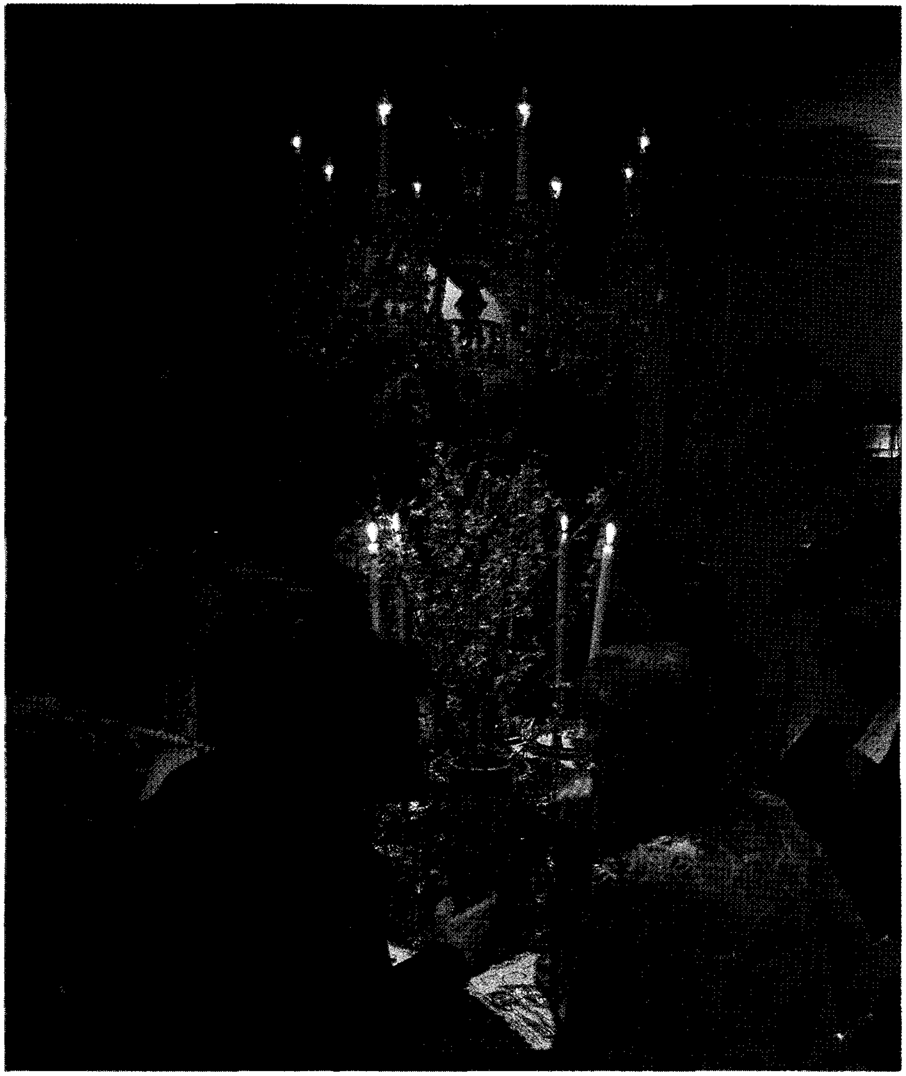
"...'I'll cook a dish,' Muriel said. 'You cook a dish. Like the firemen's auxiliary.' And what a splendid co-op feast we had..."

I find myself getting better at indolence all the time. What began as a fleeting diversion is now virtually a life-style. Indolence is a gift. Unlike laziness, which suggests a congenital defect, or sloth, implying serious psychopathology, indolence is an art one masters in the defense of sanity. What bliss . . . to break the rules that once were sacred, to fly against tradition, to compromise, to discover that the world does not end if you deliberately omit to clarify the butter.

The evolution from compulsive perfectionism in the kitchen and at table to stylish indolence is not simple. But even the cuisinary overreacher may dabble in the poppy fields of indolence. Indolence can mean a simple rack of lamb with a garlicky mantle of bread crumbs instead of boned stuffed gigot in a brioche wrap. Indolence can mean surrendering to an exquisite pear tart from Bonté Pâtisserie instead of losing all morning and afternoon constructing your own. Indolence can mean hiring help because there are days your time is more precious than money.

My favorite indolence—a liberating compromise that seems to be attracting a growing underground allegiance—is a sublime variation on the covered-dish supper . . . a splendid co-op feast orchestrated by a rotating circle of friends who love to eat and love to cook. The covered-dish supper on a Lucullan level is hardly new. Years ago a friend boasted of conquering the taxing intricacies of the cassoulet by dividing the labor between four cooks and assembling all wondrously stewed parts in her kitchen for a numbing bacchanal. I suspect there are uncounted shared suppers every night in this busy town. Recently, writer Pat McNees Mancini put together a buffet prepared by 21 cooks. "I expected a hodgepodge of conflicting tastes," she confided, "but the food was wonderful, and it worked."

Still, the liberation of indolence is new to me. I was so locked into unyielding perfectionism that my only solution to the entertainment crunch



Forsythia and candle-glow: *After rosy champagne cassis in the den, Meursault-Charmes with the red snapper* anconetano, *a mellow '55 Cos d'Estournel gracing the lamb, and a silken dessert wine from California, actor Jamie Gillis (foreground left) whispers: "If you're rich, it's indolence. If you're poor, it's laziness."*

Insatiable Critic Gael Greene is the author of the novel Blue Skies, No Candy.

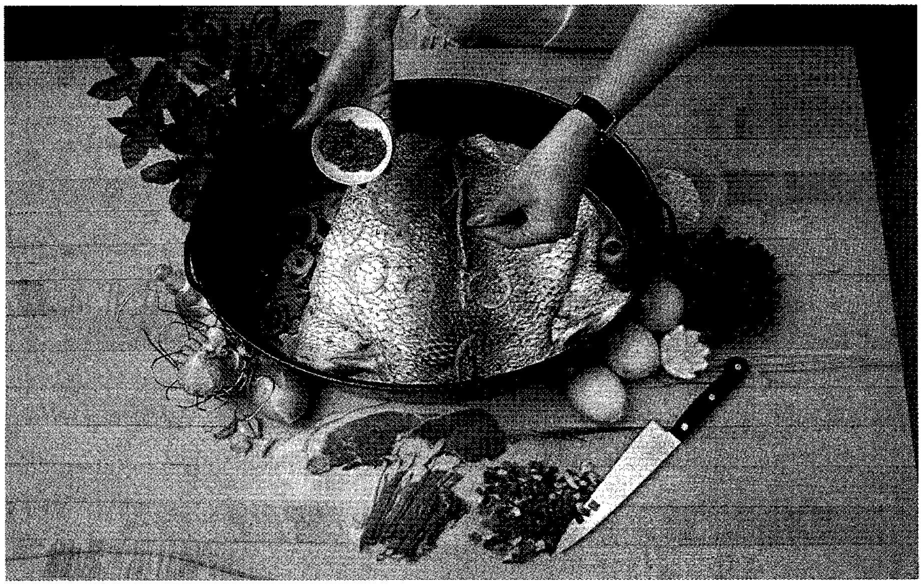
Photographed by Dan Wynn

was . . . not to entertain. Then one day I was chatting with a friend who had fed and sheltered me more times then I can count—through both our marriages and divorces and re-entry crises, and even one hurricane. "Do you know," he said, "I've never been in your apartment." Well, of course, I'd been feeding my friends in restaurants: an occupational inevitability. Suddenly I realized how long it had been . . . indolence was slouching toward slothdom.

I took my lament to my writer friend Muriel Resnik. "This wonderful man doesn't even know the color of my sofa . . . but I don't have three days to do a dinner." Muriel hesitated scarcely a beat. "I'll cook a dish," she said. "You cook one. We'll have a covered-dish supper. Like the church ladies. And the firemen's auxiliary." And what covered dishes we had: My stockbroker poached bay scallops with a julienne of vegetables inspired by hours spent cooking beside the great French master Jean Troisgros. I did crisp, faintly rare duck with figs in a shiny Madeira sauce in the style of the Michelin-starred chef of Mougins, Roger Vergé. Muriel scoured dozens of cookbooks to find a recipe for parsnip purée—then invented her own and baked a crusty French bread. Jo and Joel Grey made a haunting tarte Tatin and served it with satiny crème fraîche. And everyone went home with a pound of crème fraîche as a souvenir, because that's the way we are: Enough is never enough.

Since that dinner, it's been uphill. They only get better. The cooks rotate in response to professional obligations. So do the dining rooms. And the menu is designed so that finishing steps can be meshed without overtaxing sometimes cramped kitchens. The host-cook hires help and buys the wine—unless someone has a special bottle to enhance his dish.

An innocent initiate, writer Ruth Spear, offered her handsome "Pompeiian red" dining room as a haven for our recent celebration of spring. Spring means lamb to me. I wanted to do rare boned leg of lamb poached in a pepper broth with a hot, aromatic sauce from a James Beard recipe. Ruth countered with a spectacular idea for red snapper. Paula Wolfert, whose sensuous *Cous-cous and Other Good Food From Mo-*



Legerdemain: *Ruth Spear assembles marinade for fish fillets, crumbs snapper for baking, reunites the fish with its head and tail in a brilliant, delicious still life.*

Exaltation of eggplant: *Paula Wolfert hollows out tomato cups, sautés baby eggplant, forces the cooked eggplant through a chinois. Her basil-decked Lebanese purée is from her new book, a celebration of* Mediterranean Cooking.

It's spring: *Gael Greene's tiny kitch*
Here she minces hot green pepper,
poach in a simmering pepper-and-

rocco is a classic, was the perfect choice to do something voluptuous with eggplant. Magazine writer Dena Kaye volunteered to do anything. "How about a frozen strawberry mousse with raspberry sauce?" she said.

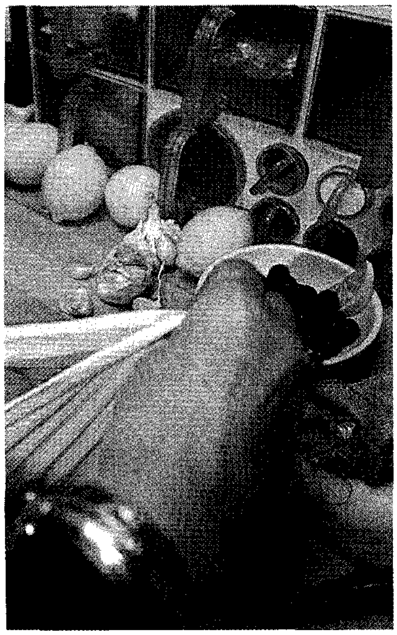
Photographing four cooks in four kitchens complicated the day, yet each of us had time for work, vanity, intrigue, and cooking. Ruth Spear shopped, standing over her fishmonger as he practiced boning and filleting a sea bass, before actually tackling our costly red snapper. She set the table, arranged forsythia, instructed the help, worked on the manuscript of her new book, *Cooking Fish and Shellfish*, and even napped.

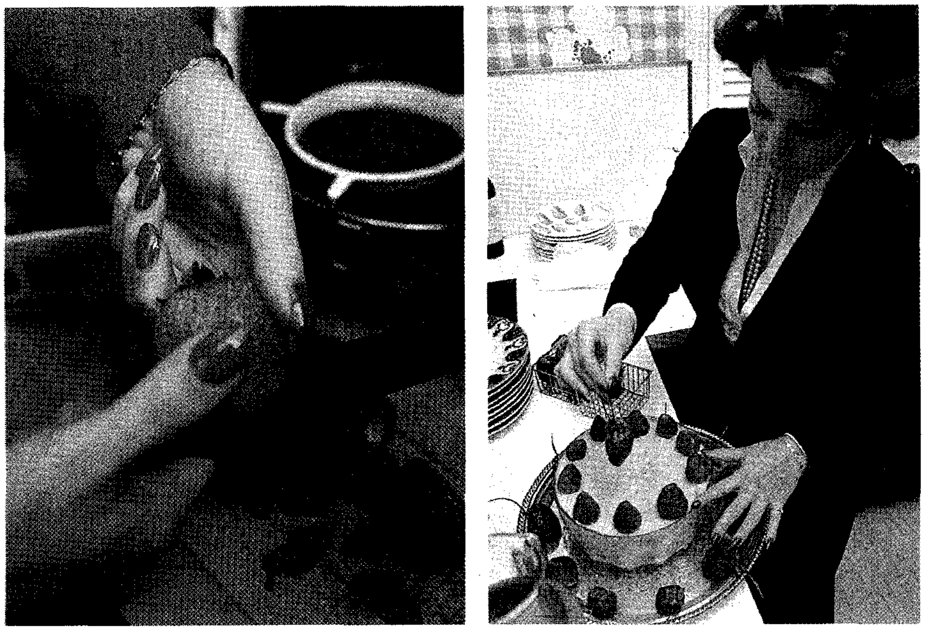
Paula Wolfert seared the eggplants over a flame to peel them, did her purée, spent an hour scrubbing "eggplant drool" off the burners, typed recipes for a magazine article, tested two recipes, and lingered on the phone "wheeling and dealing." Dena got her mousse into the freezer early. Then she went to a noon wine-tasting, came home to type an article, handled a few long-distance calls, puréed raspberries for the sauce, and was free to consult with window-shade installers late in the afternoon.

I amused my analyst for 50 minutes, took a dance class, shopped for lamb and cheese (we all agreed we didn't need cheese, but I couldn't resist). At home again, I prepared the sauce and fluted lemons for garnish, conquered (and possibly, provoked) five crises on the telephone, and napped.

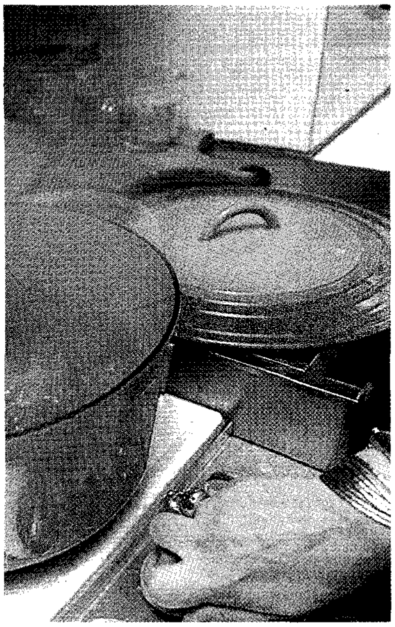
Three of us did our nails—I because mine needed it, Dena because her orange polish clashed with the red strawberries, Ruth to hide the embedded parsley. "You are supposed to plunge your fingers into half a grapefruit," Paula counseled. "I have cook's hands, and there's nothing I can do about it."

After a quite glorious dinner, over coffee in the living room we discussed indolence. Ruth Spear, till now an unreformable perfectionist, thought she could convert. "I invited a friend for dinner next week and she wanted to know if it was going to be indolent," she said. Writer-filmmaker William Bayer helped himself to a hazelnut. "Indolence, insolence, and impotence seem to be the big three this year." ■





La dolce vita: *Dena Kaye slices strawberries, garnishes the mousse before serving.*



me drawer—a jumble of essentials.
leg of lamb in a towel sling to
d broth for an hour till rosy pink.

Countdown: *The four cooks gather in the kitchen of hostess Ruth Spear (center rear). Dena Kaye (right) arranges berries on her frozen mousse. Paula Wolfert (left) tucks basil leaves into the eggplant purée. The author (at stove) checks on the lamb.*

Four Easy Picnics

By Suzanne Slesin

> "...Don't pine for a lazy French *pique-nique.* Make your own. Take a quiche, a bottle of Bordeaux, the right bosky spot in the park..."

Just as soon as you're ready to go, some disgruntled urbanite will remind you of the mobs in Central Park, the traffic on the Southern State, the soot on the terrace. But you know about all that, and you still feel nothing beats eating alfresco around these parts. To you, staunch New Yorker, we dedicate these four ready-to-go picnics. There's no work involved—at least, not for you. Someone at a shop or restaurant will cook and pack everything. All you have to do is pick it up and find the appropriate spot. Don't pine for a lazy French *pique-nique.* Make your own—all it takes is a sip of Bordeaux and a mouthful of quiche and the right bosky spot in Central Park. Or choose to appreciate a bit of midtown construction: Find a site with a good view and break out your own workingman's lunch. If fruit is your idea of paradise, serve a tropical selection. Or pack an array of Middle Eastern specialties and invite a sheikh's harem to feast. To make things easy, we've itemized all the foods, picked four suitable wines, steered you to the right accessories. Now all you have to worry about is the weather.

Suzanne Slesin is a contributing editor of New York *Magazine.*

Photographed by Niki Ekstrom

Workman's Picnic: *When the noon whistle blows, break out your hefty boxed lunch from the Empire Diner and let the other guys eat their hearts out. For $5 a box, you'll get two pieces of fried chicken, salad of the day (here, zucchini), cheese, a brownie, and a piece of fruit. The diner (210 Tenth Avenue at 22nd Street, 243-2736) will pack it up for you in a cardboard box; at right, we've laid it out with industrial-chic accessories—a Thermos, a galvanized bucket, metal lunch box, cutlery, and hotel towel—from Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares, 824 Lexington Avenue at 64th Street (752-5488). Louis Martini Mountain Red ($4.29 a half gallon) is a dependable choice.*

Mideast Feast: *Pick a sandy setting and lay out a Turk's delight of Middle Eastern specialties. At left, enough for a dozen: spinach pie ($1 a slice); Kalamata olives ($1.65 a pound) and green olives ($1.49 a pound); hummus, left center, and baba ghannooj, right foreground (both $4.50 a pint); stuffed grape leaves, center ($4 a dozen); pita breads (six pieces, 59 cents to $1.05); marcouk bread (85 cents for two sheets). The desserts are almond cakes and baklava with pistachios, center, in footed bowl (69 cents each); rahat lakoum, just above baklava ($4.99 a pound); figs ($1.99 a pound); and pistachio nuts ($3.60 a pound). All from Garden of Delights, 1192 Lexington Avenue at 81st Street (861-0088). A well-chilled Los Hermanos Chardonnay ($3.79 a magnum) will complement the spicy food. The brass trays and bowls, the baskets, and the Tunisian rugs are from Bloomingdale's.*

Tutti-frutti: *Amy Gavaris's fruitfest, left, turns a corner of a terrace into a tropical oasis. She's serving mangoes (89 cents each), bananas (29 cents a pound), papayas ($1 each), oranges (three for $1), strawberries ($2 a box), and pineapples ($2.50 each)—all from the Fruit Hut, 1374 Third Avenue at 78th Street (628-0539). Order a day ahead and Sunny Kaplan will cut and reassemble the pineapples. Cinzano Asti Spumante ($6.69) has an intense muscat flavor that stands up to the fruit. The ceramic planter/ice bucket, the Japanese celadon china, and the baskets are from Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue at 81st Street (794-2492). The printed cotton pillows, napkins, and napkin rings are from Groundworks, 231 East 58th Street (PL 3-2100).*

Fête Accomplie: *Spread out a red-checked tablecloth and transform Central Park into the Bois de Boulogne. At left, a* déjeuner sur l'herbe *for six: eggplant quiche, foreground ($4.50 each); broccoli vinaigrette ($4 a pound) and fillet of beef ($9.75 a pound); ziti salad, in white bowl ($2.75 a pound); bread (60 cents each) and breadsticks (20 cents each); a chocolate whiskey cake, in tray, rear right ($7); and miniature pastries (40 cents each). All from Word of Mouth, 147 East 72nd Street (734-9483). A Château Loudenne 1973 ($4.99 a bottle), a red wine from the Médoc district of Bordeaux, goes along nicely. The picnic basket, tray, and four-bottle wine carrier are from Azuma, 666 Lexington Avenue near 56th Street (752-0599).* ■

A Corking New Wine Theory

By Alexis Bespaloff

"...Incredible news for those of us who've spent hours waiting for wines to breathe: We don't have to bother with that anymore..."

Many people are confused and discouraged by the number of rules associated with the proper serving of a bottle of wine. Choosing the right wines to complement particular dishes, serving wines at the correct temperature and in the appropriate glasses—these concerns and many others have certainly done their share to annoy people who would just like to enjoy wine, without fuss.

One rule, however, seems fairly fixed in the minds of even occasional wine drinkers: Red wines should be uncorked half an hour or an hour before they are served, so that the wine can "breathe." The theory is that when a red wine is allowed to breathe—that is, to react with oxygen—the bouquet of the wine develops, and the tannic astringency present in many young red wines is somewhat softened as well. As far as most wine drinkers are concerned, letting a red wine breathe simply means remembering to open the bottle sometime before dinner. In restaurants, helpful waiters often make a point of bringing a red wine to the table as soon as it's ordered and uncorking it so that it can breathe while the first course is eaten. And I don't think I've ever been to a red-wine tasting at which someone did not ask and then note down how long the wines had been uncorked.

Well, not long ago I was talking to Professor Emile Peynaud, one of the most respected enologists of Bordeaux, and he told me he had conducted experiments which indicated that when a bottle of red wine is uncorked, so little wine is exposed to air in the neck of the bottle that he could detect no changes whatsoever, even when the bottle had been opened for several hours. I decided to test for myself the theory that red wines should be uncorked in advance. I arranged several tastings in which four bottles of the same wine would be treated in four different ways and then served blind. The first bottle would be decanted—that is, simply poured into a carafe—an hour before being served; the second bottle would be uncorked for an hour (which is, of course, the conventional approach); the third would be decanted just before serving; the fourth would be uncorked and immediately poured. The first bottle would not only be fully aerated by being poured into a carafe, but would also breathe for an hour. At the other extreme, the wine in the fourth bottle would not have breathed at all. (At the tastings, the bottles were served in random order without the participants' knowing which was which.)

I thought it would be more interesting if I could get some winemakers to taste their own wines, so the first tasting I arranged was with Paul Draper, winemaker at Ridge Vineyards. The wine we tasted was his Geyserville Zinfandel 1974, a young, full-bodied wine with the intense, spicy fruit of the Zinfandel grape. He preferred the wine that had just been opened and poured, followed by the one just decanted and poured. He found that the bottle uncorked for an hour was the least attractive, with musty odors, and the one decanted for an hour showed a slight lack of fruit, suggesting that certain young wines are diminished by too much aeration.

Naturally, a wine will develop in the glass during the course of a dinner party, so we retasted the wines twenty minutes after they were poured. The wine just decanted and served was still very good, but the wine simply opened and poured was still preferred. The one uncorked for an hour showed the most improvement, suggesting that all the development took place in the glass and that opening the bottle early had had no useful effect.

For my next tasting, I invited Robert Mondavi and Alexis Lichine to taste their own and each other's wines—four bottles each of Mondavi's Cabernet Sauvignon 1973 and Lichine's Château Prieuré-Lichine 1967. We began with the 1973 Cabernet, a young, tannic wine not yet ready to drink. Both agreed that the wines in two of the four glasses stood out for their powerful bouquet and well-defined character. As it turned out, the two preferred wines were those that had just been opened, and, as in the case of Ridge Zinfandel, the wine that had simply been opened and poured was the favorite of the four. Twenty minutes later, this bottle was still preferred, and the bottle uncorked an hour before serving was the least attractive throughout the tasting.

These comments about the effect of breathing apply to young red wines, of course. White wines don't have to breathe because the bouquet comes up right away, and too much aeration would just oxidize them and dull their appeal. (Sometimes a cheap white wine contains an excess of sulfur and must be swirled in the glass for a few minutes before this smell disappears.) Old red wines present quite a different problem, since they usually throw a deposit after eight or ten years and must therefore be decanted so that the sediment stays in the bottle rather than ending up in the glass. As red wines get older, they often get more fragile, and most people prefer to decant older reds immediately before they are to be served. Nothing is sadder to a wine drinker than to discover that a wine decanted an hour before dinner has lost whatever bouquet and flavor it had

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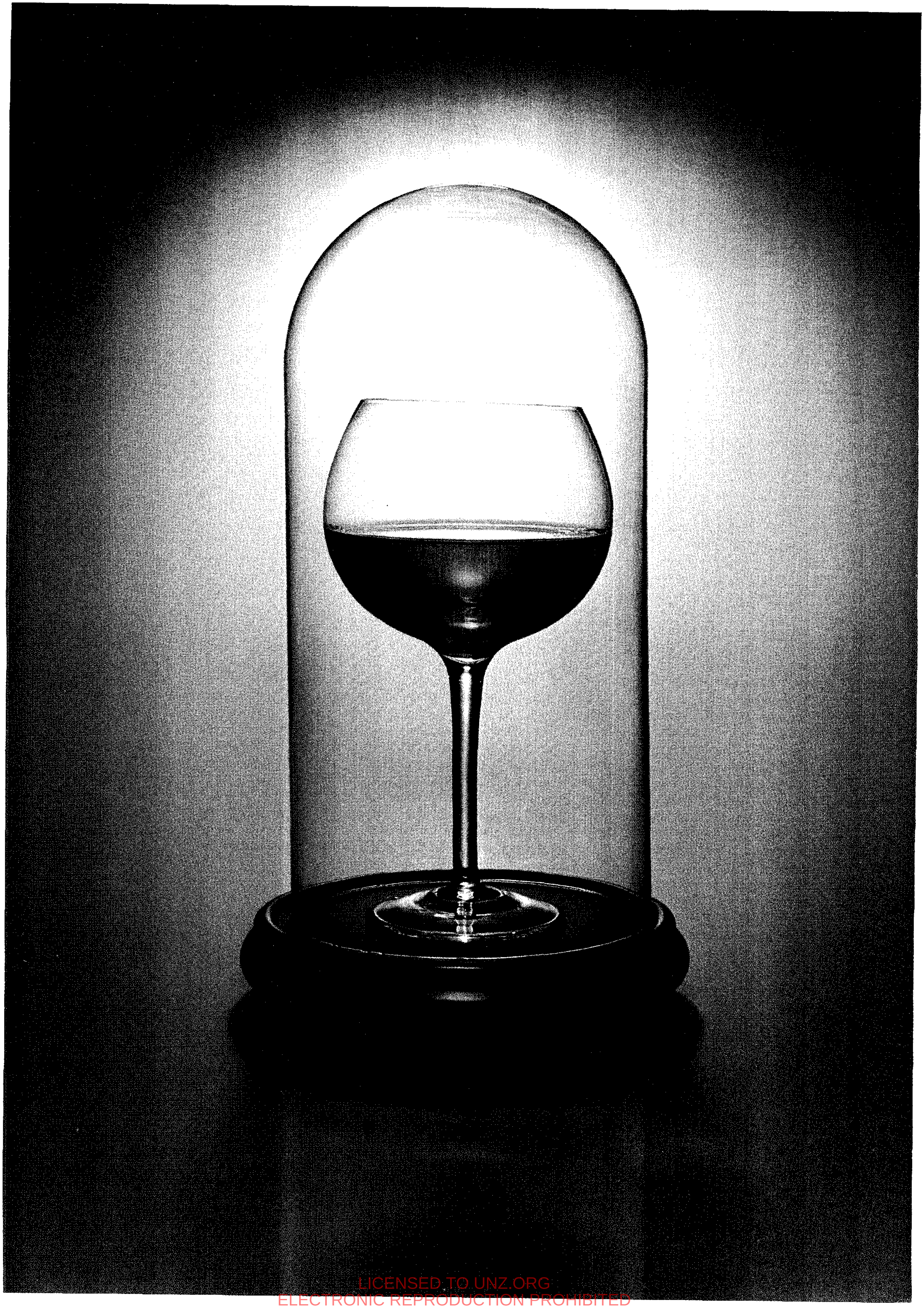
Alexis Bespaloff is a contributing editor of New York *Magazine.*



"... All red wines, it seems, are likely to taste better if they're simply poured than if an effort is made to aerate them ..."

while sitting on the sideboard.

Getting back to the four glasses of Prieuré-Lichine 1967: We discovered that one of them (which turned out to be the one decanted for an hour) was corked—that is, the wine tasted of cork rather than of wine. Of the other three glasses, the one just opened and poured was preferred by Lichine for its finesse, the one decanted and poured was preferred by Mondavi for its deeper bouquet. The wine uncorked for an hour before serving did not "come together" and was the least liked by far. After twenty minutes in the glass, the wine decanted and poured had evolved nicely, but the bottle that had simply been opened and poured was preferred by both men.

I arranged one more tasting, and this time I invited two people who are particularly concerned with the proper service of wine: Kevin Zraly, cellar master at Windows on the World, and John Sheldon, wine consultant at Tavern-on-the-Green and Maxwell's Plum. We first tasted two bottles of a popular Valpolicella, and agreed that the one opened and poured had slightly more fruit and intensity that the one decanted an hour before. Light-bodied wines such as Valpolicella and Beaujolais are likely to taste better if they are simply poured than if any effort is made to aerate them, which may reduce the freshness and fruit, which is their most appealing characteristic.

We then tried four bottles of a 1972 Burgundy, Beaune Clos de la Féguine of Jacques Prieur, an elegant and drinkable wine. The bottle uncorked for an hour was the least interesting throughout the tasting; the one opened and poured, firmer than the others, was very good, and retained its character throughout the tasting. The surprise came with the two bottles that had been decanted, since the one decanted and poured was softer and more evolved than the one that had been decanted for an hour. Our experience suggests that aerating a good Burgundy by decanting it may soften it and decrease its intensity, but it may be just as well simply to open and pour the wine, letting it develop in the glass.

We then compared four bottles of a young Bordeaux, Château Pichon-Lalande 1973. We all agreed that the bottle opened and decanted for an hour was the softest and most evolved, yet we preferred the bottle that had just been opened and poured. The bottle that had been decanted and poured was also good, but the one uncorked for an hour was the least liked.

Is there any conclusion to be drawn from these informal experiments with experienced tasters? According to Peynaud, uncorking a bottle an hour before dinner has no effect whatsoever on the wine, yet in most cases the bottle so treated was actually the least attractive, suggesting that this traditional approach to letting a wine breathe may even have a negative effect. If you do want to let a wine breathe, it certainly makes more sense to pour it into a carafe or to let it stand a few minutes in large glasses (which are, of course, filled no more than halfway). It's also pretty clear that the most effective way to let a wine breathe in a restaurant is to have it poured at the start of the meal, so that the wine has time to develop in the glass. That a wine can breathe in a wineglass is a concept which apparently never occurred to a waiter I once encountered. When I asked him to pour the wine to accompany my steak, he replied, "I can't serve it yet. It hasn't breathed enough."

Although just pulling the cork from a bottle is obviously the least effective way to let a wine breathe, the tastings I arranged also raise another question: Is *any* breathing necessary? After all, in every case the bottle that had just been opened and poured was the one preferred by the tasters. I called Vernon Singleton, a professor of enology at the University of California at Davis whose particular specialty is the aging of wine and the evolution of tannins, the component that gives young red wines their puckerish quality. He told me that my informal tastings confirmed his own laboratory experiments analyzing the effects of oxygen on red wines. He feels certain that even several hours of aeration does *not* soften tannins, which are so slow to react that they can't oxidize fast enough to have any effect on an open wine during the course of an evening. He also feels that the only positive effect of breathing is to dissipate any off odors —notably sulfur dioxide or hydrogen sulfide—that may occasionally be present in a wine. Otherwise, the effect of air on wine is to diminish its bouquet and flavor more or less rapidly, depending on the wine. What we imagine to be the improvement of a wine as we drink it through a meal is really a change in our perception. Professor Singleton opens and pours a wine only when he is ready to drink it.

The next day I received a letter from Professor Peynaud, in answer to some further questions I had posed. In his opinion, the tradition of uncorking a wine some hours before serving dates way back to a time when much less was known about winemaking: Wines might sometimes re-ferment in the bottle and uncorking them would enable the trapped gas to escape. Professor Peynaud decants only older wines that have thrown a deposit, and then only at the last minute. He never decants Burgundies, which are more fragile, but always pours them directly from the bottle. As to younger red wines, Professor Peynaud has never observed any improvement in quality from aeration of any kind: He always opens his red wines just before sitting down to a meal.

This is rather incredible news for those of us who have spent hours of our lives waiting for wines to breathe or have anxiously signaled waiters to open the red wine as soon as possible. You can easily test the effects of aeration for yourself at home the next time you plan to open two bottles of the same red wine for dinner. Try the two extremes: Decant one bottle an hour in advance, and then open the second bottle a few minutes before the start of dinner. I recently had occasion to try this experiment myself at two dinners—once with two bottles of Château Figeac 1967, once with two bottles of Château Latour 1967. In each case, the four other wine drinkers present discovered, to their astonishment, that the bottle just opened and poured had more flavor and a bigger bouquet than the one decanted an hour before, which had already started to fade. If you get the same results, you may also conclude that you no longer have to go to any extra trouble —except to decant old wines that have sediment.

Of course, not everyone is prepared to accept the nonbreathing theory. When I described the results of my tastings and discussions to a friend who always scrupulously uncorks his wines an hour before dinner, he thought it over for a few moments and then said seriously, "I think you're forgetting the placebo theory. I think wines taste better if they're opened in advance, and so I plan to continue to let them breathe." Okay, but if you want to make at least one aspect of wine service easier for yourself, don't bother. ▬

Photographed by Hashi

Ten Cooks Reveal Their Most Intimate (Kitchen) Secrets

By Paula Wolfert

"...I wondered: Does Julia Child ever come down with a case of indolence? And if so, what is her favorite kitchen shortcut?..."

When James Beard is about to entertain, I mused a couple of weeks ago, what does he do to save time in the kitchen? Or Julia Child? Or Raymond Sokolov? These are people who no doubt gladly spend a weekend turning out a batch of bread. Do *they* ever come down with a case of indolence, and if so, what tricks, shortcuts, special gadgets, are their favorite time-savers?

I asked cooks and hostesses around town just that question. Alas, all but one of them had the same reply: "The Cuisinart."

"Of course," I said, "but what else?"

It turned out that James Beard and fashion designer Pauline Trigère use the same technique: They cook enough for two meals (or parties) at one time. "It's a very practical, very French way of entertaining," says Trigère. "When I give dinners in the city I have about eighteen people in at a time, and I do two dinners two days apart. Since they're entirely different groups of people, I use the same menu, the same table settings, the same flowers, and do all the kitchen work for the two dinners in one session." Beard bases a time-saving lunch on cold versions of the hot dishes served the night before. "I may have braised tenderloin of veal for dinner, and then the next day I'll serve vitello tonnato. I'll serve rice at the dinner and cold rice salad at the lunch. I'll boil a lot of string beans and sauté half of them for the dinner; over the other half I'll pour vinaigrette (while the beans are still hot) and let them marinate."

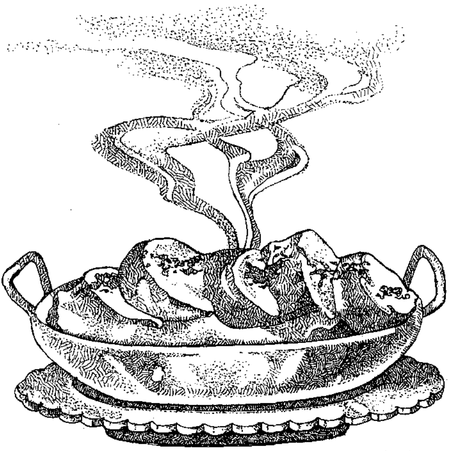
Edward Giobbi, author of *Italian Family Cooking* (Random House) and Ruth Spear, who wrote *The East Hampton Cookbook* (Ladies Village Improvement Society of East Hampton), make plentiful use of the freezer. "After harvesting what I grow in my garden," Giobbi told me, "I freeze assorted vegetables in separate containers for winter soups. I'll freeze a portion of shell beans with just the amount of tomatoes, basil, and celery required for a soup. They're all chopped fresh from the garden and frozen in one package. Then in winter I can just throw the whole unit into simmering water and make a lovely soup." Ruth Spear has a big garden in the country. "You can never eat or even give away all the zucchini and tomatoes you grow," she says, "so I make and freeze a simple tomato sauce I use all year round—I'll plan meals around that sauce. Or I'll grate zucchini, salt it and drain it, then freeze it for later use in zucchini pancakes or in casseroles, baked with cheese."

As for the other food people, their shortcuts are set forth on these pages. My own two favorite time-savers—both of which I keep on hand, ready for the unexpected guest—are Menuchah Farms Smokehouse apple-smoked chicken and Sugar's Kitchens champagne mustard. The chicken, very moist, with a mild, lightly smoked flavor, makes a quick but elegant meal, served cold with mayonnaise, and it keeps in the refrigerator nicely. It's available at Balducci's, 424 Sixth Avenue near 9th Street ($2.59 a pound), and the Traveling Stew, 223 Montauk Highway, Westhampton Beach, (516) 288-4411 ($2.75 a pound). And, to make a simple meal taste special, I smear the champagne mustard on steak or fish before grilling, to add a mild, sweet piquancy. It's available at Fraser Morris & Company, 872 Madison Avenue at 71st Street ($2.98 for eight ounces), and at the Traveling Stew ($2.75).

On indolence in the kitchen, though, Julia Child has a prescription that particularly appeals to me. This summer, she says, she plans to sit under an olive tree with some bread and cheese, some good salami, and olives from Nice, and do no cooking at all.

Paula Wolfert calls herself a "hired gun in the food world." She has been a chef, a restaurant consultant, has worked in a test kitchen, and has written cookbooks.

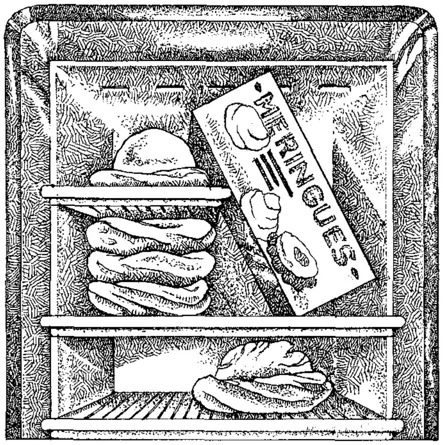
Mireille Johnston, *author* of The Cuisine of the Sun *(Random House), leads off for the cooks:*



"I make elegant first-course dishes out of leftovers by using little copper gratin pans. I have a couple of dozen of them. Mine come from Paris, but you can get them at the Bridge Company, 212 East 52nd Street ($17.95 and up). If I have a little braised celery (or carrots or cauliflower) left over, I put it in these dishes, check the seasoning, then sprinkle with grated cheese and a few drops of olive oil and broil for ten minutes. I do the same with leftover boiled chicken (or fish or shrimp), adding some sautéed onion, fresh pepper, tomatoes, a drop of white wine, then the cheese and oil. This whole procedure takes me only a couple of minutes, but when I serve up these little dishes, they look like a really tantalizing first course."

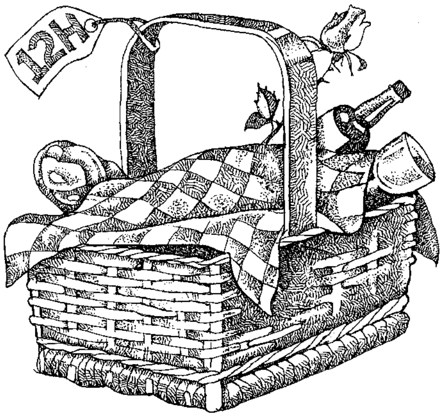
Illustrated by Madge Friedman

John Clancy, *coauthor of* The John Clancy Baking Book *(Popular Library) and* Clancy's Oven Cookery *(Delacorte):*



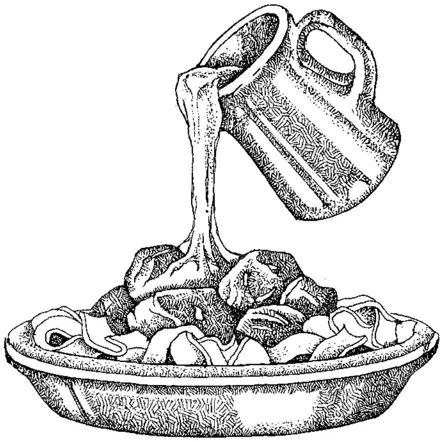
"I'm not really a time-saver type of cook, but I do keep frozen tortellini on hand in the freezer. I buy them at Raffetto's, at 144 West Houston Street ($1 for six ounces). I make them into wonderful quick lunches served with a sauce of butter, reduced heavy cream, and grated cheese. They're really delicious. On the side I like to serve a vine-ripened-tomato vinaigrette made with sherry-wine vinegar and lots of chopped parsley. Another thing: I like to keep lots of meringues in the freezer, just waiting to be filled with some delicious berries or good ice cream."

Eleanor Perry, *screenwriter and great believer in indolent entertaining:*



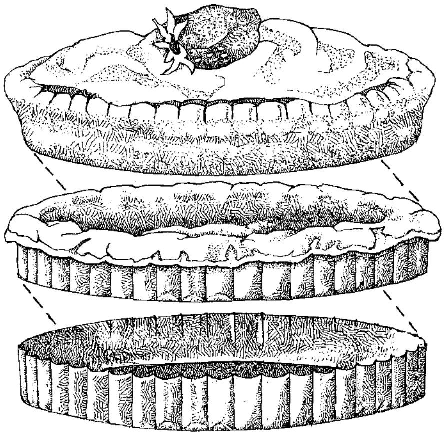
"My apartment is in midtown and is sun-dazzled in midday, so I like to have friends there for lunch—sometimes impromptu, sometimes planned ahead. In either case, I often ring up William Poll (1051 Lexington Avenue near 75th Street, BU 8-0501) early in the morning. By noon, delivered to the door and beautifully packed, might be smoked trout ($10) or pâté maison ($10), a perfectly ripened wedge of Brie ($4.50 a pound) or half an orange chiffon cake with orange sauce ($10). If I don't make the main course myself, I ask him to send a moussaka ($18) or chicken salad ($10), both the best in town. (All of these prices are for a group of four.) Poll is often my shortcut for some courses at dinner, too. It's like having a superb chef whose kitchen just happens to be 25 blocks away."

Chessy Rayner, *a partner in the decorating firm MAC II and a well-known New York hostess:*



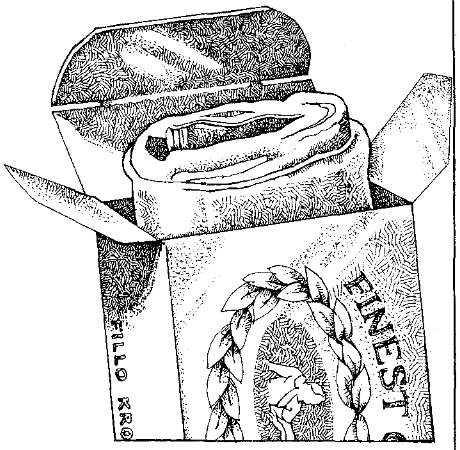
"I liven up food with my Friday-night sauce espagnole. I take some homemade beef stock with me when we drive to the country for the weekend. When I get to the house, I brown some diced shallots in butter, stir in some flour, then whisk in some of my stock and a little tomato paste. The whole process takes less than fifteen minutes. I pour this sauce over small tenderloins or sautéed lamb kidneys, and suddenly I'm a live-wire cook."

Ruth Spear, *author of* The East Hampton Cookbook:



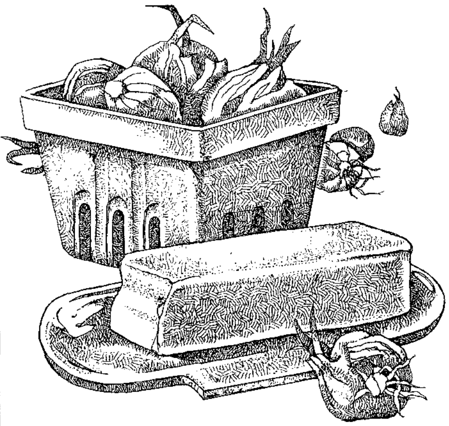
"Preparing a special dessert is the most time-consuming part of any dinner. I save myself a lot of effort this way: I keep stackable French tart tins on hand—the straight-sided tins with the false bottoms—in varying sizes from six inches to twelve inches (you can get them in any housewares store). I make pâte brisée in the Cuisinart, line the tins, partially bake the pie shells blind (without any filling), then stack the tins one within the other with tinfoil between each layer, and freeze. When ready to use, I bring the shells to room temperature, fully bake them, and fill them with grapes or strawberries or kirsch-glazed bananas."

Gael Greene, New York's *Insatiable Critic:*



"Ready-made strudel dough is a great discovery. It's thinner and more predictable than any strudel dough I ever made from scratch. I use Famous Strudel Leaves, available at Macy's (95 cents a box of four) and at some Karl Ehmer stores. I keep them in the freezer. Everyone seems to love my sausage, mushroom, and cheese strudel—a spicy rich first course that's wonderful, too, for brunch. And you can also do spinach tarts, fruit strudels, flaky appetizers . . . endless pastry magic."

Raymond Sokolov, *author of* The Saucier's Apprentice *(Knopf) and former food editor of the New York* Times:



"I'm never indolent, but sometimes I'm rushed. Then I resort to shallot butter, which goes with everything from fish to steak. I purée equal weights of peeled, chopped, blanched shallots and melted butter in a blender. You can serve this wonderful mixture hot or cold. If you want to use it cold, slice it into pieces and lay it on top of broiled steak or fish."

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The Compleat Lazy Host

By Michael and Ariane Batterberry

"...Your guests will feel pampered, gratified. No need to hang around the bar like the road company of *The Iceman Cometh*..."

You'd like to produce a memorable dinner party, but you feel too sloth-ridden even to scrawl an invitation. Then why not succumb to the lazy host's ultimate indulgence and entertain in a restaurant? Consider the many advantages of taking care of all the details of a festive restaurant meal in advance:

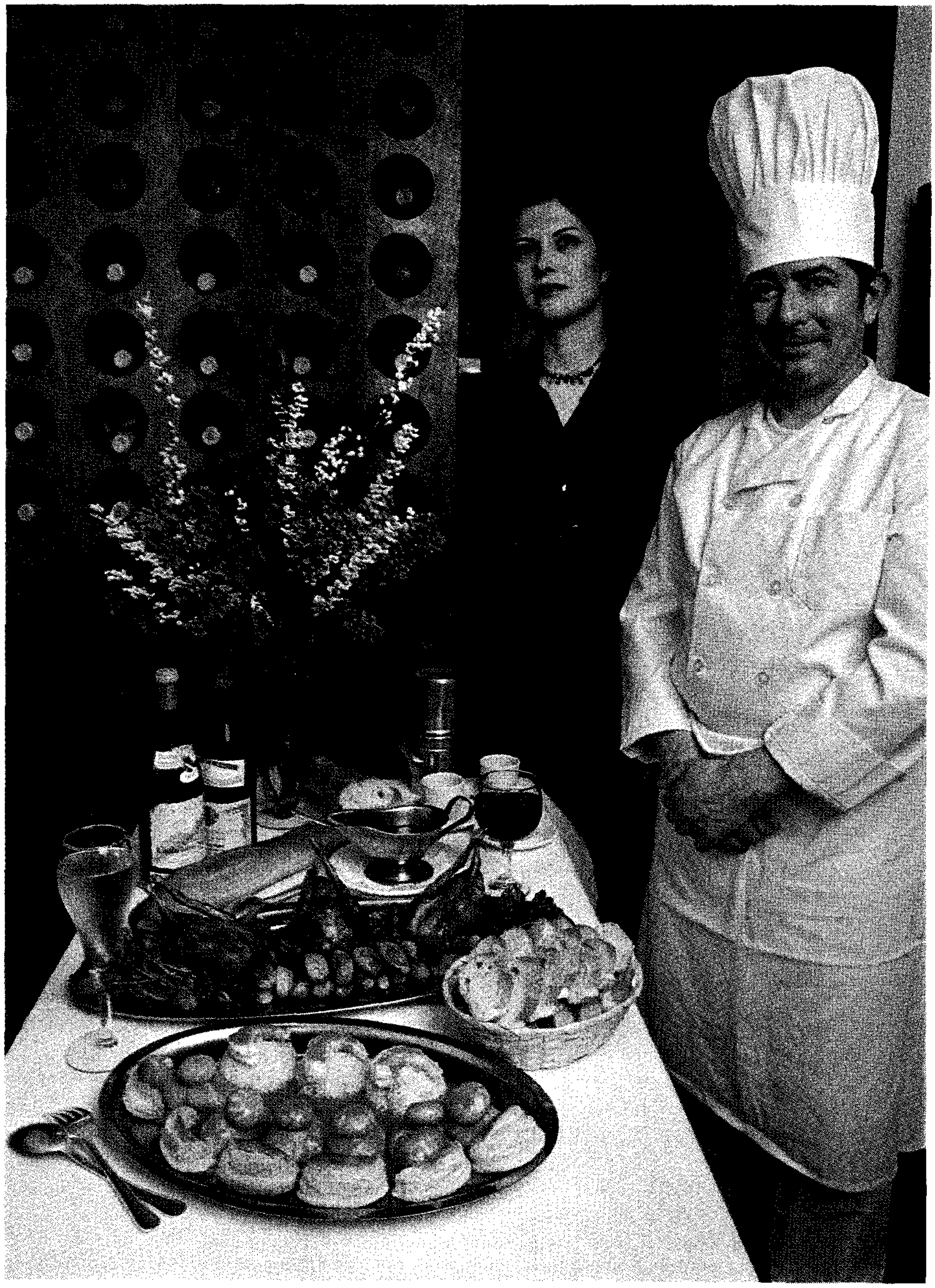
☐ You'll get better and/or more unusual food than the restaurant ordinarily serves. In the most constructive way possible, you'll be putting the chef on the professional spot. You may also discover that some of his own particular specialties rarely, if ever, appear on the menu, for some valid reason—perhaps expense, public ignorance, the need to prepare a dish in certain quantities, or tricky timing.

☐ If your pot's on the stove, so to speak, you can depend on your reservation being honored and on being seated as promptly as possible. No need to hang around the bar like the road company of *The Iceman Cometh.*

☐ You'll know exactly how much you are going to spend—no risk of a beluga addict suddenly supplying an irregular habit at your expense. Conversely, no super-sensitive soul will feel obliged to order the cheapest dishes out of financial consideration for the host. Choose wines in advance, tell the management how many bottles you're prepared to invest in, figure out the tip, and you'll circumvent most foreseeable nasty surprises.

☐ Having previously settled financial transactions, you can sweep out of the restaurant without shattering a communally mellow mood. Not unreason-

Michael and Ariane Batterberry are the authors of On the Town in New York: From 1776 to the Present; The Bloomingdale's Book of Entertaining; *and many others.*



Spécialités de la maison: *At Le Jacques Coeur, Robert and Paulette Renaud present a party dinner (featuring pigeon en cocotte) that's not on the regular menu.*

Photographed by Bill Cadge

"Something not too heavy": *An* omakase *feast for one at Restaurant Nippon. Count on at least a couple of hours to eat it.*

ably, some restaurants will demand a deposit in advance. Some you can pay off with a discreet cash-filled envelope upon arrival; others may even agree to bill you later.

☐ Most important, guests will feel pampered, flattered, gratified that you have given such care to entertaining them with thoughtfulness and style. And there'll be no hemming and hawing over the menu to disrupt conversation, no dispiriting outbursts of "I wish I'd ordered what you did," no *mano a mano* over the bill or glassy-eyed silences as it is subjected to incredulous scrutiny.

Putting our indolent-entertaining theory into practice, we recently telephoned several restaurants very different in atmosphere and cuisine and asked each to help us devise a seasonal prix-fixe gustatory revel for four. Here is a report on their efforts.

Forget the Concorde! The fastest way to get to France is to drop down a few steps on East 79th Street near York and commandeer a table at **Le Jacques Coeur.** The blast of distinctive aromas that blows you from the modest threshold into your chair should be enough to send any Francophile into a delirium of déjà vu. Here it all is, a replica of the native prototype—dim, trim, well scrubbed; low ceilings, wine-shadowed carpet, wall-colored walls, honeycomb wine racks. Typically, the tables are set in starchy white on white and brightened with spare little nosegays. Also typical are the restaurant's few concessions to cosmetic glamour—a frieze of blush-pink mirror, recessed lights, red banquettes, faint engravings of medieval streets. Not to mention a serenely lovely chatelaine, Mme. Paulette Renaud, who greets the guests and oversees the ministrations of two red-jacketed waiters.

Robert Renaud is the quintessential French chef, impassioned in his devotion to food and wine. His credentials: early apprenticeship in Bourges under critical, Escoffier-tutored eyes, a tour of duty in the kitchens of Lucas-Carton and Maxim's in Paris, then back to Bourges for fifteen years as chef at the two-star original Jacques Coeur. Today he likes nothing more than to burst the bounds of his usual brief menu and prepare a special meal or dish that will call forth all his talents.

The dinner M. Renaud designed for us began with a cloud-light, pink-tinged quenelle of sole silhouetted against a sunset of satiny lobster sauce and garnished with one bisected shrimp, slivered mushrooms, an airy quarter-moon of puff pastry, and a snowy spoonful of dry, perfectly boiled rice. The second course appeared in the form of a plain green salad—cool, tender leaves dressed in fine olive oil, a breath of vinegar, a dry snap of mustard. The salad acted as a refreshing palate clearer for a really splendid main course—scout's-honor pigeon en cocotte. Contrasting with the complexity and richness of sauced quenelles, the savory simplicity of this dish startled appetites back into action. Each pigeon arrived quartered, the breast sections expertly boned; their skins, properly browned before braising, were totally devoid of fatty flabbiness. The dinner concluded with individual soufflés au Grand Marnier, their top crusts pleasantly caramelized and chewy. These were accompanied by a sauceboat of cold vanilla-scented crème anglaise. As our tastes run to unthickened liqueur soufflés, we wish this dessert had been somewhat lighter and less sweet; little depth charges of orange zest, however, did help to enliven it.

Our meal—mostly specialties not on the menu—cost $19 a person, without wine. A more modest summer menu of vichyssoise, cold bass or trout with green sauce, macédoine of vegetables, salad, and boeuf à la neige can be ordered for $10 a head. The wine

"...Our dinner party was served by a relay of fetchingly costumed, maternal geishas who solicitously knelt to place the food..."

list is limited. We ordered the moderately good (and moderately priced) Pouilly-Fumé, followed by a St. Emilion of similar quality. If you wish to bring your own special bottle, there will be a corkage fee of $4. Le Jacques Coeur is ideal for parties of ten or less; order three days in advance. Parties of 35 can take over the entire restaurant.

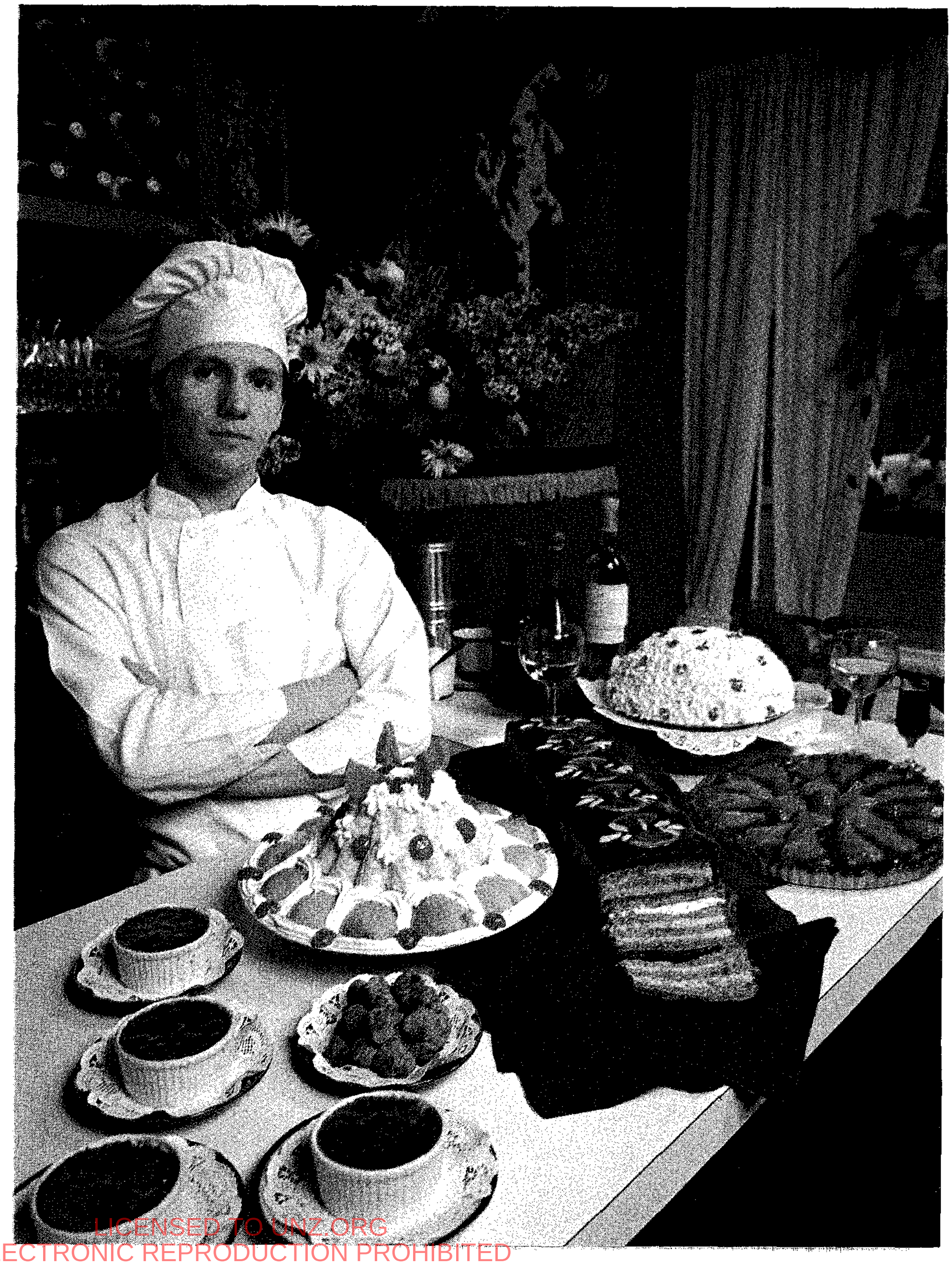
Le Jacques Coeur (448 East 79th Street, 249-4920) is open for dinner Tuesday through Sunday, 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. American Express (AE), BankAmericard (BA), Master Charge (MC).

Bent on the exotic? Then slip off your shoes and venture into **Restaurant Nippon**, on East 52nd Street near Lexington. Honorable spokesmen for the local Japanese colony claim this restaurant is the most authentic exponent of *kaiseki* in New York. What is *kaiseki?* To Japanese, the word suggests many things in addition to their traditional "tea-cooking" cuisine—ancient symbolic ritual, sensory balance and play, celebration of nature . . . in short, a way of life. Here in the crass West, you might say it means tripping out together on food presentation.

As to the ambience: Don't expect a Hollywood-commissioned trysting spot for Sessue Hayakawa and Marlene Dietrich. The contemporary-teahouse atmosphere of the main dining room is bland, mute, functional, the lighting more dismal than subdued. Private dining cubicles for four smack vaguely of a shoji-screened health spa. Guests here don't crouch on the tatami-matted floor; they dangle their lower legs in a kind of empty communal sitz bath beneath the coffee-table-height table. But never mind—concentrate instead on the extraordinarily delicious and beautiful meal and the exquisite kaleidoscopic manner in which it unfolds. Colors, shapes, patterns, textures have all been chosen with inspired care. Fragile porcelain, glossy lacquerwork, rough cast iron, gracefully succeed each other as appropriate foils to the food. Color harmonies ravish the eye; bleached-shell shades fade into fern and celadon; mahogany, russet, morning mist, and midnight blue shift swiftly to flame, ebony, snow-pea green.

When we called to order an *omakase* feast ("chef's special seasonal menu"), we encountered little sign of Oriental reticence. The management asked us our age. Does "over 30" have the same connotation in Japan as it does here? Who knows? Having blurted the truth over the phone, we were told, with excessive solicitude, that at our time of life "different kind of variety, something not too heavy best for you. Young people like more volume."

Nippon's variety may yet make the years seem worth their while. Our dinner party, served by a relay of fetchingly costumed, maternal geishas who solicitously knelt to distribute the food, followed a ritual order: *tsukidashi*, the preliminary course, came in the form of little tangled nests of succulent imported mushrooms, pinheaded, their stems like snippets of limp vermicelli. *Zensai*, individual jeweler's trays of hors d'oeuvre, came next—duck breast stuffed with asparagus, broccoli saltily spiked with Japanese mustard, a marinated mushroom, a plump butterflied shrimp stuffed with sweet mashed egg yolk, and a miniature basket of mauve squid, blanched, skinned, thinly sliced, and crowned with cod roe. All were excellent. So was the rest of the meal: *chawanmushi*, individual casseroles of steamed egg custard in bonito stock harboring morsels of cress, chicken, shrimp, mushrooms, and quail eggs; then *sashimi*, in this case a spreading peacock tail of translucently thin raw flounder (the texture of the fish was as buttery and fleeting as the finest Scotch salmon). Next, *yakimono*, "grill course," half porgies harpooned on skewers and



To end it all: *Finish off your ordered-in-advance dinner at Le Jules Verne with the owner's artful Marjolaine (on blue napkins)—you won't find it on the regular menu. Or choose another of these worthy desserts. The chef presiding: Neil Place.*

"...At Le Jules Verne, shocks of color: spotlit tawny Tibetan carpets, indigo napkins, a Chagall shaft of tall cut flowers..."

broiled simply with salt over charcoal; *kobachi,* "small dish," infantile eggplant lightly grilled and submerged in a mellow red-bean sauce; *nakazara,* "main course," roulades of scallion-stuffed prime beef in an uncloying sweet-sour sauce and stir-fried bean sprouts redolent of pepper and anise; *futamono,* "hot covered food"—here, gorgeous crimson chunks of lobster, mated in black iron pots with steamed carrots, broccoli, turnip, and black mushrooms, served with a bowl of Japanese mixed pickles and mounds of correctly sticky rice. Mercifully, a fork was provided for probing the shells, another appeared with the *mizugushi* course—literally, "water cake," something moist-sweet, a concession to Western tastes. On this evening it was fresh, ripe pineapple.

Sake was ceremoniously poured from ceramic flasks—different flasks for the women and for the men—and that was followed by icy Japanese beer, green tea, and an after-dinner libation on the house—European stemmed glasses of plum wine, which variously reminded our party of marzipan-scented rosé and Cheracol. Count on an absolute minimum of two hours to eat. As one companion brought up in the Orient remarked sagely: "These are *thinking* tastes, not just tasting tastes."

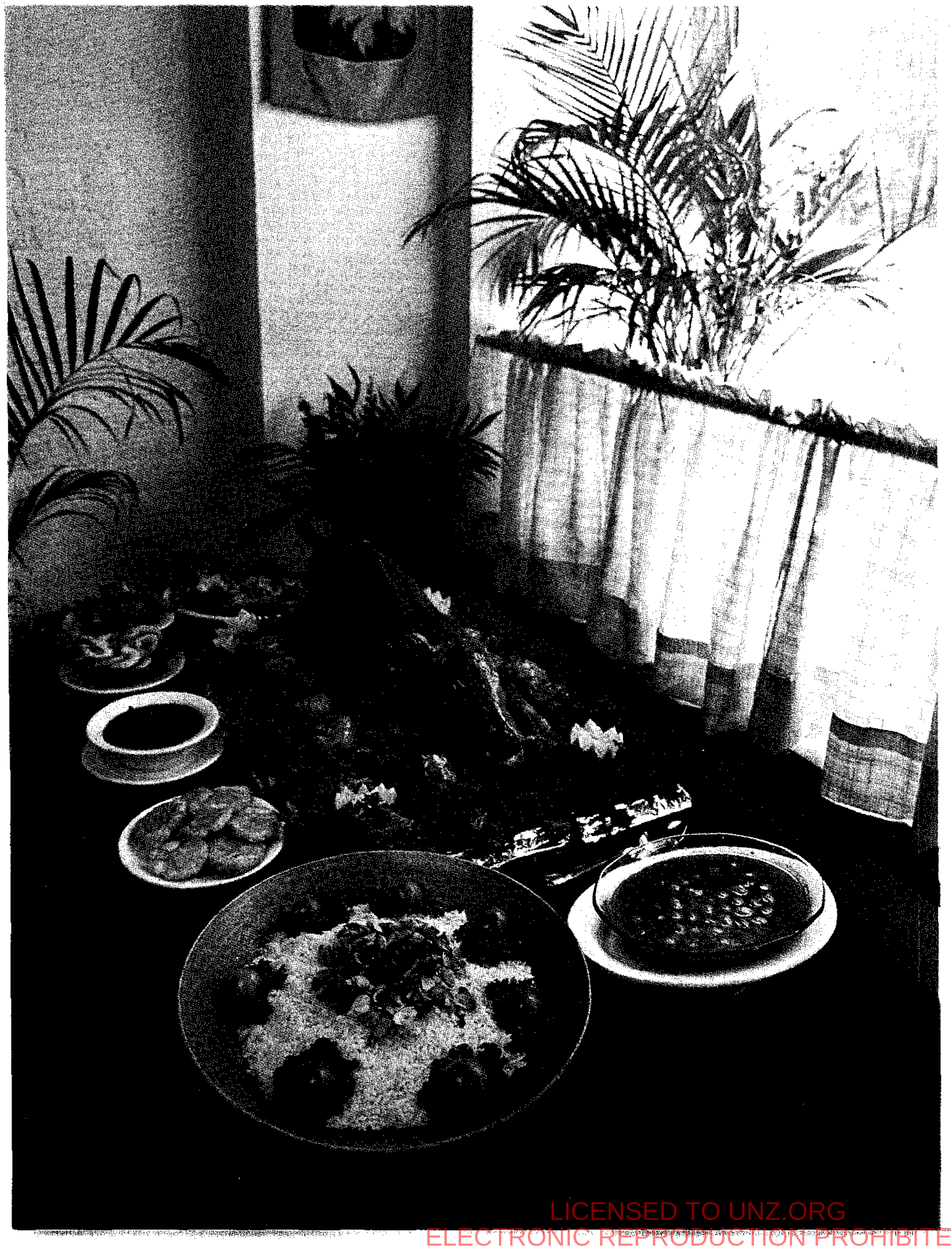
The cost of this special spring menu was $30 per person, not including tax, drinks, or gratuities. Similar dinners may also be ordered year round for $25 and $40. The private rooms can accommodate from two to twenty people (room charges, $5 to $12). The large back room can seat 30, on floor cushions. You should give the manager, Mr. Kizuka, four days' notice.

Restaurant Nippon (145 East 52nd Street, PL 8-0226) is open for dinner Monday through Thursday, 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Friday and Saturday, to 10:30 p.m. AE, CB, Diners Club (DC), MC.

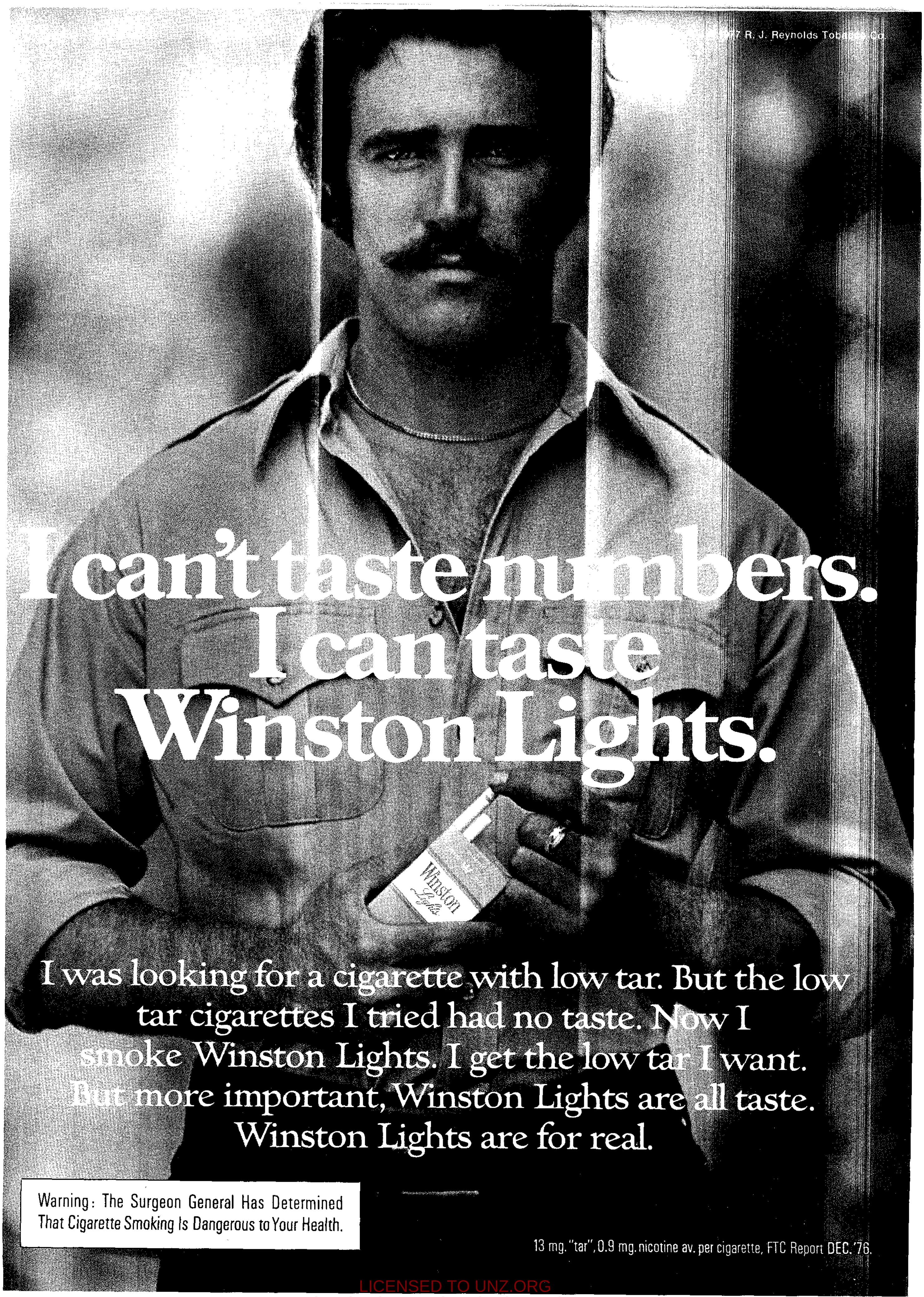
The ambience at Greenwich Village's offbeat **Le Jules Verne** is quietly chic—sparkling-white Deco tabletops set with starkly understated contemporary cutlery and plates, indigo napkins swirled like handfuls of evening into broad-balloon wineglasses, 20,000-leagues-under-the-sea blue walls. And shocks of color: spotlit tawny Tibetan carpets, a glittering wine and aperitif bar splashed with bright fruit tarts, and a Chagall shaft of tall cut flowers.

The menu might be described as Franco-eclectic. The dinner we arranged commenced with the owner's own "summer-green soup," a cool emulsion of watercress, parsley, spring peas, chicken broth, their flavors bound by white turnip, a touch of cream, and a pinch of curry. With it appeared hot, first-rate Italian whole wheat and white loaves in a stylish square basket. Next, more serious business: a steaming pâté of nutmeg-haunted sole, its delicate flavor undulled by egg yolk or stodgy panada. Light, moist, and deliberately unsalted to avoid drying, it was bathed in a logically salt-prodded beurre blanc.

Following the fish course, we encountered a superlative fillet of beef with Bordelaise sauce bobbing with nuggets of unblemished marrow (not even in Paris have we found the last more meticulously prepared). The beef itself was of irreproachable quality and rare rosiness, flavorful and full of juice, but we wish the chef had held back on the dribble of cream that found its way into the sauce. We'd requested a purée of vegetables and received individual ramekins of an airy pea-based paste nearly overpowered by mace. Since peas had played a supporting role in the soup, as had nutmeg in the pâté of sole, this was somewhat repetitious. An unexpected serving of thyme-dominated pilaf, however, sat compatibly with the beef. A magnificent array of cheeses helped the last of the red wine to vanish with amazing grace. We exchanged a basket of luxury-brand crackers for some



Higgledy-piggledy, here's a new Cuban place: *The beer-basted roast porker at Sabor has been known to call forth applause.*



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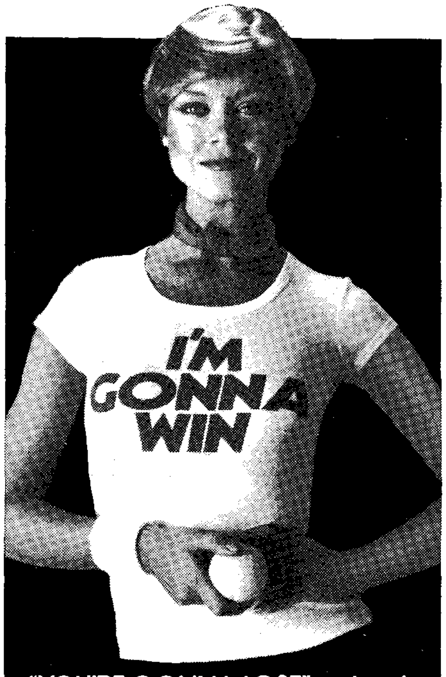

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WILLIAM MORROW

freshly grilled French bread, the only way to do a great cheese justice. A piquant green salad cleared the way for Le Jules Verne's artful version of master chef Fernand Pointe's legendary "Marjolaine," layers of hazelnut and almond meringue spread with ethereal chocolate and praline-flavored butter creams and lathered with more chocolate. Three cheers.

Our dinner for four, including a bottle of Sancerre 1975, a Château Meyney 1971, and a half bottle of Château la Tour Blanche Sauterne, plus an aperitif, coffee, and all taxes and tips, is available for $40 per person. Somewhat less elaborate but equally laudable menus can be prearranged for $35 and $25, including all service charges. Steven V. Baldwin, the owner-chef, and W. Peter Prestcott, his catering associate, will help you plot your entertaining. For more than twenty persons, they are glad to close the restaurant to the public on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings.

Le Jules Verne (189 West 10th Street, 929-9400) is open for dinner Tuesday through Saturday, 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sunday, 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. AE, MC.

For a taste of Havana, taxi down to **Sabor**, a slender, seductive new Cuban restaurant on Cornelia Street. Bask in the sexy, palm-fringed, caramel glow. A lissome young woman—dark blond and blue-eyed—will serve you. Can she be Cuban? No, "but she can speak pretty good Hebrew."

Sabor's beautifully prepared food, except for an occasionally fainthearted use of garlic and cayenne, is decidedly more authentic, even though Susan Bogin, the chef, can claim neither Cuban genes nor firsthand acquaintance with the land of her dreams. Our special dinner has been plotted around a climactic roast suckling pig, so spectacular that even the next table applauds. A sampling of five *aperitivos* preceded it: leafy platters of camarones and calamares picantes, shrimp and succulent squid in a lime-based, spicy marinade; escabeche, freshly pickled fried kingfish in a sweet-sour jumble of chopped vegetables, capers, olives; crisp empanadas, alternately filled with smoky chorizo and olive-, raisin-, and cumin-nudged ground round; loud, crunchy frituras de malanga, delectable egg-puffed fritters. All but the dull escabeche were newsworthy. The beer-basted pig, lacquer-crisp without, astonishingly moist within, was complemented by tart baked apples, a thin sauce of green grapes, white wine, pineapple and pan juices, fried plantain disks, rice, and black beans. Coco quemado, individual ramekins of warm cinnamon-and-

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sherry-perfumed coconut custard topped with whipped cream, ended the meal on a tropically sweet note.

Long and narrow, Sabor can seat from eighteen to twenty in the front section, ten to fourteen toward the rear, and the restaurant can be taken over entirely if you want to give a party for 30 to 34 guests. The suckling-pig dinner (minimum of six) is $15 per person. Other Cuban meals can be ordered for $10. Bring your own wine or beer.

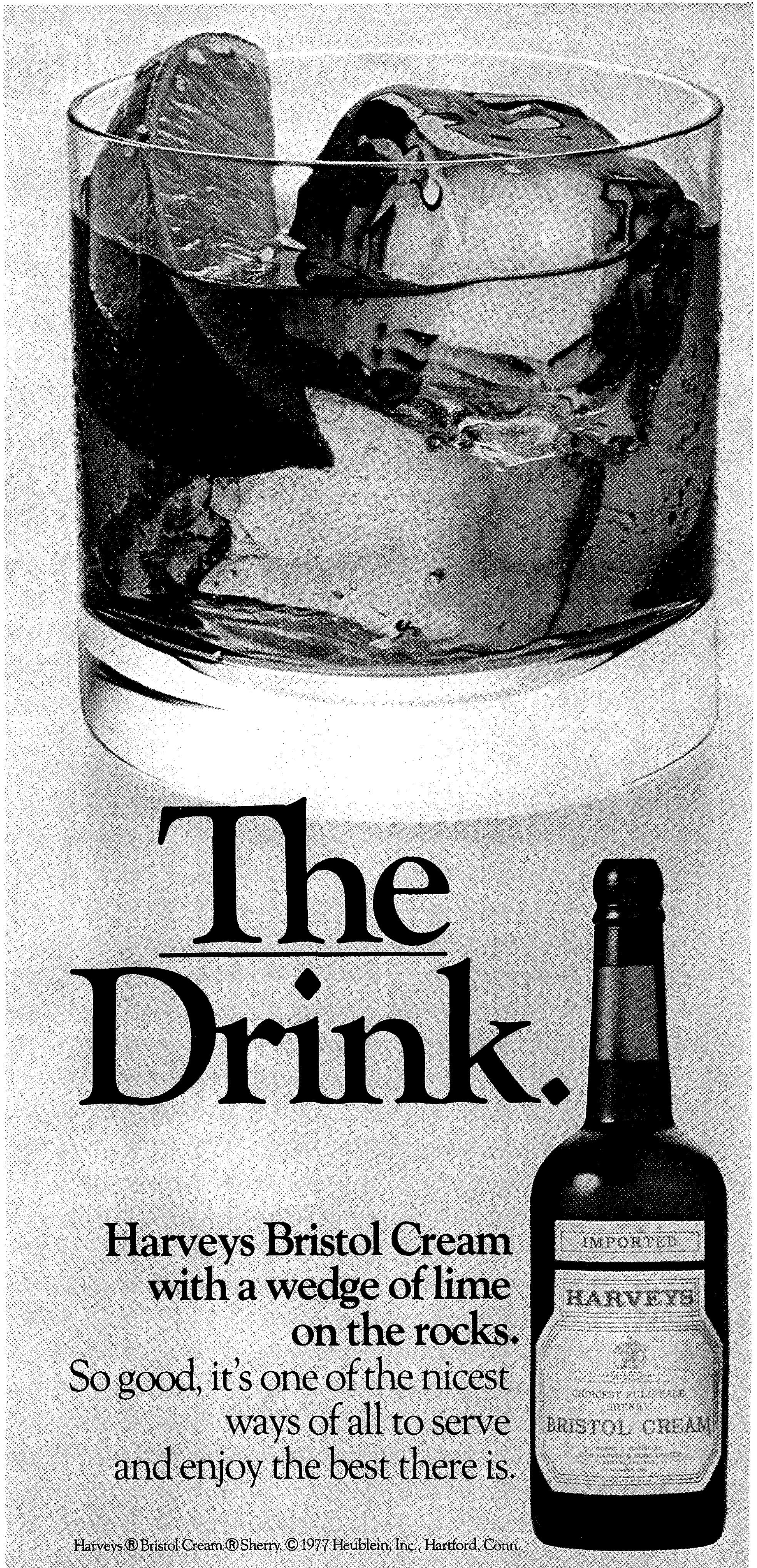
Sabor (20 Cornelia Street, 243-9579) is open for dinner Monday through Sunday, 6 p.m. to midnight.

Plan an evening at **Mr. & Mrs. Foster's Place** to introduce the uninitiated to the best of southern-evolved American cuisine served in cozy Colonial-bistro surroundings (fumed-oak walls, brass chandeliers, cranberry-glass votive lights). All dinners served here must be ordered in advance—at least as early as the afternoon of the day you want to entertain. The standard six-course prix-fixe menus vary from $15 to $24. Included are a crock of chicken livers with butter-drenched toast, quiche, choice of soup (a tart apple, mushroom consommé, Virginia peanut . . .), salad of lettuce and blanched fresh vegetables, entrée (crabmeat-topped pompano, beef-and-oyster stew, and many others), and dessert (frosty lime or pecan pie, syllabub, wild-rice pudding . . .). Parties of 30 can occupy the entire restaurant.

Mr. & Mrs. Foster's Place (242 East 81st Street, 535-1234) is open for dinner Tuesday through Friday at 6:30 p.m. and 9 p.m., Saturday at 6 p.m. and 9 p.m.

The owners of the **Four Seasons**, that most elegant of New York's larger restaurants, positively rejoice at the opportunity to execute a prearranged tour de force: "So much easier, so much better . . . the presentation will be so much more beautiful," comments co-owner Paul Kovi, who suggests a dinner-party menu of mousse of white duck livers with écrevisse, bouillon of red snapper, fillet of lamb with carrots and snow peas, cheese, and bitter-chocolate mousse with toasted brioche ($32 per person). When the Four Seasons' kitchen plays host to visiting chefs, such as the celebrated Alain Chapel (usually for two or three weeks at a time), you can entertain your guests at a Michelin-three-star dinner right here in New York. At a three-star price. Private rooms are available for 10 to 130, at an extra cost of $25 to $50. The advance notice needed (one day or two weeks) depends on the party's size.

The Four Seasons (99 East 52nd Street, 754-9494) is open for private dinner parties Monday through Sunday at any time. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC. ■



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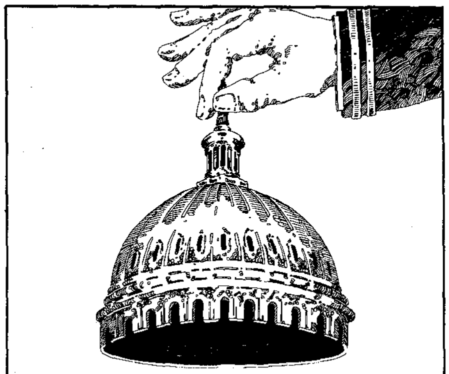

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The Choosing's Simple and the Wine Is Cheap

By Alexis Bespaloff

"...Here are thirteen well-made wines that are drinkable today and cost less than $4..."

One of the pleasures of wine is its diversity, which encourages a continuing search for different tastes and unusual values among the hundreds of bottles available around town. Many people don't want to cope with diversity, however, and prefer to stick to a few dependable wines. To simplify your search, here's a list of thirteen well-made wines, drinkable today, that cost between $1.99 and $3.99. These wines have in common the fact that they are generally available throughout the city—none is a retailer's private label or is sold exclusively at a single store. And, unlike the best-known Bordeaux château wines, they do not vary in price from store to store.

Red Wines

Sterling Red $2.99

There are a great many California wines labeled "Burgundy" or "Claret" that are more or less good and more or less dry. Some producers prefer not to use these generic names: Robert Mondavi markets an agreeable light-bodied Red Table Wine ($2.49), and Sterling Vineyards produces the distinctive dry red listed above. It's a wine with more character than its label suggests because it is made primarily from Cabernet Sauvignon grapes.

Jadot Beaujolais 1976 $3.98

One of the best recent vintages for Beaujolais is 1976. Just as the Beaujolais *nouveaux* are starting to fade, here's one of the first regular bottlings from a major shipper—charming, fruity, and delicious. Serve cool.

Sonoma Vineyards Petite Sirah 1973 $3.35

In the past, Petite Sirah was used primarily as a blending grape for California "Burgundy." Today many wineries are marketing the wine on its own as a varietal. This impressive example is a rich, full-bodied, mouth-filling wine. Inglenook Petite Sirah 1973 ($3.25), harder to find, is also very good.

Premiat Pinot Noir $1.99

This Rumanian wine doesn't taste much like Pinot Noir to me, but it's a good value as a well-balanced red wine and preferable, I think, to the rougher Premiat Cabernet Sauvignon.

Wildman Vineyards Private Reserve Claret 1973 $3.99

Many Bordeaux firms are no longer marketing a full range of regional wines—those labeled "Médoc," "St. Emilion," "St. Julien," and so on—and are focusing instead on a single proprietary brand. The dependable Mouton-Cadet ($3.99) is the best known; this new brand, from the Médoc, is a stylish wine with the typical tannic backbone of a well-made red Bordeaux.

Beaulieu Vineyard Beau Tour Cabernet Sauvignon 1973 $3.95

There are now more than 100 examples of California Cabernet Sauvignon, and until recently, many of the top producers, including Beaulieu Vineyard, used only Cabernet Sauvignon grapes in this wine. There is now a trend toward the use of the Merlot grape, as in Bordeaux, to soften the wine and add another dimension. Beau Tour contains 20 percent Merlot, and the result is a drinkable wine that is even more attractive in this vintage than the regular B.V. Cabernet Sauvignon, which costs $4.75.

Cuné Rioja Clarete $2.45

As a general rule, Riojas are aged in wood longer than most red wines, so that, once bottled, they are both drinkable and comparatively mature. I've always enjoyed this stylish and light-bodied Rioja, as well as the richer, fuller Rioja Vega of Bodegas Muerza ($2.69).

White Wines

Mâcon-Lugny Les Charmes 1975 **$2.99**
Pouilly-Fuissé and Chablis are less expensive than they were two years ago, but the Mâcon region, in southern Burgundy, still provides better value. This elegant, dry wine is one of the best examples of inexpensive white Burgundy. Jadot Mâcon Blanc-Villages 1975 ($3.98) is also very good.

The Christian Brothers Napa Fumé **$3.15**
The Sauvignon Blanc grape, used in Bordeaux and along the Loire, never achieved popularity as a varietal wine in California until Robert Mondavi introduced a dry Sauvignon Blanc wine labeled "Fumé Blanc." The "Fumé" name caught on, and this is one of the best examples, as well as an excellent value, in a full-flavored and stylish dry white wine.

Inglenook Navalle Chablis **$1.99**
Although the inexpensive Navalle line is actually blended and bottled at Italian Swiss Colony, it includes a number of well-made wines, among them this agreeable Chablis. Not bone-dry, it makes an excellent all-purpose white wine.

Willm Cordon d'Alsace 1975 **$2.95**
This distinctive dry wine from Alsace has enough crisp acidity to give it a refreshing taste.

Robert Mondavi Chenin Blanc 1976 **$3.89**
Most of the wines from the Chenin Blanc grape are medium sweet—this attractive and appealing example is semidry, with some definition and fruit. The 1976 of Mirassou ($3.99), a bit sweeter, is another good example.

Paul Masson Emerald Dry **$2.39**
This is a delicate, fragrant, slightly sweet, and very appealing light-bodied wine. Gold Seal Chablis ($2.19) is similar in style, with a distinctive touch of grapiness.

Stores

Retail stores that stock at least six of these wines include *Astor Wines & Spirits,* 12 Astor Place (OR 4-7500); *Quality House,* 2 Park Avenue at 32nd Street (LE 2-2944); *Morrell & Company,* 307 East 53rd Street (688-9370); *Sherry-Lehmann, Inc.,* 679 Madison Avenue at 61st Street (TE 8-7500); *Chevalier Wine Cellar,* 235 East 69th Street (LE 5-5400); and *Acker, Merrall & Condit Company,* 2373 Broadway at 86th Street (SU 7-1700).

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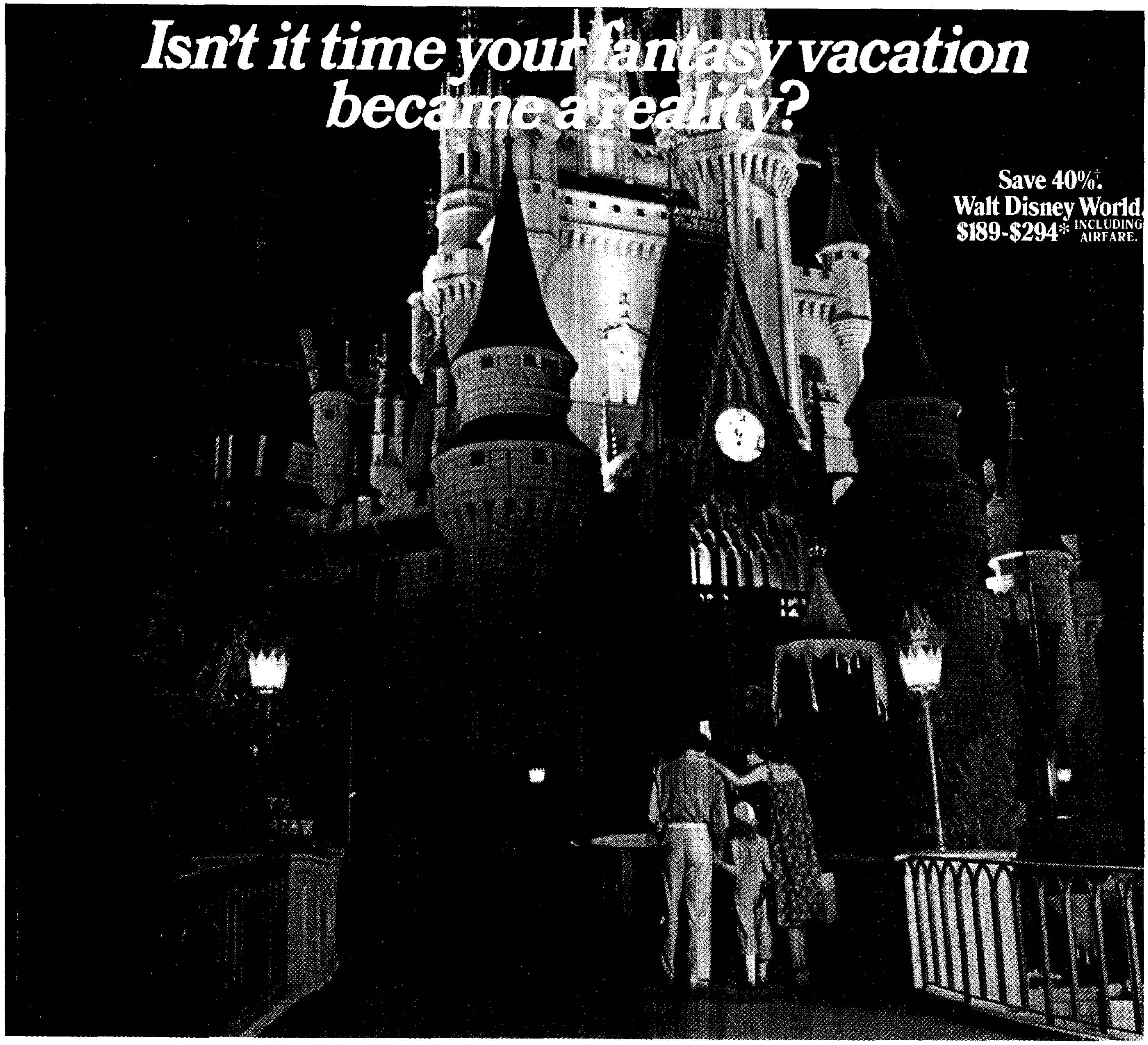
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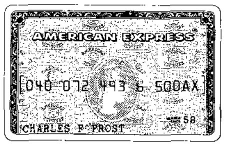

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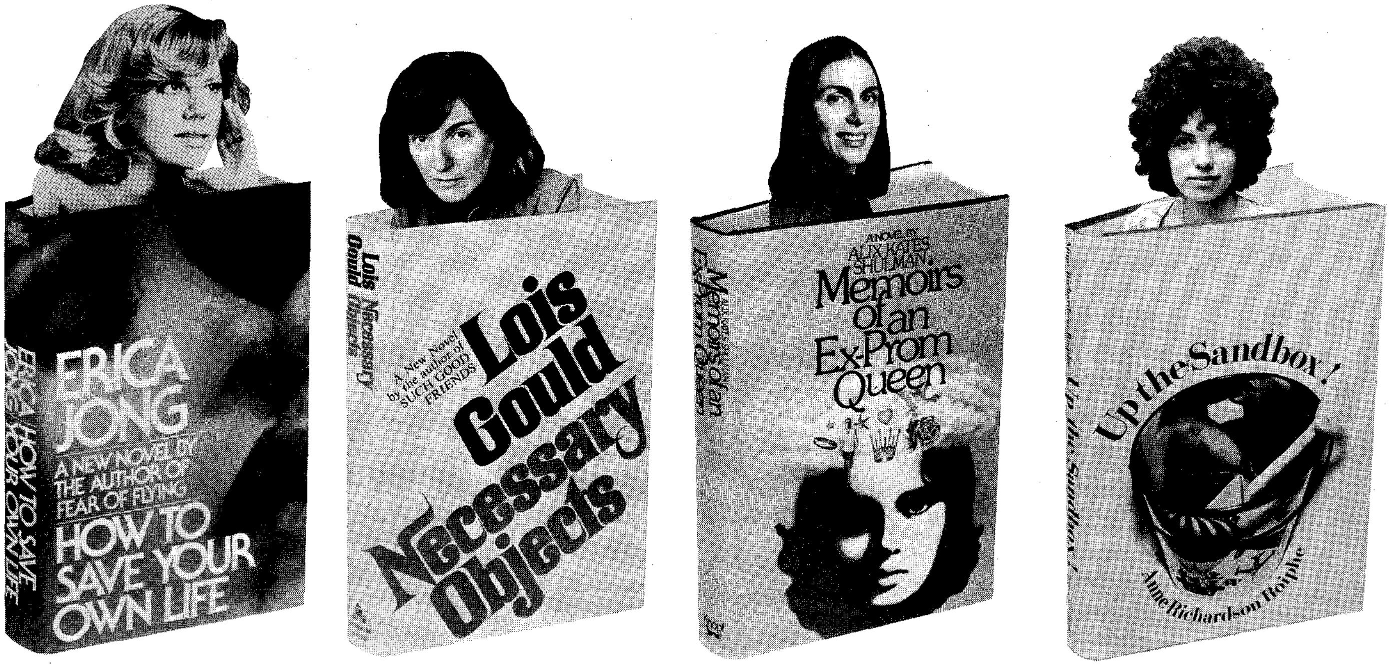
ERICA JONG
A NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF FEAR OF FLYING
HOW TO SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE
ERICA JONG HOW TO SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE
Lois Gould
A New Novel by the author of SUCH GOOD FRIENDS
Necessary Objects
Lois Gould Necessary Objects
A NOVEL BY ALIX KATES SHULMAN
Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen
Up the Sandbox!
Anne Richardson Roiphe

Kiss, Kiss, Kvetch, Kvetch: What's Ailing the New Belles of Letters

By Elin Schoen

> "...Our heroine is frustrated right down to her Gucci'd toes. She thinks she invented angst, anorexia nervosa, and insomnia..."

There is this woman. She is somewhere in her middle thirties and lives somewhere in Manhattan's uppers—East or West Side. She is Jewish and married to a doctor–lawyer–art director. Together, they have produced approximately two offspring, who mewl and puke and have to go to the zoo a lot, as children will. They keep the woman from her appointed rounds of Bloomingdale's. They, and the burdens of making do on the husband's approximately $75,000 income, keep the woman from being a Great Writer, Great Revolutionary, or Great Whatever, and she is frustrated right down to her Gucci'd toes. She thinks she invented vertigo, angst, anorexia nervosa, insomnia, chain-smoking, and masturbation. She has been the star of 48 novels and major-motion-pictures-based-on-the-novels within the last ten years.

Okay, I exaggerate. But then so did the ad pushing Sue Kaufman's *Falling Bodies.* I clipped and saved the ad, since I'm a compulsive student of hyperbolic copy (a recent case in point being the work of the Bubble Yum defense team). This is what it said: "O'Hara had his Gibbsville, Faulkner his Yoknapatawpha . . . now Sue Kaufman enters a serious bid as novelist laureate among the ultra-strivers, Manhattan division." I want to say right up front that I am a fan of Sue Kaufman's. However. Faulkner invented

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A frequent contributor to New York Magazine, *Elin Schoen is writing a nonfiction book about Brooklyn, Illinois.*

PHOTO CREDITS: JILL KREMENTZ, MARTIN SHULMAN, MARY LLOYD ESTRIN, RICHARD BROWN

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Yoknapatawpha County. O'Hara invented Gibbsville. Kaufman did not invent Manhattan. Also, Faulkner and O'Hara peopled their based-on-real-life locales with distinct and unforgettable characters. But we have met Emma, of *Falling Bodies*, before. It was Sue Kaufman, in fact, who made her a star. The year was 1967. The book was *Diary of a Mad Housewife*. The Jewish American Woman's Novel (JAWN) was born.

I loved *Diary of a Mad Housewife*. I identified like crazy with Tina Balser, the lawfully wedded victim of Jonathan Balser, Esquire, and also the victim of two spoiled brats, an often sick-at-home maid, and a sadistic lover-outlet. Lots of other people loved *Diary* too. Finally, at last, someone had spoken up for the Jewish Princess, the perennial little girl watching her sand castle crumble because Life Is Unfair, and married (with apologies to Judith Viorst) *isn't* better. And I identified because I knew that I too could become Tina Balser if I didn't watch it.

I watched it. I also watched a whole genre of books developing in Tina's wake. Tina split like an amoeba. She got taller, shorter, younger, older, bustier, braver, divorced, rewed, more and less married, smarter, dumber, sicker, fatter, brunet . . . but she never grew up. And so we have "this woman," the new belle of letters (Manhattan division), heroine of book after book written in the Kaufman tradition by Lois Gould, Anne Roiphe, Erica Jong, Alix Kates Shulman, the late Johanna Davis, and Kaufman herself.

You can tell such a book by its cover. It always looks very promising: "Bright, brittle, and witty, tender, and bitchy." "The most entertaining and intimately insightful novel about a woman that you have ever read." "A woman can read it with the keen pleasure and astonishment that comes from seeing what one believed were her own private thoughts and experiences on paper. . . ." (Reader identification is a major selling point.) The cover of *Necessary Objects* (Lois Gould) proclaims: "Brilliant bitchiness. . . . She is even better than Joan Didion." Johanna Davis's *Life Signs*, judging from its cover, is "bound to be compared with Lois Gould and Joan Didion." (Joan Didion is a major selling point.)

Although the jacket hype would lead you to believe that everybody's reading them—jacket hype tends to do that—no Jewish American Woman's Novel has ever cracked the *Publishers Weekly* annual best-seller roundup. *Diary of a Mad Housewife, Up the Sandbox!*, and *Such Good Friends* sold well (although their respective publishers wouldn't tell me how well).

Paddy Jubilantly Opens The 2nd Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition

And this year Murphy's demands equal rhyme!

A.D. 1976 was the year of the American Bicentennial, the Viking probe of Mars and the First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Of these three historic successes, only the Competition will be repeated in 1977. And this year the makers of Murphy's Irish Whiskey have asked that their brand of "Gaelic Gold" be eligible for versification, as well as Paddy's. In the spirit of enlarging the scope of poetic inspiration, Paddy welcomes Murphy as a co-sponsor of the 2nd Annual Irish Whiskey Competition.

To enter, simply compose a verse alluding to either Paddy or Murphy's Irish Whiskey. You may use the Official Entry Blank provided or expand your horizons to separate paper. The form of verse may be as light as a limerick or as solemn as a sonnet, depending on your muse.

The Spirit Of The Irish Poet

More important than verse form, we suggest, will be the atmosphere you improvise to stoke your creative fires.

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PADDY
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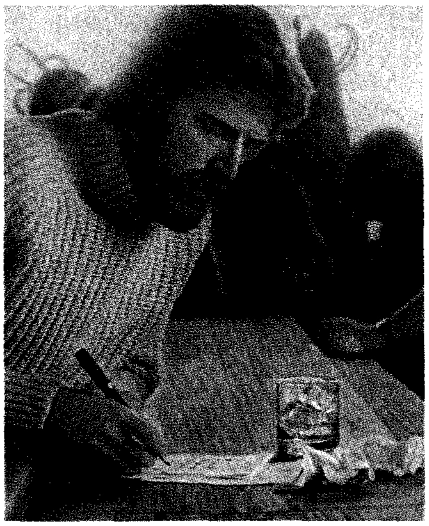
Paddy and Murphy say this: If there's poetry in your soul, we'll bring it out.

Imagine you are an Irish poet, living his adventurous life and penning his lusty lines. On the table before you is a glass of liquid glory (Paddy Irish Whiskey) or earthy ambrosia (Murphy's).

As you write, you sip your "Irish," earliest and greatest of all whiskeys dating back to the 6th Century. You pause to ponder the great names that have celebrated this same distilled essence:



Portrait of an Irish poet: "One man with a dream at pleasure —Shall go forth and conquer a crown." A. O'Shaughnessy

Sean O'Casey, James Joyce, Brendan Behan...Humbly you compose your own tribute to Paddy or Murphy's.

Fame Rather Than Fortune

For this Second Annual Competition, the makers of Paddy and Murphy's will continue to offer a semblance of notoriety in lieu of crass financial reward. (Poets, after all, have always found fame before fortune.) If you are a finalist, your name and poetry will appear, with your consent, in an advertisement for Paddy or Murphy's.

From among the five finalists, a board of judges will select the 2nd Annual Winner of the Competition. If this be you, prepare for veritable Immortality. Your name will be engraved forever on the Silver Loving Cup commemorating the Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. And you will appear, proudly holding the cup, in our End-Of-The-Competition ad. Every entrant will receive a certificate designating the bearer as Honorary Irish Poet.

Since you won't be celebrating the Bicentennial this year, nor witnessing a voyage to Mars, we urge you to attack the ramparts of the 2nd Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Familiarize yourself with The Official Subject Matter (Paddy and Murphy's), and glorify the space below with your Precious Blarney.

PADDY IRISH WHISKEY **Murphy's** IRISH WHISKEY

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Write entry in the space below, or on separate paper if you prefer. Contest is open *to all readers of this magazine except employees or their families of Austin,* Nichols & Co., its affiliated companies and their advertising agencies. Five finalists will be chosen at the rate of one per month until closing date of contest: Sept. 30, 1977. Austin, Nichols & Co., will appoint judges. Decision of judges is final. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in home state. Void where prohibited.

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Mail to: Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition, Austin Nichols & Co.,
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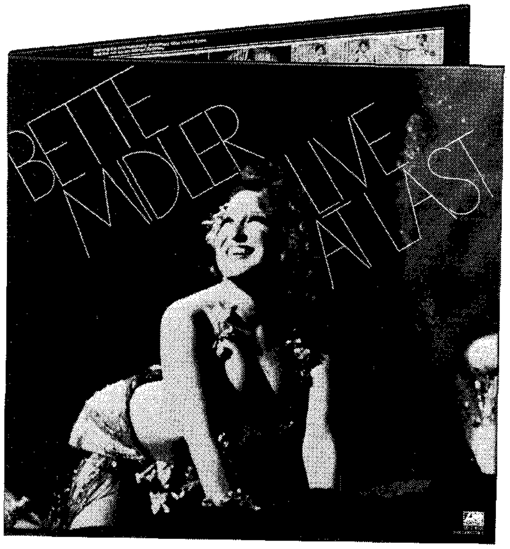

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ATLANTIC

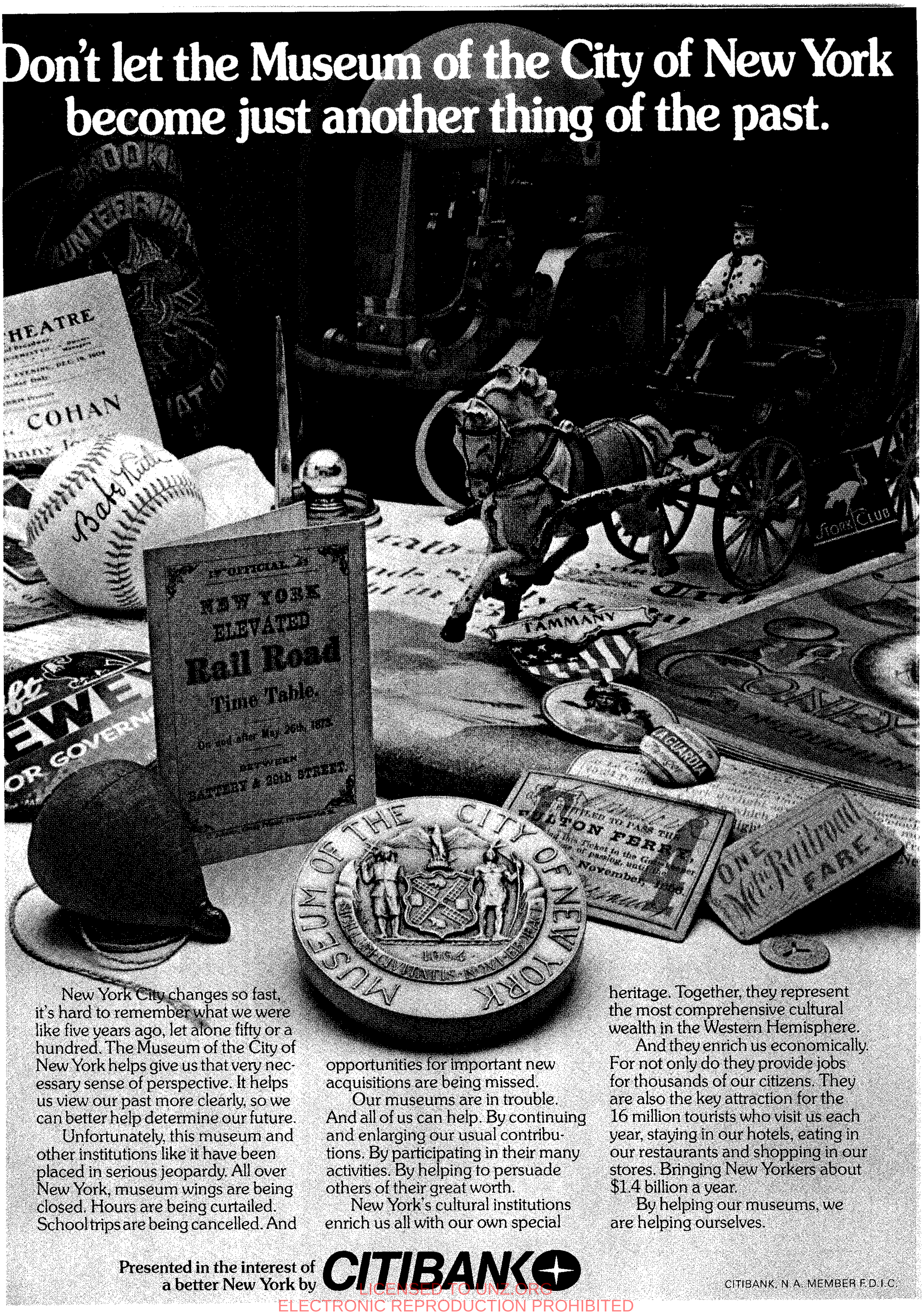
Fear of Flying topped 100,000 in hardcover and went way over 6 million in paperback in the United States alone. But it didn't "take off," as Holt, Rinehart and Winston people like to put it, until the paperback edition came out —too late, apparently, for *PW*'s 1973 tally. *How to Save Your Own Life* (or "Fear of Flying II" or "Isadora Wing Goes to Hollywood"), now in its seventh week on the New York *Times* best-seller list, has already outsold the hardcover *Fear of Flying.* Isadora Wing may be the first incarnation of Tina Balser to catch up with Scarlett O'Hara.

Actually, our collective heroine does have something in common with Scarlett O'Hara besides bitchiness, brilliant or otherwise. She too has man problems. Or men problems. Unlike Scarlett, however, that's all she has—or, at least, that's all we know she has because it is her preoccupation with herself, her man (men), and the psychological and physical couplings and grapplings thereof that make these books what they are—the *Cosmopolitan* girls of fiction. Group therapy in print.

In *Gone With the Wind,* there is the Civil War; Atlanta burns, and tomorrow is another day. In the Jewish American Woman's Novel, the war is conducted inside the heroine's head; the fire is in her loins (or thereabouts); and yesterday is the subplot—if what takes place between the covers can be called a plot. Our heroine is mostly NATO (No Action, Talk Only), as the boys who used to make stabs at her virginity might have said. She leads an unusually cloistered existence. If she has friends, they are either of the she-wolf sort, plain zany, or preempted, like the rest of the outside world, by her all-consuming, megalomaniacal wallowing in the logistics of Being a Woman.

The JAWN is one long *Portia's Complaint*—not, in itself, a sin. But some readers *do* identify. In *How to Save Your Own Life,* the heroine, Isadora Wing, who has written a best-seller about Candida Wong, runs on at length about fans who expect her to solve their problems. And Erica Jong has let the world know, at every opportunity, how her mailbox overflows with cries for help. But anyone who really sees herself in the JAWN needs more help than a consolation note from Erica Jong. And the fact that we—the female reading public—are *expected* to identify with all this kvetching (so the covers burble) is actually insulting—because if you can get past the cover without throwing up (a favorite pastime of our heroine), this is what you'll find:

The Housewife-Manqué Syndrome: Our heroine is a housewife-and-mother.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Or a housewife-and-writer. Or she is any number of other things but would take the frying pan for the fire any old day (or she wouldn't, but feels guilty about it). In other words, a woman who has never read *Nobody Said You Had to Eat off the Floor.* Starting with Tina Balser: "I see burnt-out light bulbs . . . unwaxed floors. . . . A reminder of the one place where I really have cause for Guilt these days—the way I've let this place go." In *Final Analysis,* Lois Gould's stand-in, who goes by the name of "she" or "her," composes a whole treatise on how trying it is to write and keep your sheets clean at the same time. I say "Lois Gould's stand-in" only because said treatise appeared nearly verbatim in the April 14 "Home" section of the New York *Times* under Lois Gould's by-line. Cleaned up, of course. All mention of masturbation deleted. An appropriate place for it too, since the *Times* is the most-named publication in the JAWN. It crops up four times in the first 49 pages of Anne Roiphe's *Up the Sandbox!* alone, and even serves to underline the heroine's slovenliness: Her visiting mother covers a chair with the *Times* before sitting down.

Recurrent References Aside From the New York "Times": Alice in Wonderland, the Wizard of Oz, Sarah Lawrence, and Freud.

Bloomingdale's: Referred to so frequently that I began to think about writing a novel that takes place in Saks. Finally, Erica Jong explained why, in *How to Save Your Own Life.* Bloomingdale's, it seems, is a sex substitute. If all those charge-card-wielding women had lovers like she does, they wouldn't need lip gloss.

Food: Another sex substitute. (I sort of suspected this myself.) "Food equals love," said Julie Messinger, of *Such Good Friends* (Gould). "Maybe that really was why I went on what Rosenfeld called my sexual binge the summer before we got married. Stuffing myself with men instead of jelly doughnuts." Isadora Wing stuffs herself with food *and* men simultaneously (in threesomes involving her, the man, and either orange segments, apple butter, or barbecue sauce). For her, food and sex go together like, well, love and marriage: "Even if you loved your husband, there came that inevitable year when f-----g him turned as bland as Velveeta cheese. . . . And you longed for an overripe Camembert. . . ." All of which is great fun and very earthy. But by the end of *How to Save Your Own Life,* Isadora has sunk to comparing her palpitating genitals with the interior of the avocado she's been peeling, which is, to borrow a phrase from *Necessary Objects,* "yucky."

> "...The analyst is basically a literary device to indicate that our heroine happens to have problems (in case we hadn't noticed)..."

Joan of Arc: She is mentioned nearly as often as Bloomingdale's is. Our heroine knows another martyr when she sees one.

Menstruation: "Joan of Arc never got the curse; why do I have to?" (*Necessary Objects*). But she does. And when our heroine is not having it, she's thinking about it. It has religious significance: In *Torch Song* (Roiphe), she gets "the curse" in the synagogue, where women have to sit upstairs. Instantly, she fantasizes herself bleeding all over the Torah (reparation for 2,000 years of talmudic chauvinism?). "The curse" has sexual significance: If a man will make love with you during that time of the month, he must really love you (see Roiphe's *Long Division*, and *How to Save Your Own Life*). And it has nostalgic value (see *Such Good Friends* for the First Tampax Insertion and *Memoirs of an Ex–Prom Queen*, by Alix Kates Shulman, for Her First Sanitary Napkin).

Further on Nostalgia: We get no end of telltale trauma dredged up from our heroine's youth. These traumas Made Her What She Is Today and, along with men, Kept Her From Being What She Could Have Been. Tina calls them "Humiliating Moments and Wicked Deeds . . . the time I wet my pants in first grade; the time I stole a manicure set from the 5 & 10 and the manager collared me; the time I forgot my part in the Thanksgiving Pageant and was led, sobbing, from the stage; the time I was caught with a pony translation copied into my Virgil." In *Up the Sandbox!*, "I felt . . . my adult, womanly, maternal self dissolve before a cloud of childhood guilt, of vases broken, milk spilt at the table, arithmetic homework not handed in . . . grape juice stains on party dresses. . . ."

And these flashbacks crop up at the damnedest times. In the middle of Julie Messinger's fantasy about her husband giving his good friend Timmy a guided tour of her body, Timmy puts his shoes on her off-white bedspread. "My mother would have died," she informs us. Our heroine learned her place in life early on: "Just as the Cortney kids wouldn't play with me because I was a Jew, the boys wouldn't play with me because I was a girl" (*Memoirs of an Ex–Prom Queen*). Thanks to all this nostalgia, we understand that she might as well be wearing a button saying, "Kick me, I'm Jewish. And a woman."

The Sardonic Wit: This has kept all us Jews afloat since the year one. For example, Julie Messinger has to phone potential blood donors for her decerebrating husband. "What does Amy Vanderbilt say about asking all your friends over for a pint of blood?" she wonders. Harry Golden couldn't have done better. Our heroine not only thinks more cleverly than most people. She talks that way too. In *Life Signs*, she thinks she sees her husband kissing another woman and compares herself to "the Titanic, going down on her maiden voyage." There would be nothing sym-

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bolic about my thoughts on such an occasion.

At one point in *How to Save Your Own Life*, though, the Sardonic Wit fails Isadora. "Though Candida would have had an immediate snappy comeback," she says, "I was tongue-tied." (Candida is the character in the novel who makes Isadora famous, even as Isadora made the real Erica Jong famous.) Coincidentally, the real Erica Jong says of Isadora in a *Publishers Weekly* interview: "She has the snappy comeback. I only think of one hours later." See, novelists have an advantage over us real-life people. They can sit there for hours concocting the "comeback" so it's "snappy." This is called art improving on life. It is also one of the many reasons why our heroine is a caricature, not a character, and why we can't distinguish her from book to book, the way we can tell Zuleika Dobson, for instance, from Emma Bovary.

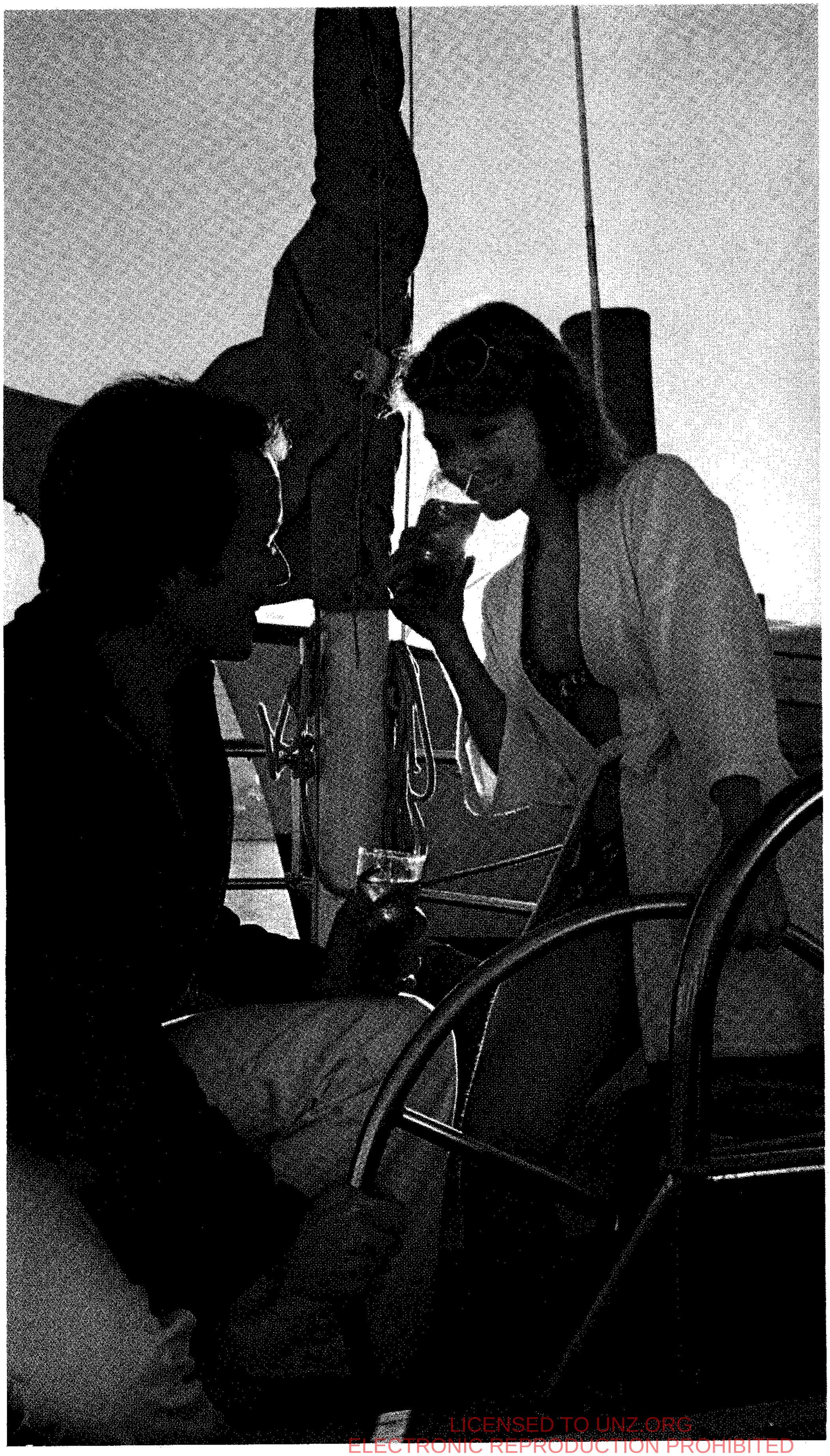
Name-Brand-Dropping: J. D. Salinger opened a new frontier for writers when he spent a whole page listing the contents of Mrs. Glass's medicine cabinet. The JAWN makes ample use of this technique. Tina lists both the exotic foods her husband requires her to bring him when he's sick, and the contents of his wardrobe. In *Falling Bodies*, the drug and health-food products in the husband's drawer are brand-named. The grocery list in *Up the Sandbox!* includes Ajax and Mr. Clean. Elsewhere in the JAWN, names are simply dropped here and there, as in: "He'd have a visible hard-on under his best Meledandri plaid slacks" (*Such Good Friends*). When they open the time capsules a thousand years from now, such documentation should prove invaluable.

The Playful Wordiness: As in Julie Messinger's "well-tempered clitoris"—*and* the "Well-Tempered Penis" of *How to Save Your Own Life*, in which we also find "the mouth that roared."

The Mouth That Roared: Tina Balser once uttered "a few obscenities I hadn't even known I knew," and once called her husband "you sadistic prick." Her descendants, however, seem determined to prove, if nothing else, that Jewish girls aren't so nice after all. They talk dirty and think dirtier. The word *f--k* is a liberating force. "Hey, we can say it too!" It is in the works of Erica Jong that locker-room envy really peaks. Scarcely a page goes by that rain doesn't "piss" down or feminine-hygiene sprays don't get an improper name or somebody doesn't let loose with body language (audible). Earthy. Real earthy.

The Superior Intelligence of Our Heroine: Not only is she quick to pick up street talk. She is also college edu-

CAMPARI INSTEAD.



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> "...The JAWN premise is that a woman without a man, even a sadistic man, is nothing..."

cated, which enables her to say things like, "*Ma semblable, ma soeur,*" as Tina Balser does upon encountering a blueprint of herself. Or, in *Up the Sandbox!:* "And so . . . when I touch [the baby], and wipe . . . the b.m. from his bottom, I make life again each day, like Penelope weaving a shroud. . . ." And, in *Life Signs:* "Her child, a quattrocento fresco cherub . . ." And, from *Long Division:* "Like the French Romantics of the eighteenth century, I was suffering from a noble-savage syndrome. . . ." And, in *Such Good Friends:* "There goes your fearful symmetry again, tiger." Our heroine seems especially stuck on "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and *The Sun Also Rises.*

Unfortunately, the pursuit of happiness (read "men") has usurped her literary pursuits: "Where once I read poems of Baudelaire . . . now all I do is read Benjamin Spock . . ." (*Up the Sandbox!*). "The truth was, years had passed since I had read a book" (*Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen*). "And then, inevitably, Alec. One class . . . and the poetry she'd set off to write got lost in the actual, physical shuffle of her heart" (*Life Signs*). "Helas," as our lady of *Life Signs* once said of her Greek analyst.

The Analyst: An important supporting character, usually not very supportive. Sometimes, he is actually in cahoots with Men and Mother to Keep Her From Being What She Could Have Been. In *Final Analysis,* he *is* her man, so her consciousness-raising group takes the customary role of the Analyst. *Fear of Flying* opens with 117 analysts, one of them Isadora's husband, en route to Vienna. The Analyst is basically a literary device to indicate that our heroine has problems (in case we hadn't noticed).

Valley-of-the-Dolls Stuff: Dexamyl, Equanil, Equanil-and-vodka, Nembutal, Seconal, Valiums . . . Another device for showing There Are Problems.

The Problem: Life with men. On the other hand, she can't live without men. As Sasha, of *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen,* puts it: "I had never been able to pull a bye-bye without having a big hello ready for the next guy." And, from *Up the Sandbox!:* "I am not able to sleep alone. I wait by the window." Earthy Isadora sums it up: "I seem to live inside my own c - - t." The hang-up is made even more debilitating, since the men tend to be losers, wimps, sadists, or otherwise unworthy of our heroine. At least it appears that way, since we're usually seeing them through her eyes. Then, too, the male characters tend to have all the substance of paper dolls. (Another interesting literary device: He is even more of a caricature than she is, which makes her seem almost real and sympathetic by comparison.) His annoying little habits, such as cheating or getting impotent on her-of-all-people, are useful in demonstrating her amazing ability to blame herself for everything and sink farther into her own angst, *Weltschmerz,* and so forth, so that his problems are always subservient to hers (although she remains subservient to her need for men). In the JAWN, the male of the species is really put in his place—in our heroine's bed.

The Lesbian Scene: In *Necessary Objects, Such Good Friends, A Sea-Change* (Gould), and *How to Save Your Own Life,* our heroine finds out that a woman is not a man substitute.

Masturbation: Sometimes a Seconal or Valium substitute. It is more fun if the lousy, rotten husband/lover who has the nerve not to ravage our heroine as often and/or as artistically as she would like is lying in bed next to her. It proves to both of them that he is irrelevant.

The Phobias: In *Up the Sandbox!,* fantasies constitute about two thirds of our heroine's life and include a run-in with a hermaphroditic Fidel Castro. Back in 1967, before the fact of female fantasies had been revealed to the public, Tina Balser had to make do with mere phobias (mainly pyro-, hypso-, and vertigo). But the Phobia is not extinct. In *How to Save Your Own Life,* although Isadora gets over fear of flying, we find fear of hotel rooms, fear of falling, and fear of aging (see also *A Sea-Change, Final Analysis,* and *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen* for the latter). Then there's fear of perspiration stains, getting fat, upper-lip fuzz, unsightly hairs elsewhere, pimples, halitosis, assorted other body odors, and Nazis.

In *Long Division,* our heroine has only to see a cop to think "Gestapo." In *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen, Fear of Flying,* and *Torch Song,* she accompanies her husband to Germany. Germany is a literary device which permits her to indulge in full-fledged Nazi-phobia, which, in turn, is a literary device informing the reader of her persecution complex and her masochism (in case we hadn't noticed).

Roots: As in "Orthodox" and "Reform" masochism (*Final Analysis*). Our heroine may not know where she's going, but she never forgets from whence she came. In *Long Division*, she's a "wandering Jewess," gazing upon "land as flat as Passover matzohs," forever likening herself to "Ruth amid the alien corn." In *Final Analysis*, the grocery bag breaks, "leaking blood from the lamb. Possibly the Angel of Death would pass over this night and spare his firstborn." Which might remind the reader of *Up the Sandbox!*: "If only I could convince myself the Angel of the Lord, recognizing hidden virtues, has smeared the lamb's blood on my doorfront, and my family will be exempt from plagues of every conceivable variety."

In *Life Signs*, "The eight month fetus possessed her body like a dybbuk," and, in *Torch Song*, "A dybbuk took over my larynx. . . ." *Fear of Flying*'s "Why should this night be different from any other night" gives way to "What made last weekend different from all other weekends?" in *How to Save Your Own Life*. "The rubber *yarmulke* of the diaphragm" in *Fear of Flying* shows up in *Long Division*, where our heroine dreams of removing her diaphragm. A little boy comes along and puts it on his head like a yarmulke. "Why should little boys get yarmulkes and girls be without any special distinction?" she wonders.

The Diaphragm: A yarmulke substitute. It is conjured up more than Joan of Arc and Bloomingdale's combined, even on an Ohio skyline in *Long Division* ("A large blue and white sign told us Ortho products, contraceptive jellies and creams, were the local produce"). Why the diaphragm and not loops or the Pill? It gives our heroine something to do with herself. Also, the act of taking the Pill does not lead directly and inevitably to a sex scene. The diaphragm: a literary device.

Ironically, it is in two of the most recent JAWN's that masochism, instead of merely rumbling beneath the slick surface, becomes an important supporting character. In *Torch Song* (Roiphe), our heroine's childhood enemas (and Roiphe spares us no details), administered by a tough nurse (German, naturally), lead to her spending 99 percent of the text married to a psychotic whose sexual satisfaction comes from humiliating her or any other cooperative woman (and Roiphe spares us no details). She ends up married to a normal man—only after the psychotic leaves *her.*

A Sea-Change (Gould) begins with the victim incarnate: Jessie Waterman (get it?) tied up by a black gunman ("B.G.," for short), who becomes the male-dominant object of her erotic life forever after. This book not only perpetuates the stereotype of woman-as-victim, it adds the stereotype of black-man-as-stud, which, in light of the real black men who are still victims of this image, is rather insensitive.

These two books are the raw epitome of the JAWN premise that a woman without a man, even a pain-inflicting one, is . . . a nothing. In *Final Analysis*, "she" manages to isolate herself to write a book (and kick dexies too), but she's got her man in the happy ending (implication: Without one, no ending could be happy).

And so, the more Tina changes, the more she remains the same. Reading about her is, finally, like listening to a friend unravel her love life down to the last orgasm. One of our heroine's many phobias has become a fact: Tina Balser has become a bore. ■

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". . . a ravishing musical . . . [Sondheim's] cleverness, skill and daring have never been accorded the warmth of expression given them by these smiling performers."

DOUGLAS WATT, *Daily News*

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City Marshals: Big Dippers From the Public Trough

By Samantha McIntosh

"...The spoils system puts city marshals into business as entrepreneurs who perform judicial functions for private profit..."

Bernie Moses, a balding, middle-aged Brooklyn resident has a high school diploma, a gun permit for his .38-caliber detective special, and a modest overcrowded office at 66 Court Street, Brooklyn. His business is booming. As a political appointee, he reported a gross income last year of more than half a million dollars. Moses derived the bulk of his $506,208 gross earnings from income executions and property executions. He holds what has long been considered the most lucrative patronage job in the five boroughs. He is a city marshal.

Marshals' duties are varied, their powers are extensive, most are armed. A day's work might include a morning in the South Bronx evicting a family from a tenement housing project; a midtown stop at a Citibank branch serving a bank officer with a property execution to levy upon a customer's checking account; and an afternoon in SoHo breaking and entering a loft to rip out a gas meter for Con Ed.

In theory, city marshals are enforcement officers of the civil court. They are appointed by the mayor for six-year terms and are empowered to collect judgments, repossess property, attach wages, and evict tenants. In practice, the spoils system puts them into business as private entrepreneurs who perform judicial functions for personal profit.

Well over half of the marshals earn more than the $42,451 salaries of the civil-court justices whose orders they execute. A marshal's gross depends on function—and his connections to powerful private attorneys and corporations in the city. If he is collecting money, a marshal takes both a fee for the deed plus a 5 percent bounty—called "poundage"—of the sum collected. For other duties, like eviction or confiscating gas and electric meters, he receives flat fees.

According to statistics supplied by the New York City Department of Investigation, more than half of all marshals earned over $60,000 in 1975. Seven reported gross incomes of over $200,000. But these figures tell only part of the story. Andrew Odell, a bright young attorney who is director of the Marshals Bureau at the Department of Investigation, revealed that "there have been instances when funds received have not been recorded properly in marshals' books and records." It is unknown how many of these accounting errors are means of tax avoidance rather than mere oversights. The city collects a 2.75 percent levy on marshals' gross incomes plus—after their first year in office—an annual $1,500 fee per marshal to cover the cost of their supervision.

In defense of their six-figure gross incomes, marshals cite the high costs of maintaining offices and large staffs. The number of personnel they employ ranges from 1 to 25. Paid vacations, insurance coverage, and pension plans that are awarded most municipal employees are—for marshals—out-of-pocket expenses. Their only real city benefit is the courtesy extended them by the Parking Violations Bureau, which fixes their tickets.

Marshal jobs are prized positions which require minimal qualifications. To be eligible to wear a badge and collect judgments of up to $10,000, an applicant need only be a city resident over age 21. Of all marshals appointed since 1970, six had no more than a grammar-school education. Less than a fifth had graduated from college. No experience with civil-court procedure is required. Former occupations of appointees run the gamut from stockholder to baker. One marshal, Joseph Spadaro, holds the most interesting if not the most appropriate credentials. Formerly president of a funeral home, he has a high school education plus a year in embalming school.

Political clout seems a prerequisite. The present cast of marshals includes Assemblyman Louis DeSalvio's son, John; former District Leader Humberto Aponte; and current District Leader Harold Warnitsky.

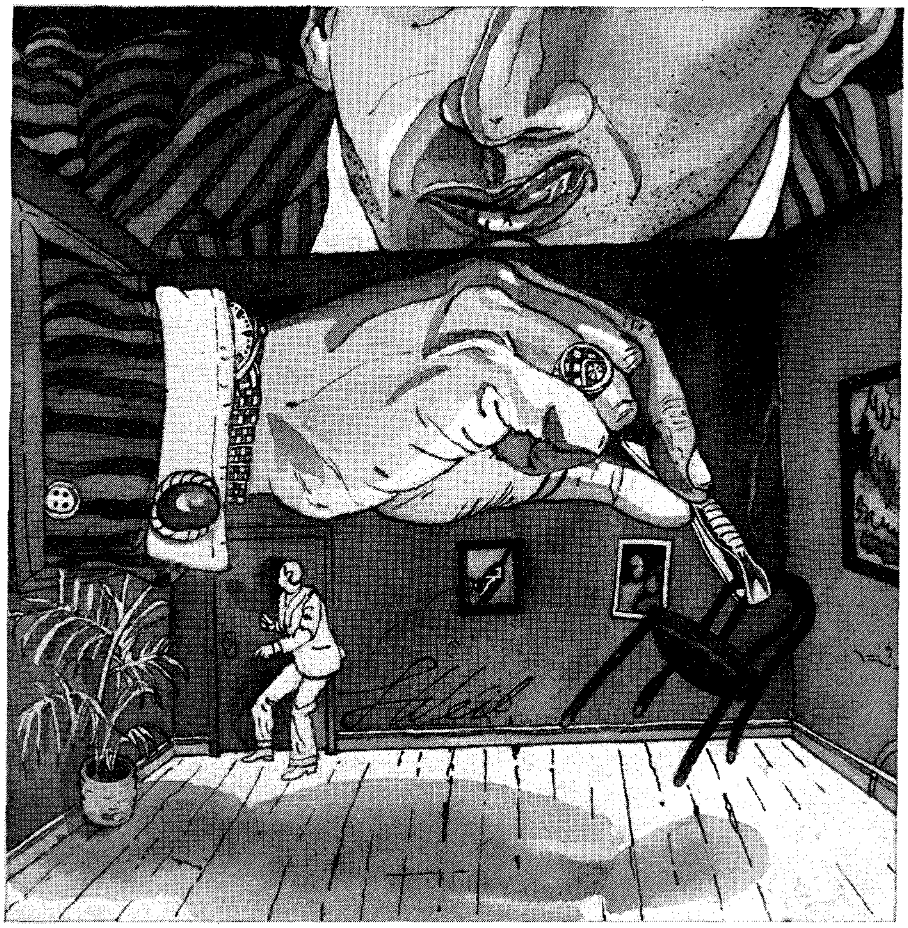
The bloodlines are as thick as the political connections; jobs are tightly held within a family. The post has been held by both father and son, Jacob and Donald Ribotsky, for over eighteen years. The badge has even been passed from husband to wife. Patricia Grillo is serving out the term of her late husband, Vito, who was Lindsay's chauffeur in 1971. Kenneth Brand, president of the Marshals Association, handles accounts held by his father-in-law, Marshal Leo P. Marx, who spends much of the year in Florida.

For some marshals, the six-year term established by the New York City Civil Court Act has become a lifetime career. Max Grabel has held the position through reappointment since 1936: Over his 41 years in office, Grabel has acquired a sizable clientele and a computerized account system—a sophisticated and lucrative operation from which he derived a gross income of $259,604 in 1976.

Although the Civil Court Act permits a maximum force of 83 marshals, there are now only 68 in service. In addition to these fifteen openings, there are 25 marshals whose terms will expire this year. By filling vacancies and making reappointments, Beame may well win political allies for re-election; he will also prolong an archaic system of patronage and abuse.

Senator Roy Goodman (R.-L.), rep-

Free-lance writer Samantha McIntosh was evicted by a city marshal two years ago.



resentative of the East Side's "silk stocking" district and advocate of tenants' rights, has been a longtime critic of the city marshals. Goodman states, "The fee system and its attendant profit motive make it advantageous for the marshal to handle as many cases as he can, as quickly as he can, with the frequent result that small claims are shelved, legal requirements for service are ignored, and the rights of the individual are waived."

Others echo Goodman's charges that the system encourages marshals to collect only large money judgments because of the higher fees earned from their enforcement, while small-claims judgments won by small businessmen and consumers are often delayed. One marshal who does a big business in parking-ticket collections admitted that small-claims collections suffer not from negligence but from the lack of information supplied to marshals on the bank accounts, employer, and attachable property of the debtor.

Last year, 269 formal complaints concerning marshals' activities were filed with the Department of Investigation. Allegations of property lost or damaged during an eviction head the long list of grievances. Others include failure to serve the 72-hour notice advising the tenant of his eviction, improper service of an execution, and overcharging of fees.

The total disregard with which some marshals treat personal property during the moving process of an eviction is a common complaint. Sony color televisions have been reported to have metamorphosed into Philco black-and-white sets somewhere between evicted tenants' apartments and the Bureau of Encumbrances, where most possessions are stored 30 days before public auction. Last month I observed an international backgammon player, and recent evictee, reclaim his property. China had been heaved into packing cartons along with pots, pans, and shoes. One leg was missing from a torn corduroy couch. His Renaissance chair was broken; a $5,000 silk rug had been heaped in a filthy warehouse.

Steve Dobkin, a pensive, bearded attorney who reads Engels on housing, reported that in five years working at South Brooklyn Legal Services, he has never spoken with a tenant who has recovered valuables such as cameras, jewelry, or cash after an eviction. Dobkin charges, "Marshals run a cut-rate dispossession business. Their petitions are often hastily and incorrectly prepared by a secretary rather than by an attorney as the law requires. It is not even uncommon for marshals to charge landlords for moving fees when, in fact, an eviction has not occurred."

David Grottano, who does a lot of the eviction business in town, was recently suspended for two weeks for overbilling landlords in ten instances—for small amounts. Grottano, the youngest marshal, at 27, is a stocky, high-strung man on the move who packs a .38-caliber Colt Cobra and drives a silver Mark V Lincoln Continental to his evictions. He reported a gross income of about $90,000 for 1976 and claims to have evicted former Attorney General John Mitchell two years ago.

At a public hearing on April 27, Marshal Lester Kasper faced three disciplinary charges; among them was the allegation that he had overcharged landlords, or attorneys, or others for amounts in excess of $4,000. The Manhattan district attorney's office has required both full restitution of these funds and Kasper's resignation.

The city-marshal system dates back to a 1655 Dutch ordinance, which provided for enforcement officers to carry out the orders of the Colonial government. Currently, sheriffs and marshals perform similar functions. Marshals are restricted to enforcing civil-court judgments up to $10,000. Sheriffs, as officers of the Supreme Court, may also collect judgments for higher amounts. But as civil-service employees, sheriffs receive set salaries; their fees and poundage go directly to the city coffers.

The marshal system of the civil court has escaped efforts of reformers for over three decades. Attempts to end the system have failed nine times in the state legislature. This year, Senator Goodman has reintroduced a bill in the Senate which would abolish the marshals and transfer their duties to the sheriff's office.

Mayor Beame opposes Goodman's plan. Based on a study prepared at his direction by the Office of Management and Budget, the mayor claims that the transition would create a $200,000 annual deficit in the city treasury. New York City Sheriff Edward Pichler counters, saying that a net profit of a million dollars could be realized annually. Aside from any increased revenues which the city would receive, Pichler believes that "the practice of a fee officer operating anywhere in the state of New York should be eliminated. The concept of city marshals performing a government function for private profit cannot help but lead to abuse."

It is doubtful that without a flurry of public outrage the marshal system will change. It is too lucrative a business for politicians to abandon—especially in an election year. ■

Illustrated by Larry Weil

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

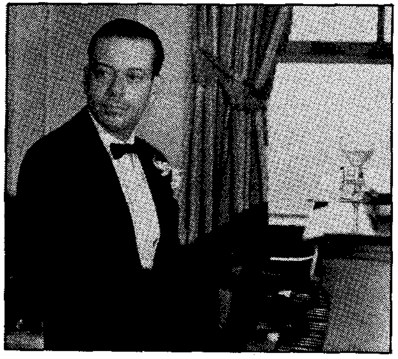
By Ellen Stern

STEVE PREZANT

Logomotive

Double your status, double their fame, with DVF/SFA (an initial print, interlocking the *F*'s), worn here by the princess herself and Charlotte Kramer, dress buyer at Saks for 35 years. The print celebrates the fifth anniversary of Diane von Furstenberg dresses at Saks, her first and biggest customer ($3.5 million a year and going up fast). The interlocking logo print itself, available in five styles ($72 to $138) and five colors, was selected from 50 versions presented by the fabric mill in Italy because it was "the least obvious." Oh. **—Priscilla Tucker**

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE/*Sport dress department/Third floor*


CULVER PICTURES

Old King Cole

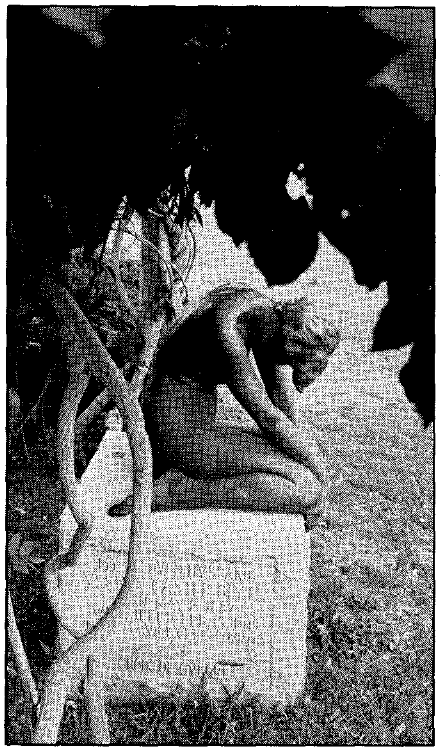
As dapper Donald Smith says: "It will be a nice change to see people on 45th Street in black and white instead of black and blue." Which is why his black-tie supper dance celebrating Cole Porter's eighty-sixth birthday is a dandy idea. A flurry of Porter friends and alumni—Julie N. McKenzie, Millicent Martin, Mabel Mercer, Gretchen Wyler, Erik Rhodes, Taina Elg—will be there to sing or not with pianists Steve Ross and Forrest Perrin.

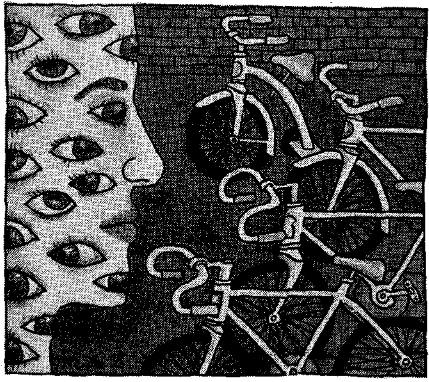
COLE PORTER SUPPER DANCE/*June 9 at 10 p.m./Backstage/318 West 45th Street/Reservations: 581-8447*

Tombstone Territory

The lecture will be given in the Woolworth Chapel, and rubbing kits will be sold ($3); then on to the graves themselves. "They'll be simple stones," says rubber baroness Cecily Barth Firestein. "It's not going to be much of a tour." That's okay. When the rubbings of Woodlawn's carvings are done, we can then wander off and visit the verdant quarters of Vernon Castle (his graceful memorial, at right, installed by Irene), Duke Ellington, Diana Barrymore, Fiorello LaGuardia, Victor Herbert, Herman Melville, Bat Masterson, Ralph Bunche, Joseph Pulitzer, and a glorious roll call of local merchants: F. W. Woolworth, Samuel H. Kress, Henry Westinghouse, Franklin Simon, J. C. Penney, and Rowland H. Macy, to name but a few.

WOODLAWN CEMETERY RUBBING TOUR
May 22 at 1 p.m. (rain date: June 5)
Meet at main gate, junction of Jerome and Bainbridge avenues, Bronx/For info: 881-8900




MARK ALAN STAMATY

As You Bike It

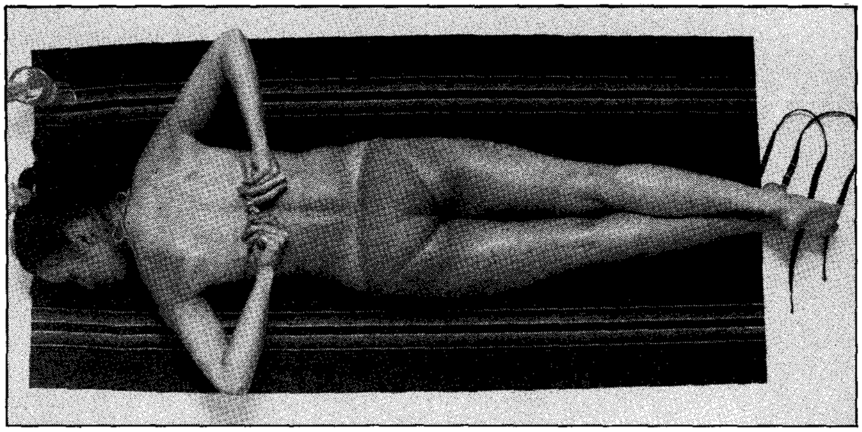
Maybe it's a trend, tearing down New York's beautiful buildings for bicycle parking lots. (It's better than tearing them down for car parking lots.) So far, there's one. It's on East 52nd, near lots of offices; it's open from 8:15 A.M. to 7 P.M., Monday through Friday; 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Saturday; it has an attendant with 800 eyes in his head; and its fee is 50 cents a day.

MIDTOWN BICYCLE PARKING
207 East 52nd Street

Small Talk

Next time you have to get in touch with George Appleyard, the actor and impersonator, just leave a message with his service. Same with John Marxuach, the model. They pay between $2.50 and $6.25 a month (depending on use). George is seven, John is two. They are the first two clients in Norma Lopez-Ortiz's answering service for children. Good grief.

RESPONSE ANSWERING SERVICE
316 Fifth Avenue/868-3370

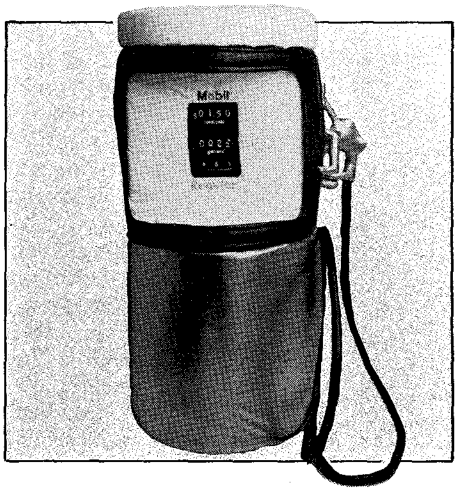


ARMEN KACHATURIAN

Sunny, Isn't It?

On tar paper, forget it; on cement, also forget it. But on the beach, that's where to spread Gene London's Sun Sheet (above). It's available in woven awning canvas or bleached. The pillow is stuffed with polyester fiber, which dries speedily, and the mat folds into a flat package ($29).

SUN SHEET/*Jenny B. Goode, Macy's, Bloomingdale's*



Pump for Joy

Michelle Clifton, who whipped up a silver-lamé garbage can last Christmas, is now responsible for this life-size pewter-lamé gas pump. It's filled with Dacron polyester—unleaded, we presume—and weighs about 25 pounds ($1,000). This, her soft-sculpture colored pencils; her life-size janitor's closet with soft-sculpture buckets, brooms, and sinks; and the slightly erotic soft sculptures by Lesley Goldberg are definitely worth a squeeze.

SOFT SCULPTURE SHOW/*May 24–June 11/Cordy Gallery/324 East 73rd Street/249-4791*

Two on the Ail

Several years ago, a bunch of us from *New York* went to Paris on a charter flight, and one of our number—the late, lamented Jerome Snyder—discovered an out-of-the-way bistro that became our home away from home. Before every dinner, the *patronne* wheeled up a cart with a dozen or so terrines of various homemade pâtés, left the cart at the table, and returned an hour later to scold us for not having eaten enough. My lips are sealed as to the name of the restaurant (it's still there), but I've been making and inventing pâtés ever since. Now, two very wise ladies named Maybelle Iribe and Barbara Wilder have put together a whole pâté book, and it runs a savory gamut from the most delicate fish concoction (including that miracle of creation known as salmon koulebiaka) to garlicky, rabbity affairs whose aroma will take off the top of your head. It's very up-to-date (Cuisinarts are permitted) and very loving.

For those still awed by haute-cuisinary techniques, Len Deighton (*The Ipcress File* man) has put together the most charming of basic-steps books, full of definitions and, better yet, clear, witty, and sensible drawings. Deighton has been doing these "cookstrips," as he calls them, in the London *Observer;* now they've been collected in a thin volume that, for once, opens flat. They should put an end to your fear of frying. **—Alan Rich**

PATES FOR KINGS AND COMMONERS/*By Maybelle Iribe and Barbara Wilder Hawthorn Books/$7.95*

OU EST LE GARLIC?/*By Len Deighton/Harper & Row/$6.95*

High Camp

"It's for anybody who's interested in understanding what to do when they get out there," says Doug Kreeger of Kreeger & Sons' special course in lightweight camping. It covers the techniques and skills used in backpacking, ski touring, and canoeing . . . skills such as buying the boots, setting up the tent, stalking the wild asparagus, reading the map, reading the compass, maintaining body temperature, surviving snakebites, etc. The $100 fee covers all this plus the gear itself plus a backpacking weekend in the Catskills in June. Classes start this very week.

KREEGER & SONS, LTD./*16 West 46th Street/575-7825/Classes start May 18*

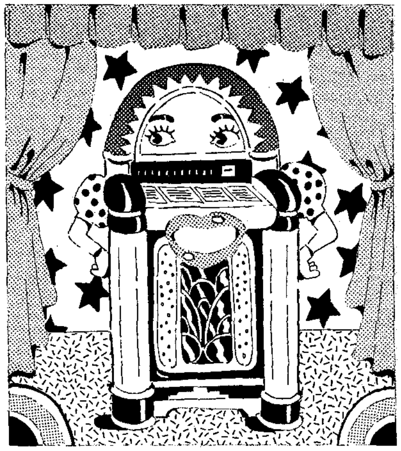
MARY ANNE SHEA

The Juke's on You

Lately we've learned all we need learn about Haley and Hayward and Little Orphan Annie. But about Bette Distler? Not a whit. So with wings on our heels, we'll scurry to SoHo, there to hear this New Jersey poet's recorded autobiography emanate from a 1949 Seeburg.

POETRY IN A JUKEBOX/*May 23 at 8 p.m. O.K. Harris Gallery/383 West Broadway*

SUSAN MARITA FAIOLA



NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

At IBM: Big Biz and Show Biz Don't Mix

At long last, hot news from inside the corporate world. Two intriguing developments at IBM have come to our attention. It seems that at a recent business meeting of some of the computer giant's top executives (the Golden Circle) in Bermuda, part of the program included several foreign-policy panel discussions complete with outside "experts." The sessions, supposedly intended to improve the executives' minds, starred Henry Kissinger (of course), and featured a contingent of Washington journalists including Marvin and Bernard Kalb, Elizabeth Drew, Carl Rowan, Joseph Kraft, and Marilyn Berger. The sessions were moderated by Lawrence Spivak (of course), of *Meet the Press* fame. We wondered about the panelists' remuneration, so we called IBM, only to learn that it was a private business meeting and that compensation was a private business arrangement. Further, a nice spokesman said he could not confirm the names of the participants without their permission. Undaunted, we then called a couple of the participants. "Tell *New York* Magazine it's none of their damn business what I earn," an angry Carl Rowan responded. However, our intrepid digging turned up the fact that all expenses (transportation, hotel) of the "experts" were taken care of by IBM. And on top of that, the panelists were paid fees ranging from $2,500 to $5,000, depending on how many sessions they were involved in. Henry was paid a reported $10,000.

Michaels: Says no to IBM requests.

Rowan: Says yes to all expenses paid by IBM.

Spivak, who acknowledged that he was paid, said there was no attempt "at all" by IBM to control the panels, and that the off-the-record discussions were "very interesting."

Now, moving from foreign to internal policy, and from improving executives' minds to something else indeed, it seems that *another* division of IBM will be meeting in Honolulu shortly. As part of the program, singer Marilyn Michaels has been asked to perform (several IBM people saw her act at the Waldorf-Astoria not long ago, and liked it). A contract was signed, and all was well until one of Michaels's agents received an amazing letter from an IBM representative. And we quote:

"For special IBM reasons . . . they have requested certain modifications in her act, and you have assured us that we can count on Marilyn's cooperation.

"Specifically: Immediately after the 'Sadie, Sadie, Married Lady' number, Marilyn talks about the TV show *Kopy Kats* and the show *Gypsy*. Talking about Gypsy, she refers to the legs and busts of the show girls. Please ask her to delete that line.

"Also, please eliminate the song, 'Momela,' the impression of Scarlett's maid, Prissy, and the impression of Mary Hartman.

"Please eliminate the line, 'What the hell kind of bullshit,' from the Lily Tomlin as Ernestine impression.

"And finally, please ask Marilyn not to go into the audience and not to involve the audience in any of her numbers, i.e., talking about not being married, talking to men in the audience and then incorporating their names in 'I Can't Give You Anything But Love.' "

Michaels was "shocked" to learn of the requests. "I can't believe it," she said. "No way would I subject myself to that censorship. My show's not off-color in any way. Furthermore, the signed contract has none of those stipulations in it. I don't think I'll appear."

We called IBM to find out the "special IBM reasons" for the requested changes. Another nice spokesman told us, "We felt the changes were necessary for our type of audience. After all, it's an audience of husbands and wives."

Hilda Takes on the New York Financial Writers Association

For the past year, every meeting of the New York Financial Writers Association has begun with a mysterious item on the agenda—simply marked "Hilda."

Hilda was the 300-member association's executive secretary who a year ago left and kept the group's financial records, membership cards, lists, and official seal in her apartment, which she won't give back. "We've tried every way to get them back," says Margaret Klein, the group's board president, "but she won't answer her door and she won't answer her phone. We turned it over to our own lawyer."

Mrs. Klein explained that when the elderly Hilda was told she was going to be replaced, she didn't like it. "We can get another seal," Mrs. Klein said, "however, we need the records back."

Walter-Walters? Aw, Come On

With Roone Arledge *finally* taking the reins of the ABC news division, the industry is rife with rumors. The most recurring center on the future of Barbara Walters at ABC. But we heard the most interesting tidbit of gossip about Barbara over at CBS. Walter Cronkite, we're told, has informed his bosses that the daily grind has gotten to him and he wants more time off. He wouldn't mind a co-anchor. At first Barbara's name came up as a joke, but there has been some talk of a CBS co-anchor team pairing Cronkite and Walters (they worked together years ago on a CBS show). Cronkite is reported to have said, "I can handle her." Supposedly, overtures have been made to Walters. But with contracts being what they are—and gossip being what it is—this tale seems unlikely to amount to more than talk.

The Real Fernanda Maschwitz

PICTORIAL PARADE

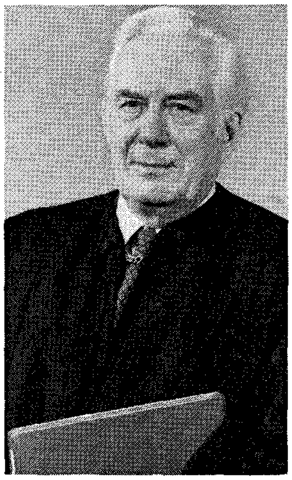
Gingold: Mysterious understudy.

Aha, a well-kept Broadway secret is exposed. In the *Playbill* for *Side by Side by Sondheim*, Fernanda Maschwitz is listed as alternate for Ned Sherrin, the glib narrator. Our sources tell us that Ms. Maschwitz is, in fact, Hermione Gingold, who will replace Sherrin in six months. At that time, the role will be modified so that Gingold can sing the sexy "I Never Do Anything Twice."

Stallone: Jock Of All Trades

Sylvester Stallone, that busy fellow, has now written his first novel, a story called *Hell's Kitchen*, which G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish in November. Putnam's paperback house, Berkley, will come out with the soft-cover edition in the fall of 1978, coinciding with release of a movie (screenplay by Sly) based on the novel.

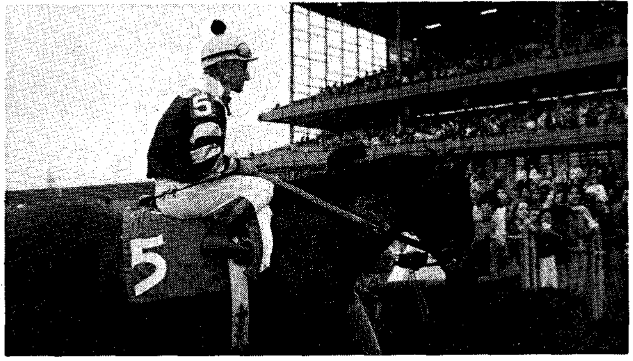
Burger Court Rapped in Mag


WIDE WORLD

Burger: Taking the heat.

The Supreme Court gets put through the wringer in the May 28 issue of *Saturday Review*. In a searing lead article, Laughlin McDonald charges, "The Supreme Court has lost its sense of direction. It seems almost to have forgotten what its job is—to interpret and defend the Constitution. Under Chief Justice Warren Burger, it is systematically restricting its own jurisdiction, and that of the lower federal courts, to hear and decide cases involving the denial of constitutional rights. It is nailing up its doors. As a result, people with legitimate complaints are left without remedy or redress." McDonald believes that the court has an underlying ideology similar to that of Richard Nixon. "It is the Burger Court's perpetuation of Nixon's outlook that is today compromising our judicial system at the highest levels."

ABC Gets an 'F' In Spelling


FRANK DANIELS

Cruguet: The correct name's part of the game.

Controversial jockey Jean Cruguet vindicated himself by winning the Kentucky Derby aboard Seattle Slew, but ABC-TV did not get the spelling of his name right. Through most of the coverage, poor Jean was billboarded on screen as "Cruget." Not even Howard Cosell caught the boo-boo.

A Matter Of Taste

The SoHo *Weekly News* took a deep breath last week, then published a startling photo of Bianca Jagger at a recent discotheque happening. The picture had been peddled all over town and rejected. The probable reason: Most editors would have found it in poor taste because the photo showed Bianca with her legs wrapped around the waist of dancer Sterling St. Jacques. One thing about Bianca, she's rarely dull.

Texas Nominee Can't Accept Post

If you're tired of the Beame-Carey-Cuomo political news dominating the New York press, we'll offer a change of pace with this bit of political news from Texas. Recently, Governor Dolph "the Phantom" Briscoe, who prefers to spend time at his ranch, announced that he had reappointed a Dr. Maynard S. Hart to a term on the State Health Advisory Committee. After the announcement, it was discovered that there was only one problem: Hart died in 1975.

WIDE WORLD

Briscoe: Out of touch.

Art / Thomas B. Hess

KENNETH NOLAND: HESITANT PROPHET

"...It's irrelevant to accuse Noland of not being the ultimate colorist. You can say his work is limited (whose isn't?)..."

The Aspirin Age, the Fabulous Fifties, whatever you want to call the decade, strikes back. There have been recent exhibitions for David Budd (Hutchinson), Joe Stefanelli (Zarre), Grace Hartigan (Genesis). Currently you can see new paintings by **Ernest Briggs**, once a prize student with Clyfford Still and, in 1956, among the Museum of Modern Art's most wanted "Twelve Americans." He returns with caramel impastoed abstractions that have something of the Chinese ideogram to them (Berman, 50 West 57th Street, through 5/24). And there's **Milton Resnick** (Hutchinson, 138 Greene Street, through 5/28), once considered the likeliest hand to snatch the torch if and when it ever fell from the grip of Willem de Kooning. He developed a method for raveling pigments that seemed to transport the light of Giverny to the dust-choked spaces of New York, and he achieved a certain success. Then, suddenly, "they" pulled the throne out from under him, just as he was about to settle down. You can judge from the show at Hutchinson what a remarkable artist he was, and how intelligently he has pursued his ideas ever since, despite neglect and hostility.

History threw Resnick, Briggs, and most of the other second-generation Abstract-Expressionists what Hegel might call a one-two punch. From the right came the realist revival of Pop Art, led by such colleagues as Rivers and Rauschenberg, and flourishing with Jasper Johns and Lichtenstein, Rosenquist, Oldenburg ("What's this Rosencrantz and Guildenstern movement?" complained Alfred Barr, only half joking). From the left came the Color-Field painters: **Kenneth Noland**, Morris Louis, and, later, Jules Olitski—especially Noland, who appeared like an avenging angel with flaming halos of pure acrylic and other apocalyptic manifestations, to announce the reductivist aesthetic and usher in a new phase of the modernist critique.

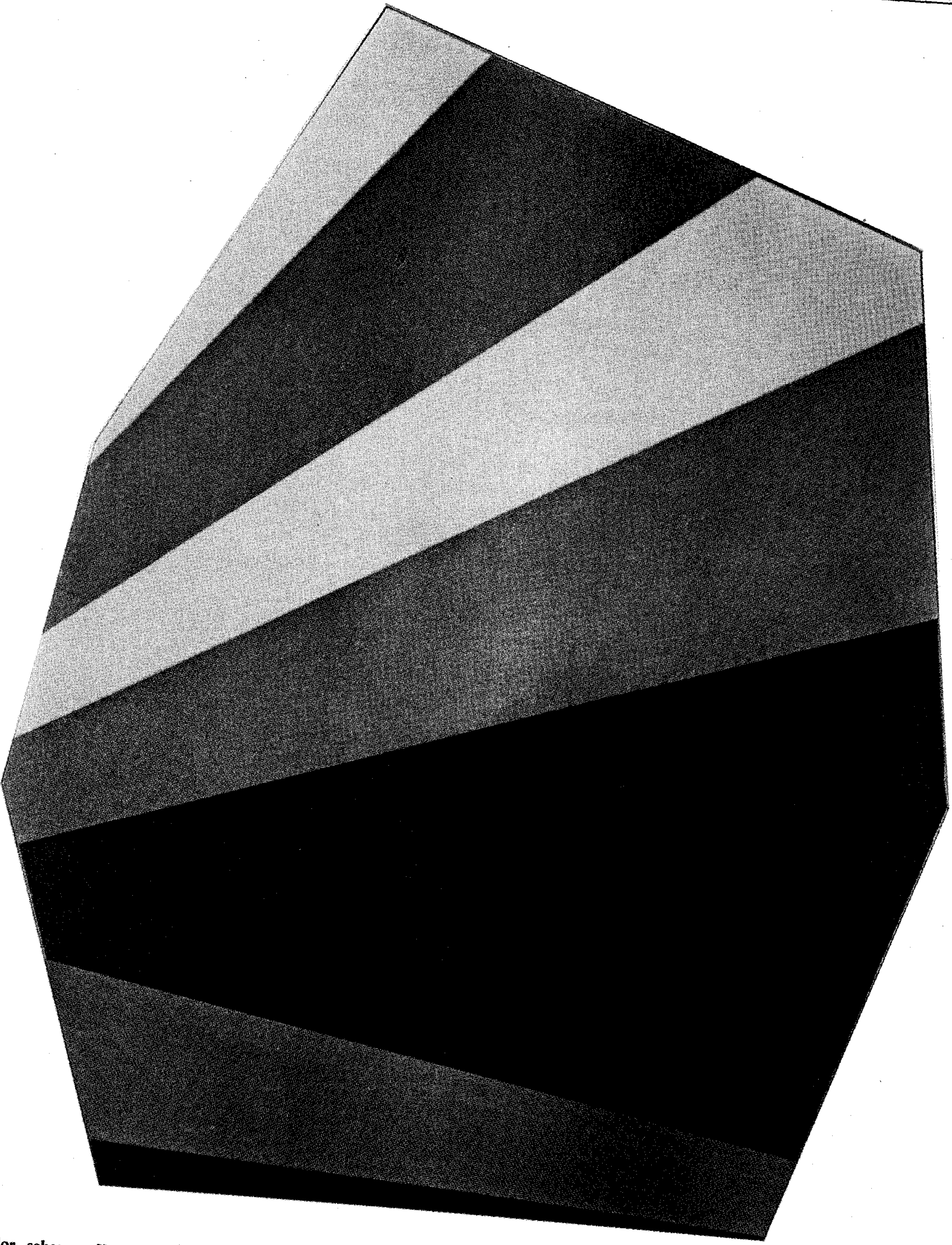
Noland is the subject of a museum-filling retrospective at the Guggenheim (through 6/19). As one looks at his accomplishments, he doesn't seem an avenger. He began as a troubled, gifted artist. He sounded aggressive because his exegetes pushed his claims by savaging the competition. They condemned artists like Briggs for overindulgence in gestural painting; Resnick, for relying on textures—on painterliness—instead of accepting the inevitable domination of color. Color was exalted as the purified state of the medium. Indeed color, like Allah, was all, and Noland was its prophet.

All of that happened in the late 1950s—ages ago. Nowadays, Noland is generally accepted as a (if not *the*) master. He is vulnerable to attack based on pretensions that his backers published when the battles were still hot. Nowadays its irrelevant to accuse Noland of not being a true prophet or the ultimate colorist. You can say his work is limited (whose isn't?), decorative (that's bad?). I find it strong, uneven, spare, puzzling, direct, sophisticated, as linear as it is colorist, and filled with brilliant questions that are even more brilliantly begged. (One function of art is to multiply questions.)

Kenneth Noland (born 1924), "the third of four sons," as Diane Waldman writes in the opening phrase of her excellent catalog for the Guggenheim exhibition, is ill-cast as an avenger. He comes from Asheville, North Carolina, Thomas Wolfe country; indeed, his grandfather's funeral home seems to have figured in *Look Homeward, Angel.* How did it feel to grow up on the side of the undertakers in a sanitarium-resort town? Waldman doesn't presume to guess. And how, after being drafted into the army in 1942, did he become a glider pilot (where the dumbest trainees ended up) and a cryptographer (an assignment usually reserved for nearsighted grad students)? After the air force, Noland went to Black Mountain College (only a few hours' drive from Asheville). His teachers and fellow students included a hot-houseful of famously brilliant temperaments. And in the hectic atmosphere, Noland chose to work under the mildest, gentlest of modernists—Ilya Bolotowsky. Bolotowsky implanted some compositional schemes and color preferences that still echo in Noland's work. More important, surely, was the spirit of Black Mountain—its basic philosophy of Adamism or "American Exceptionalism," to quote the writer Francine Gray, who attended the college shortly after Noland. Black Mountain students were taught that, in America, you should start from scratch; you should jump in where Europe left off. No need to read Wordsworth—start with Ezra Pound. Don't bother with the old masters—Klee and Mondrian are enough. And if the results look derivative—that doesn't matter because the Americans have changed the hypothesis, switched intentions, joined the avant-garde at its outpost.

Noland shared with Rauschenberg—a fellow student at Black Mountain—a confidence in the manifest destiny of American art (the concept didn't only come from Black Mountain; it was developed independently by such artists as Pollock, Newman, Still, Rothko, and spread from them to such critics as Clement Greenberg, who became Noland's most influential champion). Where Rauschenberg had a sensual, permissive, allusive sensibility, Noland's was rigorously puritan, restrictive, doctrinaire. He started as an Abstract-Expressionist but became disappointed with the results and has censored this stage of his work from the retrospective. In 1958, after gaining a clearer understanding of Pollock's methods through a now famous encounter with Helen Frankenthaler (via Greenberg), he finished his first mature paintings. They are concentric circles in three to five colors (one color per band), at first with a gestural spin at the rim, later with a consistently hard-edge, heads-up glare.

Noland ekes the most from the least; he is a "Homely Protestant" who feels at ease living near Bennington, Vermont, in a house that used to belong to Robert Frost. Although he's a master at combining colors, he prefers to work with a minimum. If you letter the different hues in one of his more complex layerings, you expose an elegantly efficient scheme: a,b,a,c,d,b,e,b . . . for example. There aren't many repeats,



Color scheme: *Kenneth Noland's* Flare, *1976, acrylic on canvas, is part of his retrospective exhibition at the Guggenheim.*

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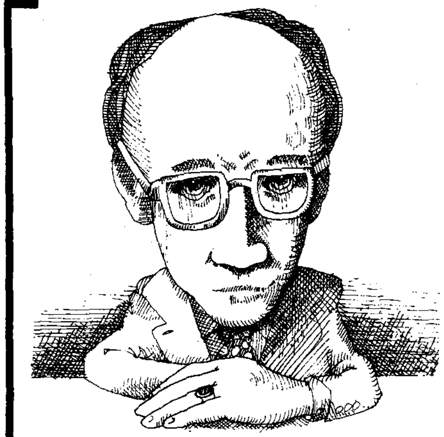

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but where they come, they make a twanging point. Also, he often uses the lowest possible color intensity for the strongest possible contrasts. Instead of smacking a cadmium orange by a cerulean blue, he teases a similar flash from paler hues inflected by off-whites and tans. He's a gourmet of reds. And there are pale, oaten browns, spread on raw canvas, that he can kindle to gold.

The contrasting and particularizing of color has been Noland's preoccupation. At first he used circles, then chevrons, then stripes (an unacknowledged debt to Newman complicates this part of his work, but then "American Exceptionalists" seldom say "thank you"), followed by grid- or plaid-like layouts, and then eccentric polygons with "rays" of sliced chevrons.

As Waldman astutely notes, Noland is concerned with the centers of his formats. He crops edges to value the main event. He moves to and from stage center, color by color, step by step, with extreme scruple. When he misjudges, the space plays tricks on him. In one painting, a trompe-l'oeil fried egg, in all its sunny-side up banality, flops on the axle of the composition. At other times he can warp space with the aplomb of a Renaissance magician. In some wide versions, stripes pull you toward the image, toward a sense of close "intimacy" that recalls Newman's and Rothko's large paintings of the early 1950s.

Within the high drama of Noland's staging of color in astonishing scales lies his caution—you could call it reserve. He gets to a big point by tiny degrees. He needs to see many small variations before risking a change.

He uses acrylic paints because they are mat, uniform, tough, can be squeegeed on at wide measures and easily cropped and rolled. They are also impossible to second-guess—they dry so fast that there is little time for corrections. One reason Noland takes small steps is that each one is final. It follows that there are almost no nuances in a Noland painting (compared with a painting by Resnick, for example, in which oil paints slide through a thousand delightful gradations). You can sense Noland's turn of mind only as you watch him move from picture to picture. To commune with this poker-faced artist, a collector should own three or four paintings, and they should be as similar as possible. Within the small changes, the little shifts and adjustments—the heightening of keys, cropping of edges—are the specifics, the symbols of precise identity with which the painter confronts a vague and terrifyingly general universe. ■

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New York Journal/Claire Berman

A SHABBY DOG STORY

"...I learned how the ASPCA deals with the city's stray animals—two men (with one roundup truck) must cover all five boroughs..."

It was one of those clear May afternoons that do honor to the city. My six-year-old son and I were walking up Broadway, pleasure-filled, when our attention was drawn to a crowd of about 30 persons. We moved forward to investigate. There, before the imposing edifice that houses the Central Savings Bank, were five large mongrel dogs, stretched out across the sidewalk. Frightened, my son clutched my hand.

A woman emerged from a phone booth, where she'd gone to report the strays to the ASPCA. "They said they already knew about it," she told the crowd. "And then they hung up."

Someone hailed a police car. "Sorry," the officer said. "We're not allowed to pick up dogs. That's another city department. But we'll make a call." The car moved on.

Two of the dogs got up and proceeded to straggle uptown. They were followed by two others, and then by the last. The bitch was pregnant.

The police car returned. "What are you going to do?" I asked. "There's a potentially dangerous situation here."

"We're doing all we can at the moment," the officer explained. "We're keeping an eye on the situation."

My son and I watched too. At 77th, the dogs turned toward Riverside Park.

"I can't get them out of my mind," my son said.

Neither could I.

It was past 5 P.M. when I dialed the ASPCA. Seven rings went unanswered. I then phoned the 20th Precinct. The man who took the call claimed he'd received no complaints concerning stray dogs.

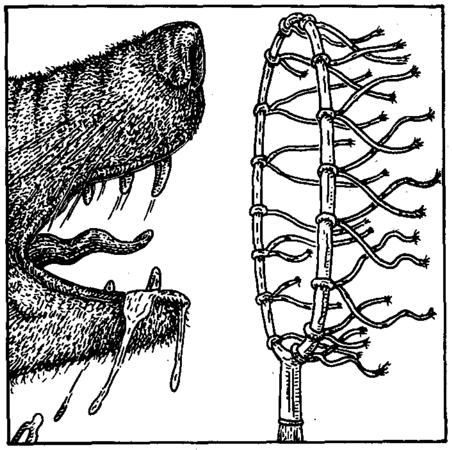
He had been on the switchboard between 4 P.M. and 5 P.M.

Could he tell me the names of the policemen who had been at the scene?

"We've got a lot of officers out in a lot of cars" was his answer.

At seven, I was on Broadway again. A shriek of brakes! A car had stopped short to avoid two of the strays.

The following day I pursued the incident. I phoned the 20th Precinct and this time was put in touch with Officer Ralph Mannetta, who'd been at the scene. He explained: "My partner and I were just cruising by. We thought someone was injured. And then we saw these huge dogs, all spread out. I tell you, I'd never seen anything like that before. We called Communications and asked them to call the ASPCA. We were told the society doesn't pick up animals unless they're tied. So we asked for Emergency Service. I was hoping they'd come right away and rope the dogs so the ASPCA could get them.



"As it happened," he went on, "school-board elections were being held, and Emergency was manning the polls. We followed the dogs but we lost them at 76th and Amsterdam."

I then attempted to learn what the ASPCA does when stray animals are reported. It wasn't easy to find out. A call to emergency dispatch (369-3520) elicited the information that two roundup men (with one truck) cover all five boroughs. This can't be right, I thought, but the more I pressed ("You *can't* mean only two men . . .") the more reluctant was the dispatcher to divulge information. He referred me to the main office.

The executives I asked to speak with were "in a meeting." It was important, I informed the woman who had answered. I wanted to follow up a report of a pack of dogs sighted on Broadway on May 3. Had anything been done about those dogs?

"Are you a citizen?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. Then I added: "I am also a member of the press."

"Oh. What do you want to know?"

"Is it true you have only one truck, and a staff of two, to cover the city?"

"Oh, *no*," she stressed.

"How many trucks have you?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"Does *anybody* know?"

"Well . . . central dispatch."

"I just spoke to them," I explained. "They told me one truck."

"Well, they should know," she said.

At Shelter Operations, the importance of having people report strays was underscored. "Then," I was told, "we schedule a roundup."

"Do you go out right away?"

"No, of course not. We may have an emergency or be elsewhere. We may get there the next morning."

"But what good does it do if I tell you I saw a dog pack on Broadway and 74th at 4:30, and you get there *the next day* at 4:30? The dogs aren't going to wait to meet you."

"Well," came the reply, "we can't just sit around and *wait* for them."

At long last, at 5 P.M. on Friday, the ASPCA called. I was given the phone number of Duncan Wright, executive director of the society. I dialed but the offices were closed.

Epilogue: Dr. Alan Beck, director of New York's Bureau of Animal Affairs, estimates that a maximum of 80,000 strays roam the city. (Higher figures have been bandied about, he said, but these include many unlicensed dogs, which are technically strays.)

John Burton, deputy mayor for finance, is coordinating an effort to improve the current system (or chaos) of collection. Burton was vague but revealed that "the city is exploring different approaches to working with the ASPCA to enable them to discharge their responsibility effectively. . . . I believe that anything in the process of negotiation is not served well by having it reported in the press while those negotiations are ongoing," said Burton cordially.

But I ran across a pack of dogs in a busy city on a beautiful day in May. And I think somebody ought to know and *do something* about it. After all, am I not a citizen? ▬

Illustrated by Walter Gurbo

Records / Alan Rich

TINKLE, CLATTER, ELOQUENCE, PASSION

"... Mozart's piano concertos used to be only for the very old and wise. Now they're also played by the very young and wise..."

The year is 1784. For some months, Mozart has been living in Vienna, trying desperately, against some odds, to make it as composer and performer. His letters from this time are hardly happy; publishers are doing him out of rightful fees, the frivolous Viennese audiences do not take to his music, composers of lesser quality are revered. Yet, Mozart does have some well-placed admirers; with their help, in March, he assembles a list of subscribers and puts on a concert of his own music, including a new piano concerto (the E-flat, K. 449) which is rapturously greeted. Over the next two years he composes eleven more piano concertos and introduces them himself. The concerts take place during Lent, when the opera houses are closed and the music-hungry Viennese have no choice but to attend other kinds of entertainment.

These dozen concertos, it should surprise nobody, constitute one of the miracles of music. Miracle, but also enigma. Given an audience of well-known depraved taste, far less sophisticated than the musical patrons in Prague, Munich, or London, how could Mozart dare to supply them with music so profound, subtle, even daring, as these concertos contain? The only answer can be that Mozart didn't care, that he wrote the works for himself. History bears this out. Confronted with the profundities in the later concertos in the series—the passions in the D minor (K. 466), the elegiac nocturne that forms the slow movement of the C major (K. 467), and the storms that sweep through the C minor (K. 491), which even dares to end in a minor key—Mozart's audiences began to drop off. He abandoned the series in 1786.

Such historical considerations must haunt any pianist today who undertakes any of these works. He must know the perimeters of musical taste of the time, through an immersion in the tons of junk ground out by Mozart's lesser contemporaries: the ornamented tinkle in the piano writing, the discreet subservience of the orchestra, the deadening predictability of musical form. Then he must virtually transform himself into Mozart himself, to invent out of enormous inner resources ways in which the rules can be bent, the language forced to express personal truths.

There used to be a cliché to the effect that Mozart belonged only to the very old and wise. In surveying the recordings of Mozart's concertos currently available, however, you have to be struck by the large number of performances by the very young and wise. You have to decide for yourselves whether this merely means that the old cliché was wrong, or whether the process of accumulating wisdom has become accelerated in recent years. In any case, the extraordinary work on records of such striplings as Murray Perahia, Peter Serkin, Stephen Bishop, and Daniel Barenboim is not easily dismissed.

Perahia is 30, and is, I understand, currently recording all the Mozart concertos, conducting the English Chamber Orchestra from the keyboard. On Columbia M-34219, issued a few months ago, you can hear a sample of his work: the E-flat (K. 449) and C minor (K. 491) Concertos; I know of no better way of playing either of these works, and would, in fact, place his performance of K. 491 among the finest Mozart interpretations on record. Let me isolate a few details to try to explain why.

The first entry of the piano in this work is one of Mozart's great, original, dramatic strokes. The orchestra had begun with its stark, chill opening theme; the piano's entry is not, as expected, in "normal" eighteenth-century concerto form, with that same theme, but with a new meditation on some wordless tragedy. The orchestra attempts to reassert its own first idea, and it is interrupted by the piano, which completes the orchestra's stern sentence and then—via an extended chain of fleet passage-work—changes the subject toward brighter matters. In these couple of minutes an extraordinary struggle has been proposed and, at least momentarily, resolved. You can play through this passage quite elegantly on purely instrumental terms—as, for example, Robert Casadesus does in his jeweled, tinkling version on Columbia MS-6695. But listen instead to the way Perahia, without inflating this moment out of context, creates the sense of almost operatic confrontation in the dialogue with orchestra, and how, in the ensuing transitional passage, the new theme gradually, subtly takes shape from out of the shower of notes. This, to my mind, captures for our moment in time what Mozart had attempted to express in his.

I admire also, in Perahia's playing, his sensible view of overall proportion: the improvisations at major cadences that fill in these points of articulation without impeding forward movement, his own excellent cadenzas that, again, preserve the improvisatory nature without (as so often happens) violating the sense of what Mozart himself might have interpolated at such moments. And I further admire the balance he achieves, as pianist and conductor, that allows the miraculous orchestral scoring (most of all the scoring for wind band) to take its place—as Mozart surely intended—in

Illustrated by Joan Hall

> "... I would not part with Schnabel's K. 467 as a document, but I no longer hear it as a way of bringing the music to life..."

conversation with the piano.

Perahia has, from time to time, been associated with Marlboro, which, I think, is significant. It isn't so much that there is one kind of piano playing inculcated at that splendid Vermont music colony; it is more that the elder statesmen who have assembled there—Rudolf Serkin, Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Pablo Casals, et al.—are/were men whose own playing suggested that full-blooded, even romantic, expression does not rank among the cardinal sins. It is, therefore, an attitude more than a style, and it has done a great deal to shape the way some of our younger pianists think about Mozart and play his music. Perahia's work certainly reflects this background, and so does the work of Peter Serkin and Richard Goode.

Goode, whom I have admired greatly in concert, has made very few recordings. Young Serkin, however, has made many, including several Mozart concertos for RCA. One three-disc album (ARL3-0732) contains the first six of the twelve "Vienna" concertos, with another wise Marlboro man, Alexander Schneider, conducting the English Chamber Orchestra.

These, too, are exceptionally fine performances. I admire particularly young Serkin's flexible, sometimes rather witty, sense of rhythm. In slow movements, especially the remarkable, rhapsodic andante of the G major (K. 453), he will dare to bend the shape of a phrase to plumb its expressive value, without—as he so easily could—losing control of line. And he, too, knows how Mozart used his orchestra, not merely to support the pianist's whims, but as an element in a continuing dialogue. You need only listen to the immensely graceful, melancholy colloquy between piano and winds in the slow movement of the B-flat (K. 456, a work too little known) to sense the wisdom that infuses this altogether fine album.

Are there no words for the wisdom of age? Surely there are; such landmark recordings as Artur Schnabel's of the C major (K. 467) cannot escape the attention of anyone who values this sublime score (which, I am glad to report, bids fair to outlive the movie that used its slow movement so badly). A whole generation, even now not yet ready for wheelchairs, grew up with this recording (now available only as a British import, World Record Club SH 142); Schnabel's playing of Elvira's slow movement, a line of endless melody that he seemed to have fashioned out of a single breath, was the bridge for many of us from the crystal-and-clatter Mozart of the music-appreciation books to the profound, poetic Mozart we now cherish. Yet, the chiseled eloquence of Schnabel's phrasing must be balanced today against other considerations: the younger pianists have made us responsive to a greater rhythmic grace; modern scholarship has shown that it is wrong to honor the dead stops at Mozart's major cadences without filling them in with the improvisations that Mozart surely added. I would not part with Schnabel's performance as a document, but I find that I hear it less and less as a way of making the music come to life.

For somewhat similar reasons, I respect the wisdom of Rudolf Serkin's Mozart without much genuine pleasure. Columbia has just reissued six Serkin performances in a low-priced Odyssey album (34642); there are great, eloquent moments (among them the prophetic slow movement of the early E-flat Concerto, K. 271, most notable), but also a great deal of playing that is rigid and overstressed. And whatever on Earth impelled Serkin to use, in the C major Concerto (K. 503), the prissy, unstylish cadenzas composed by Robert Casadesus, I am not prepared to say.

I find it far more remarkable that, probably for the first time in history, there is a whole generation of Mozart pianists at work on these stupendous concertos who are, by some contemporary quirk of nature, close to Mozart's own age when he created these miracles. That these players exist, and that most of them spend long hours recording, is assurance that some of our greatest art treasures will survive.

Egg on face: Both Deutsche Grammophon and London assure me that the Karajan and Schmidt-Isserstedt recordings of Beethoven symphonies, which I wrote were only available in complete sets, are, indeed, also marketed singly. If anybody can figure out this information from the way it is listed in *Schwann*—as I apparently could not—would he please tell me what the new math is all about?

In my review of Leon Kirchner's *Lily* I said that Kirchner was Schönberg's son-in-law. He *is* Schönberg's son-in-law, but not *Arnold* Schönberg's. His wife's maiden name is Gertrude Schönberg. Arnold Schönberg's widow's name is also Gertrude. Arnold and Gertrude Schönberg's daughter's name is Nuria, not Gertrude. Nuria is married to another composer, Luigi Nono. There is an Allan Rich who sings country-western, and I'm tired of getting his mail.

Artiness and Artistry

Emerson, Lake & Palmer seem over the years to have been able to exploit a latent snobbishness in the tastes of their fans. By giving them an unashamedly derivative, and increasingly predictable, mixture of classical music and rock 'n' roll, they've produced the aural equivalent of the coffee-table art book. With that in mind, *Works,* volume one (Atlantic SD 2-7000) must be viewed as their most accomplished product. But upon opening the package, the first thing to come into view is a photograph of Keith Emerson that is a copy of the famous Arnold Newman portrait of Stravinsky. Therein lies a hint. Side one of the two-record set contains Emerson's Piano Concerto no. 1, backed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Though more reminiscent of movie theme music than anything else and put together with schoolboyish naïveté, the piece is at least pure, and energetic, and pleasant enough. Side two contains Greg Lake's sung ballads, sentimental and sincere. Sides three (mostly Carl Palmer's drumming) and four (some brutal collaborative work) make one question the decision not to limit the album to a single disc. But a two-record set it is, and an expensive one ($14.98 list), and, I see from the sales charts, one that a great many people can't seem to do without.

For **Van Morrison,** the period of transition has been a long one (he's been performing for almost twenty years), and now both ends of it are documented on recent releases. *The Story of Them* (London LC 50001) shows us the angry, defiant, 1964–1967 Morrison, lead singer in a tough Irish rock 'n' roll band. *A Period of Transition* (Warner Bros. BS 2987) shows us a somewhat mellowed, 31-year-old, California-based Morrison. The style has become a little self-conscious, and the energy is a little bit forced, but the artist is still the highly concentrated, strongly individual, most influential of the white rhythm-and-blues singers. These are important albums—by themselves and, even more, in relation to the eight that Morrison recorded in between. **—Tom Bentkowski**

Movies / John Simon

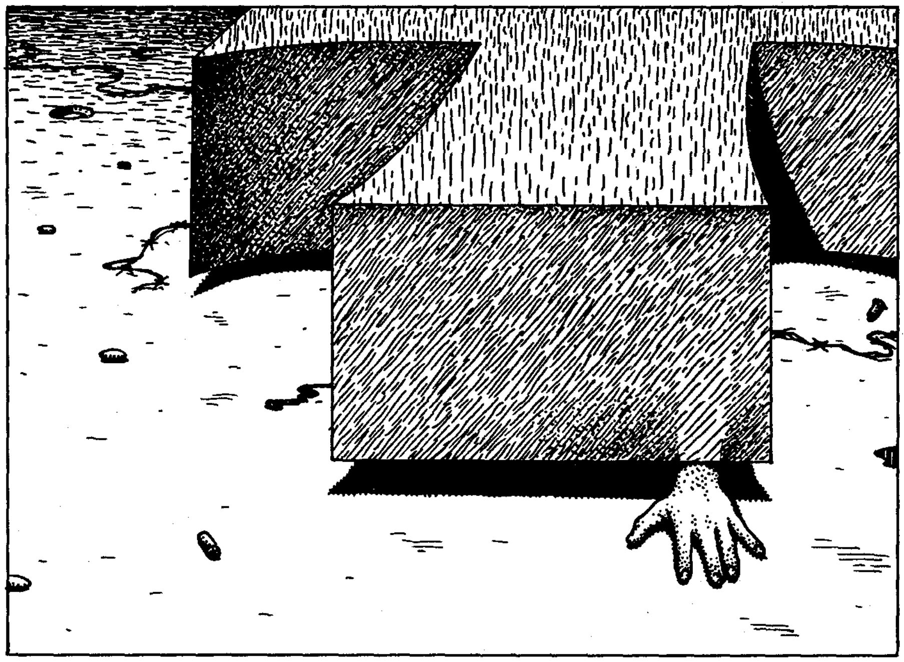
THE BOAST OF HERALDRY

"...That very Peckinpah theme, mistrust and hatred for one's superiors, is carried to an absurd extreme in *Cross of Iron*..."

To resume where I left off last week, with a discussion of Sam Peckinpah's **Cross of Iron.** Peckinpah has previously examined many forms of brutality and warfare, but until now he and World War II had not met. As could have been expected, the encounter was an unusually violent one, probably one of the most harrowing accounts of that war ever filmed. But harrowing does not necessarily mean artistic, truthful, or even convincing. I would not be surprised if Peckinpah had succeeded in making war more violent than it actually is; but he has not made it truly shattering. Why?

The film tells of a German regiment withdrawing from Russia after the collapse of Hitler's eastern campaign. It begins in a forest, with the wiping out of a Russian bunker by a German platoon led by Corporal Steiner, who is a myth not only to his own men but to the entire regiment. This scene is extremely effective because it is a small skirmish in which Peckinpah cannot indulge himself in large-scale exaggeration and self-aggrandizement. And it is quite horrible enough. It makes entire pseudo-tough movies like John Sturges's *The Eagle Has Landed* look like hopscotch by comparison.

But things soon deteriorate: There is, unfortunately, a plot. It is mainly about the deadly conflict between the said Steiner and his nemesis, Captain Stransky, a cowardly, arrogant, cunning psychopath of a Prussian officer who lusts for the Iron Cross. Stransky feels that he must not only win that medal, without which he does not dare show his face back home, but also bring Steiner to heel or destroy him. It's a familiar motif—Stransky is a kind of Claggart figure and Steiner, though infinitely rougher and tougher, is his Billy Budd. They are surrounded not only by Steiner's adoring platoon, but also by Colonel Brandt, the commanding officer, a fine, old-fashioned, anti-Nazi military aristocrat (and a kind of Captain Vere, to continue the Melville parallel), and Captain Kiesel, the resident intellectual who makes most of the wry philosophical comments, whereas Brandt makes the wise, historical-political ones. For the sake of topicality, I suppose, there is even a pair of homosexual lovers—an officer and an enlisted man—whom Stransky is able to blackmail, and one of whom ends up wiping out, on Stransky's orders, most of Steiner's platoon. Yes, it's that kind of film.



I must confess I am curious about who wrote what here—although not curious enough to spend hours of research on it. At the basis of all this is a German novel by one Willi Heinrich, *The Patient Flesh,* which has been adapted by that not-so-grand old hack Julius J. Epstein (best remembered as one of the co-scenarists of *Casablanca* and *Four Daughters,* but also responsible for such marvels as *Pete 'n' Tillie*); Walter Kelley, the second-unit director; and James Hamilton, whom I take to be a not-so-grand younger hack. Yet, surely, Peckinpah's own ideas and tastes have also infiltrated this script, whose main themes are: admiration for the heroic Germans, hatred for the upper class, contempt for homosexuals, and a very equivocal view of women, who are there to be possessed and left, or killed and left (as the case may be)—some of them brave, but none of them to be trusted. Not the most attractive repertoire of themes, especially when you consider that war, which could do with some real hating, is viewed even more equivocally than women.

That very Peckinpah theme, mistrust and hatred for one's superiors, or for the aristocracy or ruling class, is carried here to an absurd extreme, to the point where Steiner hates even the good Brandt so much that he won't even make common cause with him against the despicable Stransky. There is no comparable hatred of war, which is shown as, yes, terrible, but also magnificent—something that allows men to be really men, and some of them even invulnerable supermen, way above the common, pacific herd. Indeed, if there were no such thing as betrayal or, occasionally, bad luck, it would seem that none of the good guys would have to perish.

Still, one could forgive a lot if there were not such blatant improbabilities as, for example, a German platoon being able to shelter a very young Russian prisoner at a time when the official policy is to kill all captured Russians; a German nurse who has a

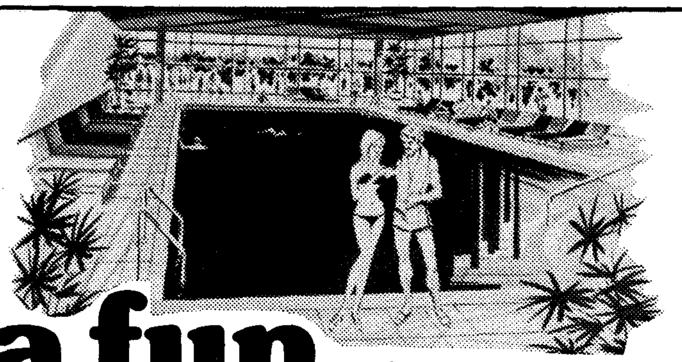
Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

clandestine affair with one of her patients (Steiner), exposing herself at dawn in a nightgown on his balcony; Steiner and his platoon trying to make their way back to headquarters through Russian-held territories, and sitting around a bright campfire as they burst into lusty song. Piffle!

Peckinpah shot the film in Yugoslavia and had the good sense of casting a lot of German and Slavic actors as the combatants. But then he also had the bad sense of casting in the leads one American, two Englishmen, and one somewhat Hollywoodized Austrian. Not only does that create a confusion of tongues—or, at any rate, accents—at the top, it also allows the principals to be shown up by the supporting actors. Well, James Mason almost gets away with it—only because he has so expertly portrayed Rommel and other eminent or egregious Germans in various past movies, but also because there is something truly international about his face and manner, even if not about his accent. And Maximilian Schell is a grand villain, though I would have preferred him a trifle less psychotic. But David Warner is indelibly British, and James Coburn unexportably American. Steiner is a particular problem: Coburn plays him as restrainedly as he can, but he is still full of Coburnisms that are as American and as histrionically eloquent as apple pie.

Nevertheless, Peckinpah is a notable director. He is positively Wagnerian in his ability to orchestrate violence. He does not use his favorite strategy of shooting in slow motion quite so promiscuously here, which is good; and the special effects are often breathtaking in their catastrophic verisimilitude. Nevertheless, there is too much of them. There is also some commendable effort to do noncombatant scenes imaginatively—for example, a hospital party seen concurrently as it is and as Steiner's troubled mind imagines it; or memories of Steiner's men, alive or dead, haunting him at various crucial moments. John Coquillon's cinematography captures the terrible beauty of war, which poets like Apollinaire celebrated, with deadly precision, and there are unforgettable scenes, such as a Russian tank pursuing Steiner's platoon through the thickest obstacles—worthy of those two great previous tank pursuit scenes, in Andrzej Munk's *Eroica* and Grigori Chukhrai's *Ballad of a Soldier*.

But then again there are silly things, such as a group of Russian women fighters, almost all of them pretty enough to be Hollywood starlets; or a conventional score by Ernest Gold that



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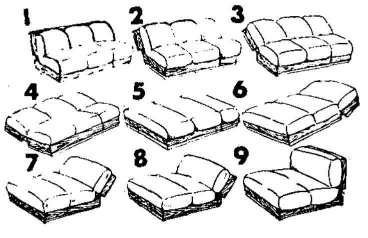

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"... *Andy Warhol's Bad* is revolting in its misogyny, and almost totally witless ..."

is not fit to tie the shoelaces of, say, Pierre Bachelet's for *Black and White in Color.* The whole last section of the film goes from preposterous through incredible to utterly ludicrous. Yet even there there are redeeming features, such as the effective multiple freeze frames, each of them ending one character's story. Still, Peckinpah cannot leave well enough alone; he has to follow them up with more of the stock footage with which the film began, quite derivatively enough. What is one to do about such talent, and such lack of discipline or even common sense? Worst of all, however, is the fact that the film emerges as a commercial for war, since the very best guys, I repeat, seem somehow to survive, and what viewer, however unheroic, doesn't identify himself with the very best guys? No, if you want to see what defeat at the hands of the Russians and their allies really looked and felt like, you have to go to films like *Italiani Brava Gente,* by Giuseppe De Santis, or *The Human Condition,* by Masaki Kobayashi. The last parts of both of these films make defeat as painful and tragic as Peckinpah's movie wouldn't know how to do even if it intended it.

Briefs: From war to Warhol is not quite as big a leap as it might seem, for the kind of mentality that conceives, or at any rate produces, a film like **Andy Warhol's Bad** strikes me as a distinct social ill. Vincent Canby in his New York *Times* review sees *Bad* coming close to what the late Joe Orton achieved in plays like *Loot.* This strikes me as utterly wrong. *Bad* tells of an evil beautician, Mrs. Aiken (Carroll Baker), who, besides specializing in electrolysis, runs a little Murder, Inc., type of business on the side. For good money, her operatives, all women, kill adults, children, babies; they are also available for lesser jobs, such as wreaking havoc with property or murdering someone's pet dog. But the film is almost totally witless: Where Orton is witty and manages to make his black humor comment on characteristic people and institutions, there is, except for one bent policeman, no one or no thing in *Bad* that isn't freaky or bred in a vacuum, cruel out of motives that have very little to do with recognizable human motivations. In other words, this screenplay, by Pat Hackett and George Abagnalo, directed by Jed Johnson—presumably all members of Warhol's "Factory"—has few valid points to make and very little wit with which to make those pointed. In the first scene, a sluttish blonde (Cyrinda Foxe—a name I don't believe) destroys somebody's store and bathroom, causing, among other things, the toilet to overflow with every kind of filth and junk. This scene, at least, I understand: It is Warhol's symbolic *hommage* to his mind.

From there on in, *Bad* becomes worse—but all the vicious people are women. The men in the movie, with one exception, are either patient, put-upon victims, or, even if they are hired assassins, of the sort that take pity on an autistic child they are supposed to do in. The women, however, are beastly without exception: cold-blooded killers, lethal psychopaths, murderously vindictive neighbors, infanticidal mothers, or, at the very least, surly, crazed crones and near-cretinous slatterns. Joe Orton saw the whole world with his comically jaundiced eyes as wicked and ridiculous; though he was easily as homosexual as anyone in the "Factory," he was not of the woman-hating sort. *Andy Warhol's Bad* is revolting in its misogyny. But since no one in the movie can act, much of what in a better-performed film would be considered monstrous is viewed as cute. I wish that all the society hostesses who vie with one another to invite Warhol to their parties would take a close look at this film. But they are probably not bright enough to understand what it means.

Carlos Saura, the gifted Spanish filmmaker whose *Garden of Delights* (1970) was a near-masterpiece, is back with his eleventh film, **Cousin Angelica.** This story, of a family that was split by the civil war, and a man, Luis, from the republican branch of that family, who, as a boy, loved his cousin, Angelica, but was sundered from her by the war, is somewhat confused and a little too superficial. Luis, grown up, returns to find Angelica unhappily married, and the film shuttles between nostalgic recollections and uneasy confrontations. Franco and the Catholic church cast their shadows on both past and present, and lost happiness proves irretrievable. There is a fine performance from José Luis López Vazquez, who was so good in *Garden of Delights,* but neither the grown nor the child Angelica is sufficiently developed or compellingly enough enacted. The cinematography, worthy of the palettes of Ribera and Zurbarán, is remarkable. ■

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HAPPY RETURNS

"...As a play, *Peg o' My Heart* is no masterpiece, but Gene Nye and his cast lavish love on it that moves us past dead spots..."

Brooding over my last entry in this space—four out of four unhappy reviews (none of which, despite all your letters and postcards, I particularly enjoyed having to write)—I decided last week to play it safe, and to revisit a couple of old friends whose company I had enjoyed the first time around. Both, I am happy to say, are still in excellent shape.

Peg o' My Heart, which had brightened an evening for me last winter in showcase at the Lion Theater, has now moved a few blocks uptown to Theater Four. Sandra Halperin has replaced Julia MacKenzie as Ethel, the Chichester's snooty daughter; otherwise, the cast is intact. More important, so is the spirit. Nobody pretends that this 1912 romp by J. Hartley Manners (written as a present for his bride-to-be, Laurette Taylor, who got far more use out of it than any bride ever did from a toaster) is any kind of timeless masterpiece. On the other hand, this little fable—about a spirited colleen who tames her hoity-toity relatives and wins the love of an honest nobleman—is a better piece than you might suspect. The writing is graceful, witty, and crisp; the characters may be little more than cardboard, but they are beautifully, accurately formed. And even if the play is no great shakes, the love that Gene Nye and his cast have lavished on it moves us constantly through and past the dead spots. In its own modest way, the show generates a euphoria toward actors and action that few more expensive productions in town can match.

Much of this is Nye's doing; he has found a tone for his production that is lightly self-mocking without ever becoming prissy. I would urge any director who thinks of dredging up some dusty relic to observe with great care the honesty of Nye's work. His cast hasn't a member less than superb, and, over their months together, they have become a most stylish, elegant ensemble. As Peg, Sofia Landon raises words, like *adorable*, to expressive heights, as she had on first acquaintance. The two men in her life—the weasely Chichester brother, Alaric, and the warm and tender Sir Jerry—are played by, respectively, Jim Ricketts and Allan Carlsen with supreme command of that brittle, slightly adenoidal style that seems exactly right for the time of the play. As Peg's dog, Michael, Mr. Nye's own Jeremiah hasn't lost a hair of his floppy, winsome charm. If I were ever so foolhardy as to wish to be reincarnated as an actor, I would want Jeremiah as my model. Set (Miguel Romero) and costumes (David James) couldn't be better, nor could the splendid selection of old-timey records that Mr. Nye has culled for entertainment between acts.

I also looked in again on Albert Innaurato's **Gemini** during its last week at the Circle Rep before moving to its current stand at the Little Theater. Much has happened to the play since its showcase last fall at Playwrights Horizons—to the play, and to its author, who has now become famous. *Gemini* itself has been given a far better ending than the one I first saw; the dialogue throughout has been sharpened, somewhat pruned of extraneous motivations, and invested with a superior sense of rhythm. The elements that first won me to the play—particularly the author's remarkable command of character portrayal, and his impeccable control over simultaneous actions in counterpoint—remain impressive. The cast has been strengthened by the arrival of Danny Aiello as Father Geminiani; the others were good to begin with, and have, under Peter Schifter's taut direction, gotten better. It is still, on second visit, a rambunctious, hilarious, touching, quite beautiful play.

Starting Here, Starting Now, a revue of songs by David Shire, to words by Richard Maltby Jr., has been running some weeks at a pleasant dinner theater called the Barbarann, where I finally caught up with it. The songs, bar a tiny minority from a total of 25, are exceptionally attractive; Shire has a nice, eclectic touch, which leads him easily in many directions (waltz, ballad, parody, etc.); Maltby's wordmanship is, as befits this magazine's erstwhile diabolical puzzlemaker, beguiling and often dazzling. You won't recognize many of the songs (although the title number was recorded by Streisand); some of them are from shows planned but later abandoned. One hilarious number, involving a cosmetics counselor at Bloomingdale's, comes from a stillborn show that Shire and Maltby had sketched with Gloria Steinem twelve years ago.

The show moves pleasantly and without effort. Three splendid young singers—Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews—seem enraptured with their material, as well they might. If I single out Miss Ackerman for special praise, it is only that she, as the daughter of that curious producer Cyma Rubin, has had the hardest job convincing the world of her star quality. Believe me, she has it.

At the Manhattan Theater Club, Stephen Hollis has directed an intelligent revival of the late Jane Bowles's **In the Summer House**, and I wish I knew why. Mrs. Bowles wrote the play in the late 1940s; She was a close friend of Tennessee Williams, and the most interesting aspect of her work is the congruences between some of its concerns (sexual ambivalence, domination, and dependency) and Williams's treatments of similar elements. But this was Mrs. Bowles's first and only play, and its fuzziness and insecurity are serious flaws that no performances, even as splendid as the current one, could hope to conceal. ■

Illustrated by Paul Zelinsky

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Office purty—This office-furniture company is moving its showroom and holding a 2-week clearance of some handsome, top-grade pieces, mostly contemporary, at below-wholesale prices. Examples: John Stuart desk and matching credenza of Carpathian elm burl with bronze hardware, were $5,565 the set, now $2,000; a red Formica bar cabinet, was $255, now $85; Knoll suede-and-aluminum large armchair and ottoman, were $2,484, now $900; Paul Brayton 2-seater gray-rust-and-camel-stripe sofa, was $1,281, now $425; oiled-walnut-and-chrome desk, 6 drawers, was $1,143, now $350; 2 Ultrasuede visitor's chairs, chrome frame, were $825 each, now $300; traditional love seat, slipcovered in lime green, was $900, now $250; putty steel double-pedestal desk by Corry Jamestown, was $424.20, now $175; high-back swivel posture chair, black patent with fabric seat and back, was $726, now $240; Thayer Coggin leather-and-chrome armchair, was $500, now $215; much more. Most pieces 1-of-a-kind. Also files, secretary's chairs, etc. No credit cards; checks must clear before merchandise is picked up or delivered (delivery additional); all sales final. *Driver Desk Corp., 160 East 56th St., second floor (758-0180); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; thru 5/31.*

Skirting the issue—Linen and cotton summer skirts, not for the denim crowd, are embroidered, appliquéd, hand-painted, or beribboned here and reduced 50 percent for a "get-acquainted" sale. A painted long, flounced skirt of handwoven muslin, was $65, now $32.50; painted-and-appliquéd short wrap skirt, was $50, now $25; embroidered-and-appliquéd chambray shirt jacket–and-pants set, was $100, now $50; a special rack of ribbon-trimmed wrap skirts, different fabrics, all $30; T-shirts, were $11–$22, now $5.50–$11. Size range 6–20. Checks accepted; no credit cards. *Donna Tapley, 39 East 65th St. (988-1414); 7 days 10 a.m.–7 p.m.; thru 6/30.*

Imported handicrafts—Spectrum is discontinuing its import line and throwing the biggest sale in its 9 years to clear out wares from Mexico, Ecuador, Guatemala, India, and Greece. Mexican shirts, were $5.50–$15, now $3.85–$10.50; Mexican sweaters, were $31, now $21.70; Yucatan hammocks, were $25–$55, now $17.50–$38.50; Mexican jewelry, was $3–$22.50, now $2.10–$15.75; Madras shirts, were $11.25, now $7.88; Greek jewelry, was $5.25–$16.75, now $2.63–$8.38; 100-percent-wool rebozos (shawls), were $15, now $10.50. Also serapes, Mexican blankets, piñatas, ponchos, wall hangings, toys, and much more, all marked down. *Spectrum Imports, Inc., 2121 Broadway between 74th and 75th sts., third floor (362-8000); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Thurs. till 6 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Interesting developments—This photographers' studio is offering custom darkroom services at 25 percent off its usual prices for a limited time only. Black-and-white processing, 35 mm or 120 with contact sheet, usually $4 a roll, now $3; extra contact sheets at time of processing, now 75 cents each; glossy contact sheets on standard single-weight stock (from same negative only): 6 8″-by-10″ sheets, usually $7, now $5.25; 12, usually $10, now $7.50; and so forth for larger quantities and for 5″-by-8″ as well. Borderless prints are 10 percent additional. Single-weight 8″-by-10″ glossy enlargements from same negative (35 mm to 4″-by-5″): 1 or 2, were $3 each, now $2.25; 3–5, were $2.75 each, now $2.05; etc. Color work not included in sale. Checks accepted; no credit cards. *The Lichtman Studio Centre Ltd., 155 West 46th St. (582-4354); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; thru 5/31.*

Toys—Childcraft is having a warehouse clearance, mostly of overstocked and discontinued items, with reductions of 10–70 percent. Hundreds of wooden toys, games, puzzles, outdoor play equipment, books, records, tables, chairs, storage items, etc. Examples: a workbench, was $119.95, now $60; coat locker, was $124.95, now $40; Blockmobile storage chest, was $99.95, now $25; plus lots of stuff from 25 cents–$5. Every day, a limited quantity of current popular items will be rotating "specials." Examples: Playdome, was $64.95, now $49.95; toddlers gym, was $51.95, now $34.95; double-faced easel, was $34.95, now $25; advanced set of blocks, was $64.95, now $45. Cash and carry; checks accepted; American Express, BankAmericard, Master Charge on purchases over $25. *Childcraft Education Corp. Warehouse, 20 Kilmer Rd., Sutton Kilmer Industrial Campus (formerly Camp Kilmer), Edison, N.J. Take New Jersey Tpke. south to Exit 10, onto Rt. 287 north, to Rt. 1 south, then 2.8 miles to Plainfield Ave.; turn right, then left at second traffic light (Kilmer Rd.); 5/20–21 9 a.m.–5 p.m., 5/22 noon–5 p.m.*

Warehouse sale—Stendig and B&B America—two marketing divisions of the same company—are moving their joint warehouse from Brooklyn to New Jersey. Their sales have always been closed to the public, but now, for the first time, you are invited. B&B America features top-of-the-line Italian design, all contemporary, many pieces 1-of-a-kind: 2-seater leather Bellini sofa, still cartoned, list $2,500, now $1,000; showroom sample Scarpa Gran Kudu leather sofa, list $2,000, now $450; Bellini Fiberglas cocktail tables, $230 retail, now $20–$70, depending on condition; and a "junk" table of leather cushions, shelves, covers, etc., now $20–$40. Stendig features nylon-cane-and-bentwood Prague chairs, now $19 for side, $22 for arm, and $26 for Corbusier; "Xanadu" Swiss leather chair, was $1,100, now $500; bleached rattan "Mushroom" chair without cushion, was $280, now $85. Both lines have hundreds of pieces, some new, some discontinued, some slightly damaged. Every piece will be clearly marked as to its condition and priced accordingly. Cash and carry; no checks or credit cards accepted; all sales final. Delivery can be arranged at additional cost. *Stendig/B&B Warehouse, 1105 Metropolitan Ave., Bklyn. By subway: Lexington Ave. line to Union Sq., then BMT LL Canarsie to Grand St. station; then Bus 53 or 59 going east to Metropolitan and Vandervort; or walk 6 blocks east on Grand to warehouse. By car: Queensboro Bridge, lower level. Coming off, bear all the way right to service road; go 2 blocks to Jackson Ave., turn right. Stay on Jackson about 5 minutes, then turn left onto Pulaski Bridge, leading onto McGinnis Blvd. Take McGinnis to Bklyn.-Queens Expy. overpass. Go under, then sharp left onto Meeker, and go 4 blocks to Vandervort; turn right, then left at end of Vandervort, then another quick left; Fri., 5/20, 9 a.m.–8 p.m.; Sat., 5/21, 9 a.m.–4 p.m.; Sun., 5/22, 10 a.m.–2 p.m.* ▬

TRAVEL SERVICES

This is a biweekly Section for Travel Agents & Tour Operators, limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. Special Introductory Rates for this section only are available through the July 4, 1977 issue (on sale June 28), including additional discounts for consecutive ads. Introductory Rates: 1 time ad—$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$90 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$80 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads—$67 per inch each. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

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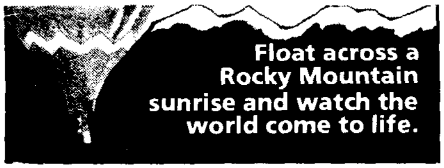
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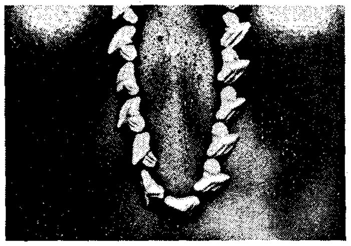

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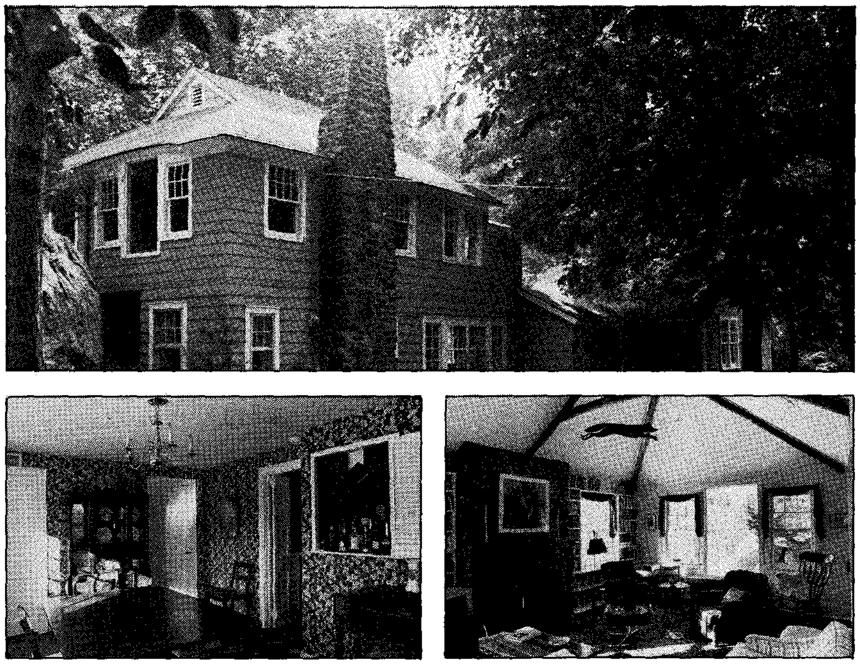

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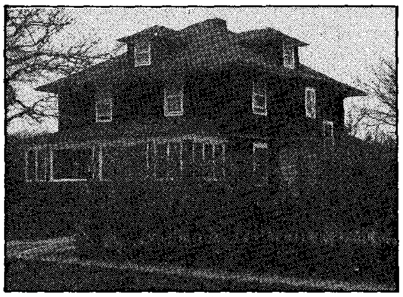

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*N.Y. Landmarks, Ed Burnham, Wesleyan U Press 1963.

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Stunning contemporary 1974 architect-designed home completely secluded on 14 wooded hilltop acres. Spacious Living Room with cathedral ceiling, balcony, glass & skylights, beams, quarry tiled floors, fireplace. Gourmet country kitchen, 3+ bedrooms, 2 full baths, playroom, deck, screened porch, 2 car garage. Year-round, maintenance free. Hillsdale, N.Y. 2½ hours NYC, near Tanglewood, lakes, skiing. $139,000. Owner (201) 568-4955 Evenings; (518) 325-3813 Weekends.

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 286

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

Richard Nixon:
1. *Stonewalling It: The Pent-Up President*
2. *Grace Under Pressure: The White House Years*

Shirley MacLaine:
1. *Give Us a Break*
2. *Speaking My Mind*

Above, titles for 1. unauthorized, and 2. authorized biographies. Competitors are invited to select one well-known individual of fact or fiction and devise an official and an unofficial (either order) biographical title for her or him.

Results of Competition 283, in which you were asked for limericks ending with the mangled version of a familiar phrase.

Report: And the usual suspects. **1.** The Antic. Arbitrary rhymes rather than puns or spoonerisms, as in "Cook before you sweep" or "A witch in crime laves Fein." You know whimsy when you see it, right? Well, this is anarchy. Different. **2.** Repeats. Respectable but profuse, as in "A niche in time saves Stein" or "Putting the heart before the coarse." **3.** Geriatrics. Semi-respectable but elderly spoonerisms as in "No tern unstoned," "Stowing thrones," etc. Or antique puns. "A ms. is as good as a male" is a pun. Just not a new pun. **4.** Bad rhymes. "Castle/wassail" is death wishy. And washy. Scansion surgery still needed here and there. In all, a fey and trenchant group. Herewith, the cleat of fey:

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

A man who made mats met an adder/In his shop, at the top of a ladder,/And in spite of his knack/For biting right back/Can no longer be had as a matter.
Brian Shay, NYC

The Crooner loved golf with such might/He'd practice ere dawn's early light/Making neighbors so nervous / They cried "Saints preservous/From Bings that go thump in the night."
Fred Raymond, Dunedin, Fla.

The anatomy lecturer said/To the students enrolled in premed/If you feel it's too shoddy/To study the body/You may go to the class of the head.
Mary Diamond, Glen Gardner, N.J.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Leaving his girl, Mae, in bed,/Attila made treaties instead./His wife found the harlot/And summoned a varlet;/"Shake Mae while the Hun signs," she said.
Kitty Goldman, Buffalo, N.Y.

He was hired by A. Tel. & Tel./His credentials seemed perfectly swell,/But an envious crony/Exposed him as phone-y/(He was tossed like a hat out of Bell.)
Rosemarie Williamson, Basking Ridge, N.J.

Said Fidel to some girls in bandanas:/"I smoke so I won't go bananas./Now my craving's acute,/May I light this cheroot?"/Said the girls: "Yes, we ban no Havanas."
Albert G. Miller, NYC

A wildebeest lived in the zoo./A great northern barn owl did, too./They shared an enclosure/In public exposure,/A blend of the owl and the gnu.
Alice Wofford, Port Washington, N.Y.

At her ill father's tavern, his kin,/Anjanette, is dispensing the gin./Ailing daddy won't fret/Because Anjanette/Comer is assumin' inn.
Ellen Conford, Massapequa, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

A cantankerous Mafia don/Threw eggs at a young paragon./(Alas for John's karma/We'll miss him in Parma.)/We saw an egg plant Parma John.
Caryl Oberman, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.

A passionate cook from Saipan/By his restaurant was given the can;/"Your baking is fine,/But we must draw the line/At indulging your pash in the flan.
L. J. T. Biese, Hill, N.H.

Overheard at a truck drivers' ball:/"We got truckers dat's short and dat's tall./Dem shorties ain't dumb/But da bigger dey come,"/(Said this giant) "da farder dey haul."
Harold Stone, NYC

Graham Kerr, the gastronome star/Was said to have gone much too far/For an entrée he took/From a cannibal's book/The title: *You Eat What You Are.*
Charles Murdoch, NYC

Pro footballers gotta get thin/Since speed and mobility win./In New Orleans, i.e.,/No more butter, but we/See the Saints as they go margarine.
Harold J. Ellner, M.D., Richland, Wash.

If *you* hold the door on a date/And *you* utter first, "You look great!"/If *you* earn the money/And *you're* dead first, honey/You'll prove you're the faster of mate.
Betsy Padnos, NYC

"Please forgive the corned beef that I've brung,"/Begged the counterman, properly stung./"The Kleins got your order/(A pound and a quarter),/And poor Mrs. Katz got your tongue."
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

I wonder who sponsors this show./The Untouchables' boss? I don't know./Or how 'bout that baker/That coffee-cake maker?/It ain't Ness or Sara Lee. So?
Mimi Cozzens, Hollywood, Calif.

A Saudi Arabian pest/With real estate was quite obsessed./Tried to deal with our prez,/Who just stared at his fez/And warned him to buy not the West.
Alice M. Yohalem, NYC

It seems, when the Oscars are placed/In the hands of the stars to be graced/That Price Waterhouse bosses/Could prevent total losses/But they're just no accountants for taste.
Mariel Bossert, Chatham, N.J.

When a Turk, in the mountains alone/Was struck by two Kurds with a stone,/He picked up a weapon/He happened to step on,/Thus stilling two Kurds with one bone.
Nancy Joline, Huntington, N.Y.

A lissome young miss was in tears,/The butt of lewd whistles and jeers./She stood it awhile,/Then said with a smile,/"Countrymen, end me your leers."
Sunny Kramer, Harrison, N.Y.

A man who in silence ignores/His aches and his pains and his sores/Can learn from the lion/There's no sin in cryin'/It just never pains but it roars.
Bel Kaufman, NYC
similarly: Violet W. Kaufman,
West Hartford, Conn.
Alison Jo Mack, Pine Grove Mills, Pa.

Young Hamlet said, "Far from sublime,/The food at this inn is a crime./For the flavor at hand/Is exceedingly bland/And I find that the joint's out of thyme."
Dana T. Ring, West Hartford, Conn.

In Athens one day in a breeze/An American tourist said, "Please,/I've lost my poor missus/'twixt Zeus and Narcissus./You can't see the tourist for the frieze."
Univ. Library, Theatre Collection Staff,
Princeton, N.J.
similarly: Stan Karp, NYC

When Dorothy strolled through the park/She decided to swim (on a lark)./And so she dove in/Then she spotted a fin/And now there's a Dot in the shark.
Unsigned, Buffalo, N.Y.

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(A happy discharged PFC/Describing the site of his glee):/"I can't separate/The place and my state,/So it's Fort Lewis and fancy free!"
Todd D. Ellner, Shawnigan Lake, B.C., Canada

The Spean family lives past their means,/ But the neighbors don't know these routines:/From a rich uncle's store/They acquire more and more/And the uncle's not billing the Speans.
James Corey Padnos, NYC

There once was a ghoul, brokenhearted/ From his pals, evil glances were darted./ They steered clear of his way/Causing wise men to say/That a ghoul and his fold are soon parted.
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

The fishmonger rose on his toes/Crying "Fish eggs! Buy these or try those!"/But everyone shunted/The bargains he'd hunted./You see they were secondhand roes.
Laura Cowman, Columbus, Ohio
sp. ment.: Ogden Nield, Los Angeles, Calif.

A British mosquito named Hives/Sees himself as a cow, and he thrives./It's not merely prattle/This obsession with cattle;/ He's the gnat who is leading kine lives.
Len Elliott, Auburn, Wash.
similarly: Dodi Schultz, NYC

A sister who wanted to shun/All work to relax and have fun,/Watched a young cow at play/And was thus moved to say,/"I see heifer loafs better than nun."
Richard Silvestri, Valley Stream, N.Y.

Poor Susan, you're really undone;/You tell me that now you've begun/To think that the sister/Is hiding your mister?/ There's nothing, Sue, under the nun.
Marjorie B. Friedman, Buffalo, N.Y.
sp. mention: Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn

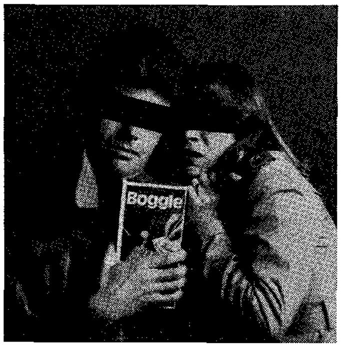
In an anthracite palace, a hassle/Arose over who was a vassal./But a wise man said, "See./It is both you and me."/This was certainly news to coal castle.
J. William Stack Jr., New Canaan, Conn.
sp. ment.: R. L. Mills, New Canaan, Conn.

An Arab from Zoo Baba Doz/Had a snout that was long as a hose./With his nostrils aflare/He could screen the sun's glare/ So they called him the (cool) Shadow Nose.
John Hofer, Southboro, Mass.

Said Oxford's old Earl, "I can't sleep!/ O'er Shakespeare's demands I could weep!/ May Judith betray him,/'Twould break me to pay him/That dowry; Will's daughters run steep!"
John Hines, Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico
similarly: Jeff Pieper; Amy Hill and Ann McCarthy, Tenafly, N.J.;
Jan L. Kaufman, Oakland, Calif.;
T. Gauker, Forest Hills, N.Y.

Contest rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 286, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by May 27. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive a two-year subscription to *New York* and runners-up will receive a one-year subscription. Results and winner's names will appear in the issue of June 20. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. Postcards, please.

"It started as an innocent game with friends."



They seemed like a nice couple. Nothing unusual that you'd notice right away.

Then, after a few pleasant meetings at parties, they invited us to spend a weekend with them in Westport. How could we have known what they had in mind?

It began after lunch. She suggested, almost too casually, that we might like to "play a little game."

We had never heard of Boggle.

How I wish we had never heard of it yet!

It was Boggle all afternoon, and did they ever set us up! If we showed any sign of flagging, they'd let us get ahead, then tell us we couldn't quit yet.

By the time the others showed up for dinner, we knew what was coming next.

You guessed it: a Boggle orgy.

By Sunday, when we said goodbye, we were firmly hooked. We knew we'd be back again. We knew we would in turn recruit innocents. Just to help us feed our new habit.

Now, many months later, we know there is no turning back. But who wants to anyway? Bring on new partners! Bring out Boggle! Let the Devil take the hindmost!

The children may be better off with their grandparents anyhow.

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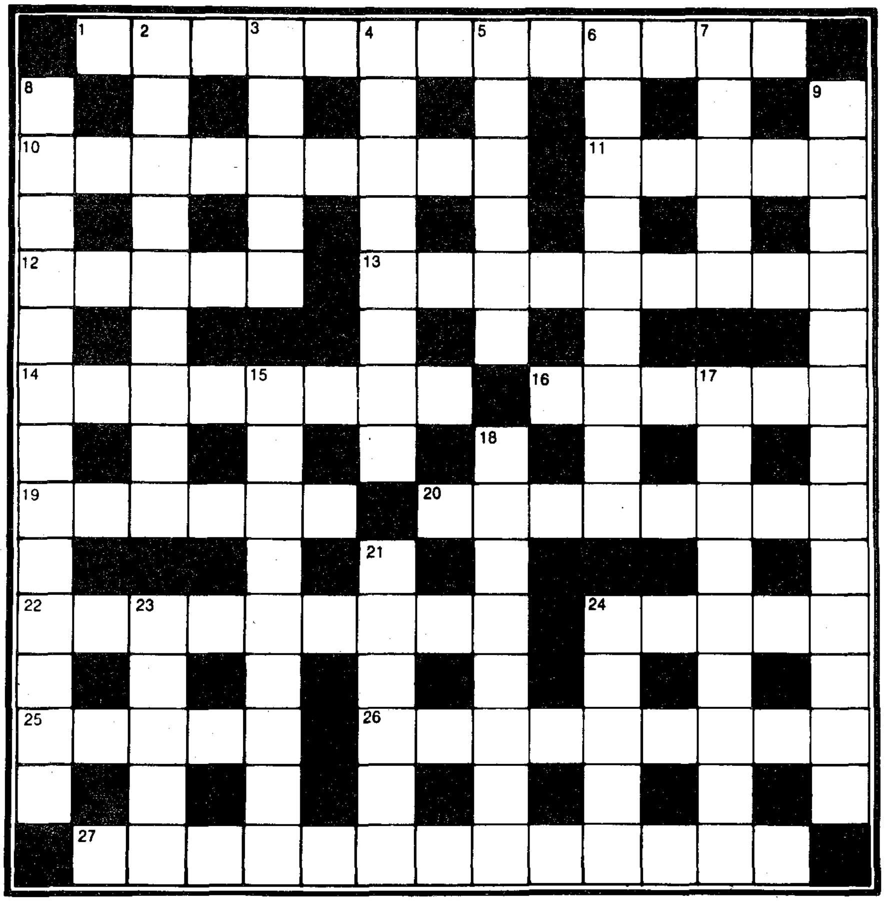
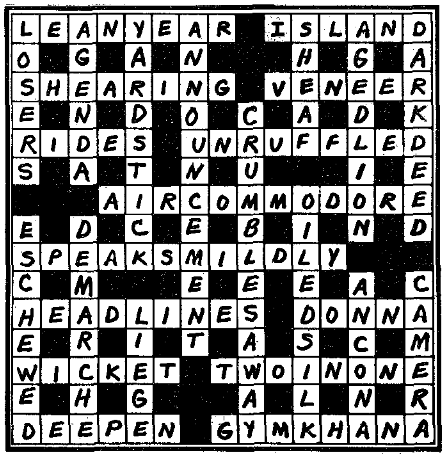
FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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Clues

ACROSS

1 Learner rides through wildly into the joint! (5, 8)

10 Convenient minor work left with one French feminine person. (9)

11 A boundless combination to stop. (5)

12 Agrees to change no article of material. (5)

13 Cleans, but scarcely cleans up! (5, 4)

14 Clothing for the school boss? Maybe a mortar-board! (8)

16 Half of four others in the trees. (6)

19 "Accuse not ——, she hath done her part" *(Paradise Lost).* (6)

20 Always sing about separation. (8)

22 Says a bone can be made into vegetables! (4, 5)

24 Dwarf in a showy performance. (5)

25 Artist's helper worthy of notice. (5)

26 Extremely rigorous amendment to Old English verse. (3, 6)

27 Talk that's blunt enough for anything but a summit meeting? (5-8)

DOWN

2 Bring in the worker, it's urgent. (9)

3 So her new animal appears. (5)

4 In sport, nobody's right-hand man. (8)

5 Poet's work fool returned in Russia. (6)

6 To get the building material moved, use this magnet. (9)

7 You've got an age to muse. (5)

8 Less beautiful than some don's love perhaps. (3, 2, 8)

9 To be a candidate to win the girl, stay united! (5, 8)

15 Georgia floutingly derisive to one great patriot. (9)

17 A nice pure recipe should suit this fancy eater! (9)

18 Down the Strand? (8)

21 Tom gets us swallowing a hundred—very pointed! (6)

23 Do yell this way to lose one beginner! (5)

24 It wouldn't take much to make this meat positively poetic. (5)

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